BOOKS OF SONGS

THIRD BOOK OF SONGS

FORESMAN

AMERICAN BOOK COMPANY

Books of Songs

THIRD BOOK OF SONGS

by
Robert Foresman

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NEW YORK CINCINNATI CHICAGO
BOSTON ATLANTA

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FORESMAN—THIRD BK. SONGS
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PREFACE

THE SERIES. The Foresman Books of Songs will find a place wherever music teaching aspires to acquaint its disciples with the finer things of song in their original simplicity and grandeur. These collections have a definite function, for in them the great musical heritage of the world is represented by songs which should be a part of the life and cultural background of all people. There is in them, moreover, a substantial underlying pedagogical *motif* and they are carefully graded musically.

MATERIAL. The material in the Books of Songs has been chosen from two main sources—the work of the classical composers and the folk songs of all nations. The aim has been to assemble a group of songs which have stood the test of time, which mirror the characteristics and musical contributions of many national cultures, and which are universal in appeal. To these have been added a number of songs by contemporary composers, which give the books a modern tone and serve as a connecting link with the child's out-of-school musical experience.

ARRANGEMENT. The progression represented in the arrangement of this material is on a basis of *feeling subtlety*. In the early songs, the formal and structural element of various phases of repetition is used for a double reason: first, because such songs are easy to learn and quickly assume permanence in memory; second, because the germ theme in them, as found in the first phrase or motive, is obvious, and may easily be made the real basis in studying the song. As the work progresses, the same principle of repetition and theme dominance continues, with an increasing variety and complexity in the structure of the songs.

WORD CONTENT. In adapting words to the songs of this collection, three ideals have been kept in mind—first, that the words must accurately reproduce the feeling of the melody; second, that, in the case of folk songs and of songs from the classics, the reproduction of the authentic words must be as accurate as the purpose of the collection permits; and third, that the words must be within the comprehension of children and must give them genuine pleasure. With this last end in view, verse of a wide range of subject matter has been included—the world out-of-doors, labor and service, sports and action, the realm of fancy, reverence and piety, home and patriotism. There are, too, songs for the occasions of the school year—Hallowe'en, Lincoln's Birthday, Decoration Day, and other red-letter days of the calendar. To furnish the teacher with suggestions for making use of this wealth of material, a *topical index* has been supplied. This index lists the songs for easy reference, such songs being included under each heading as seem most likely to be useful.

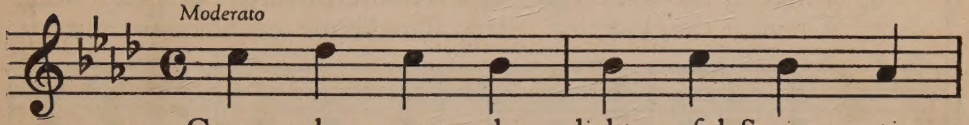
ACKNOWLEDGMENTS. The author wishes to express his grateful appreciation of the assistance rendered by the many persons whose services have been enlisted in various phases of the work, and in criticism and suggestion. Especial acknowledgment is due to Miss Laura Bryant, Director of Music in the Public Schools of Ithaca, New York; to Mr. Robert A. Coan; and to Mr. Mayhew L. Lake, who has written many of the harmonizations and accompaniments and whose musical judgments have been of the greatest value.

Third Book of Songs

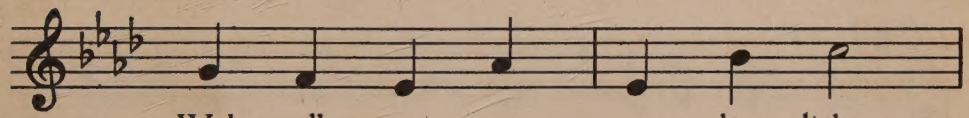
COME, AH, COME

Cecil Cowdrey — Frédéric Chopin

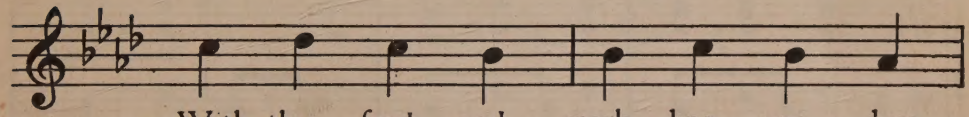
Moderato



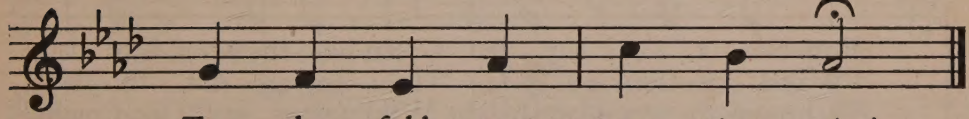
1. Come, ah, come, de - light - ful Spring - time,
2. Gar - dens deck their ways with blos - soms;
3. Thou - sand mer - ry lit - tle song - sters



Wake all na - ture to de - light,
For thy pres - ence waits the rose;
Sing al - read - y in the grove;



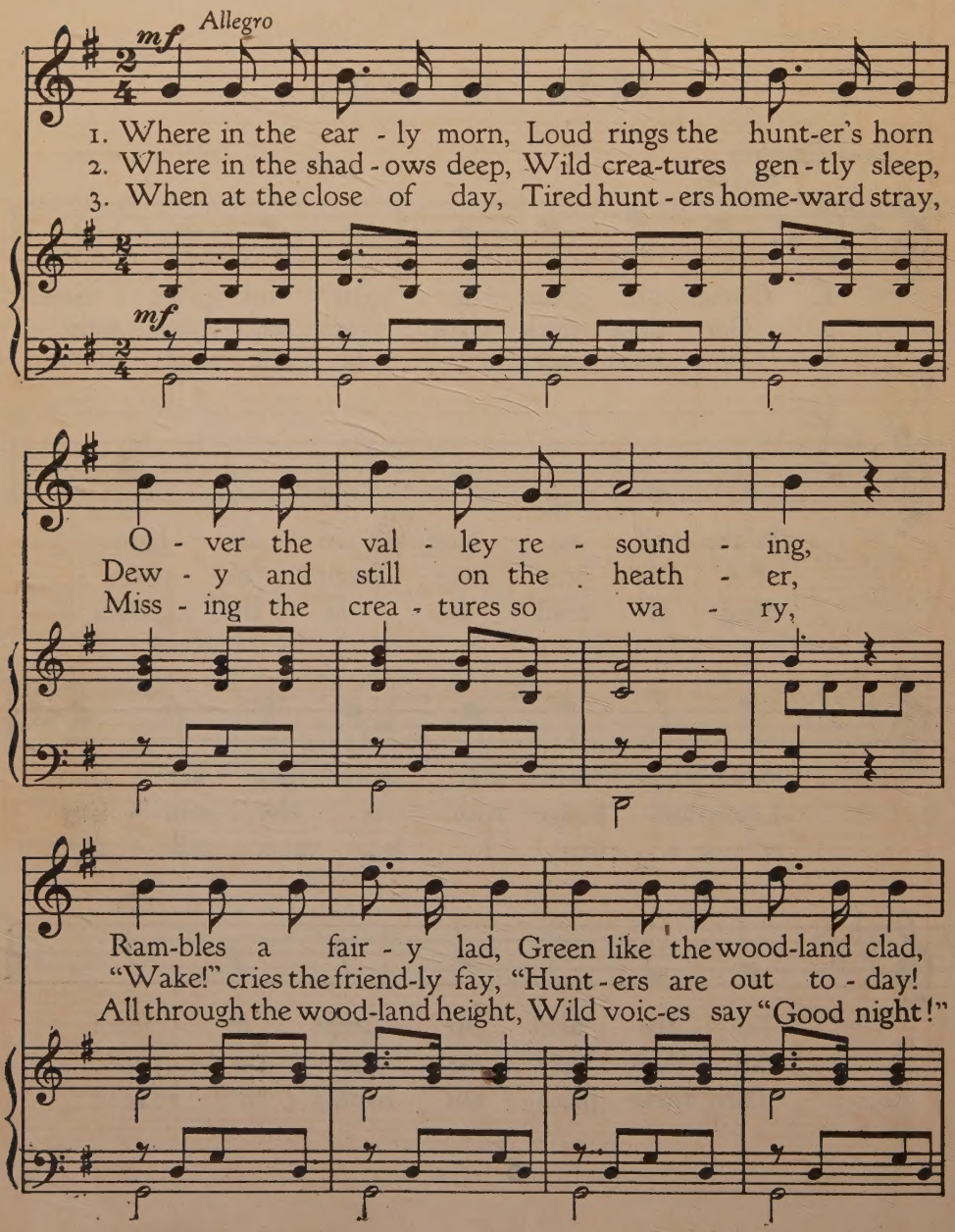
With thy fresh and spark - ling ver - dure
Lawn and hedge - row at thy com - ing
"Come a - way," I hear them call - ing,

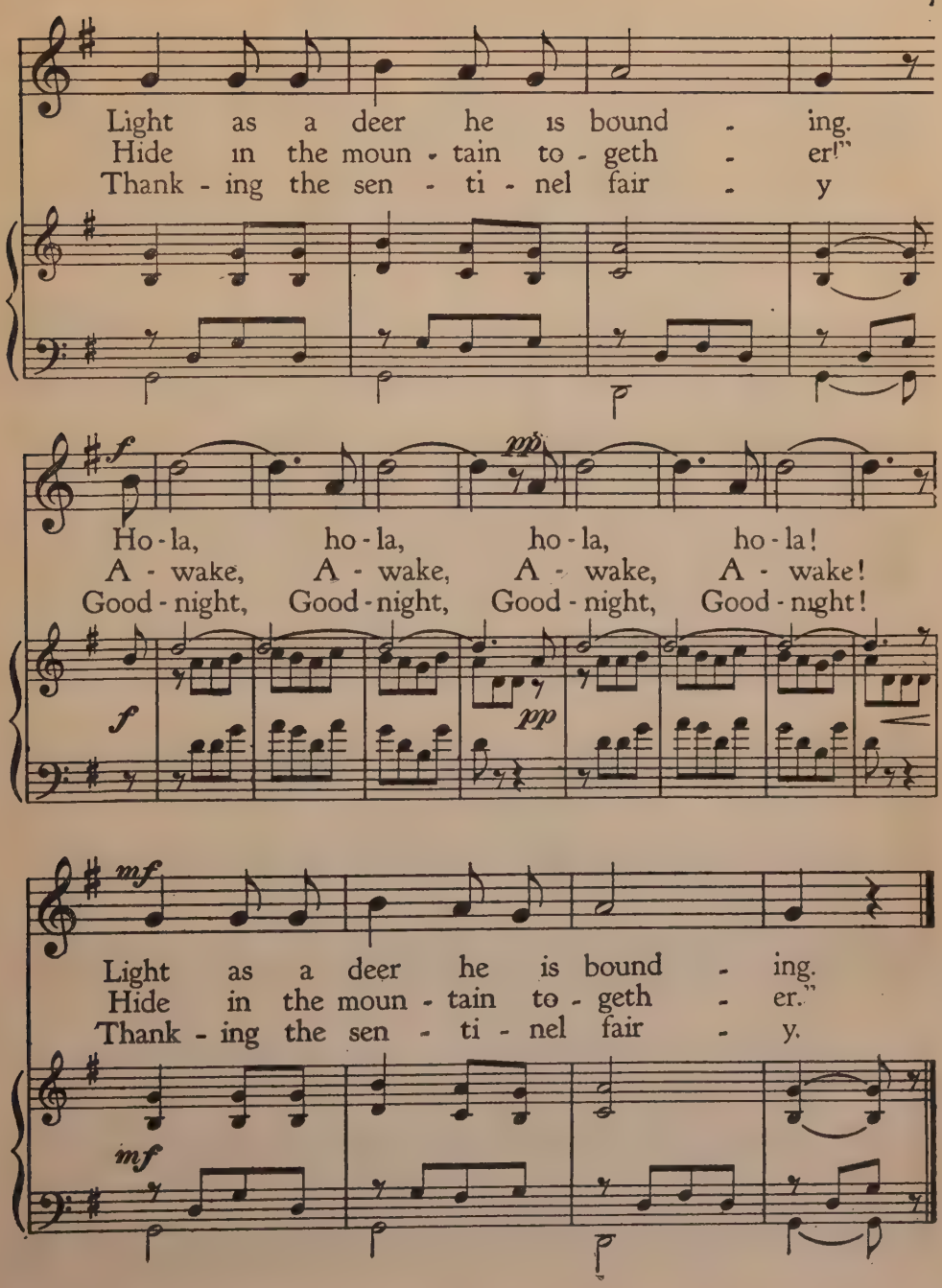


To the field our steps in - vite!
All their gay - est green dis - close.
"Thro' these pleas - ant haunts to rove!"

THE SENTINEL FAIRY

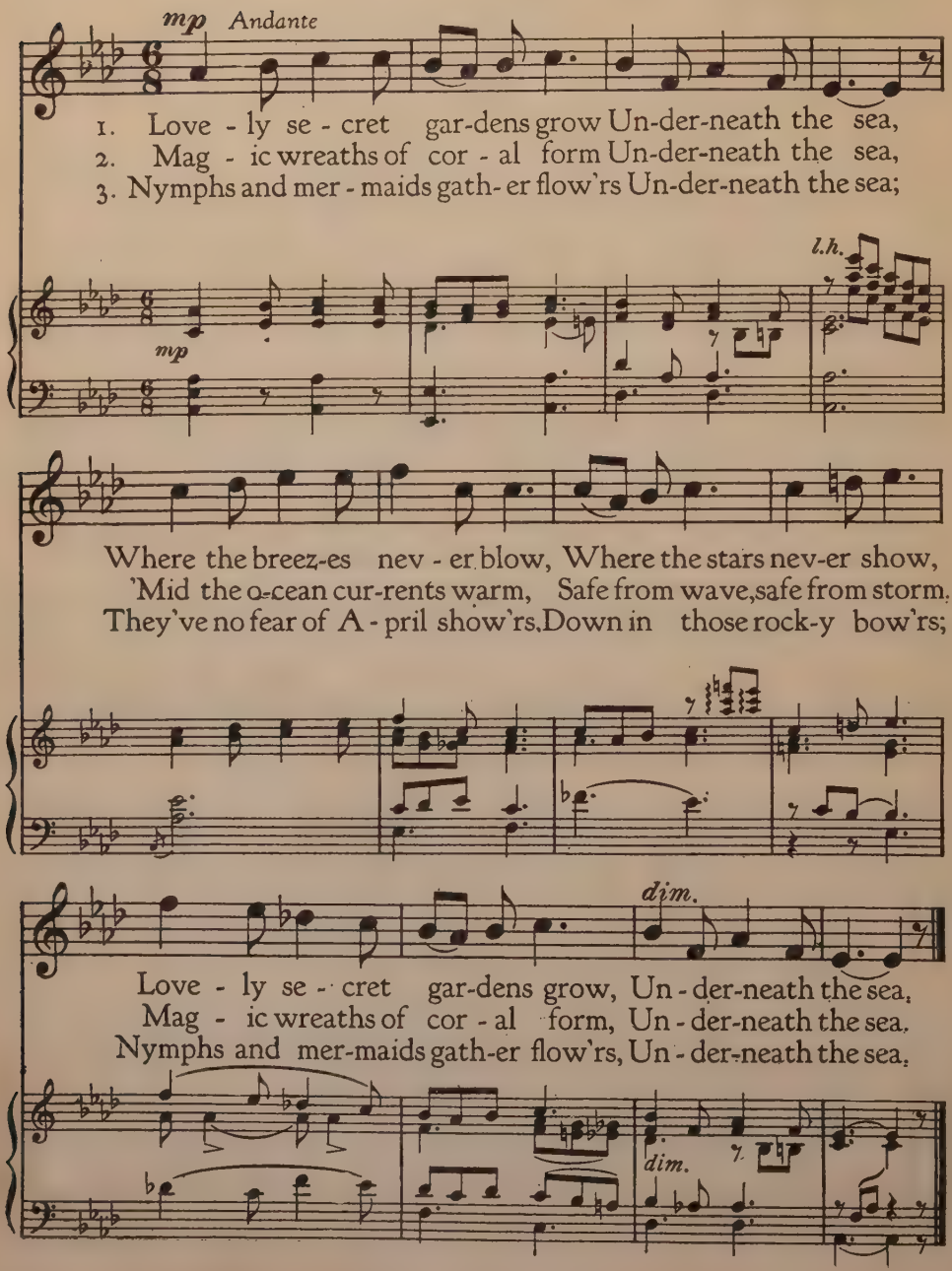
Kate Forman — Danish Folk Tune




Light as a deer he is bound - ing.
Hide in the moun - tain to - geth - er!"
Thank - ing the sen - ti - nel fair - y
f
mp
Ho - la, ho - la, ho - la, ho - la!
A - wake, A - wake, A - wake, A - wake!
Good - night, Good - night, Good - night, Good - night!
f
pp
mf
Light as a deer he is bound - ing.
Hide in the moun - tain to - geth - er."
Thank - ing the sen - ti - nel fair - y.
mf

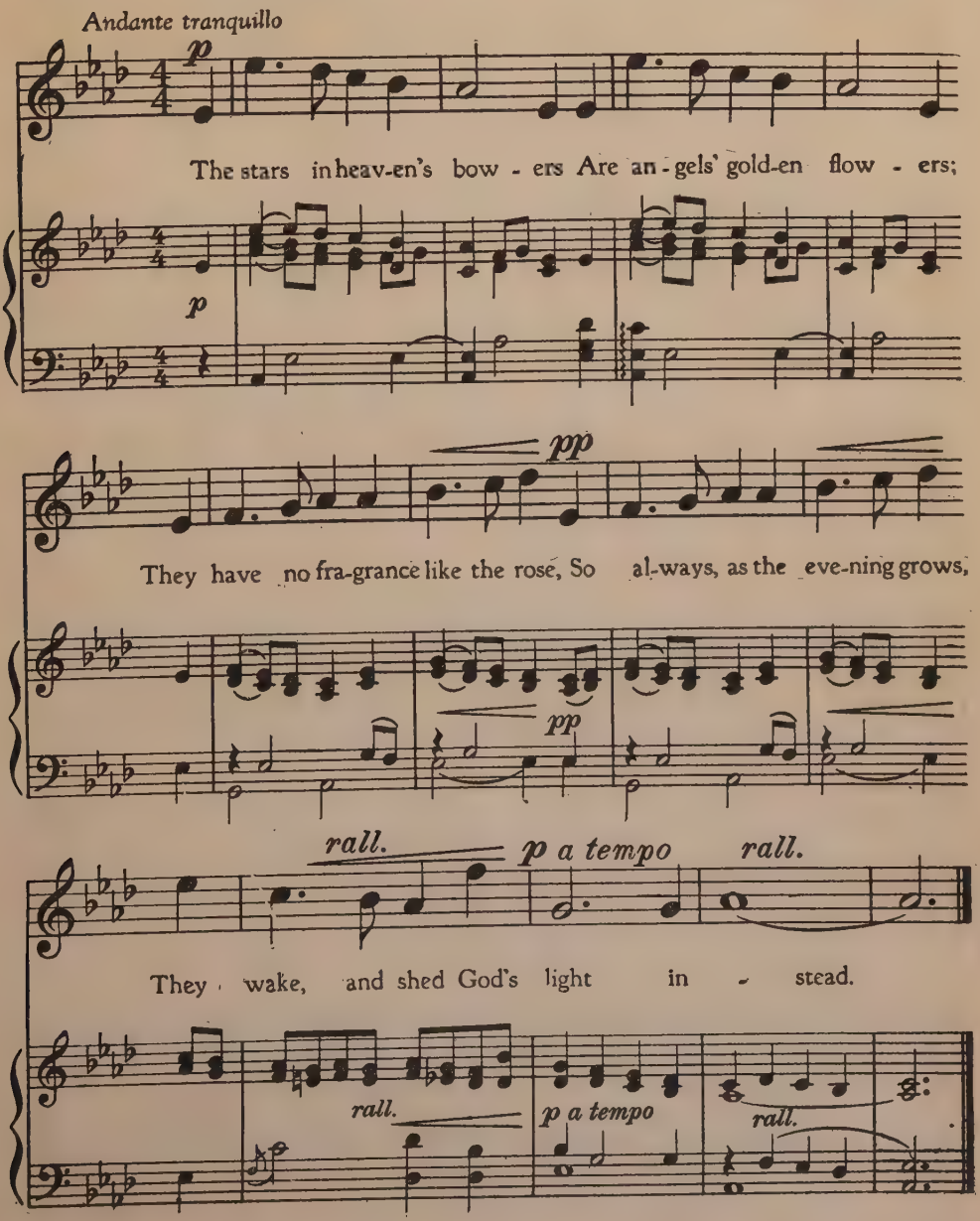
GARDENS IN THE SEA

Manx Folk Tune



Harvey Worthington Loomis

Richard Wagner
from "Siegfried Idyl"



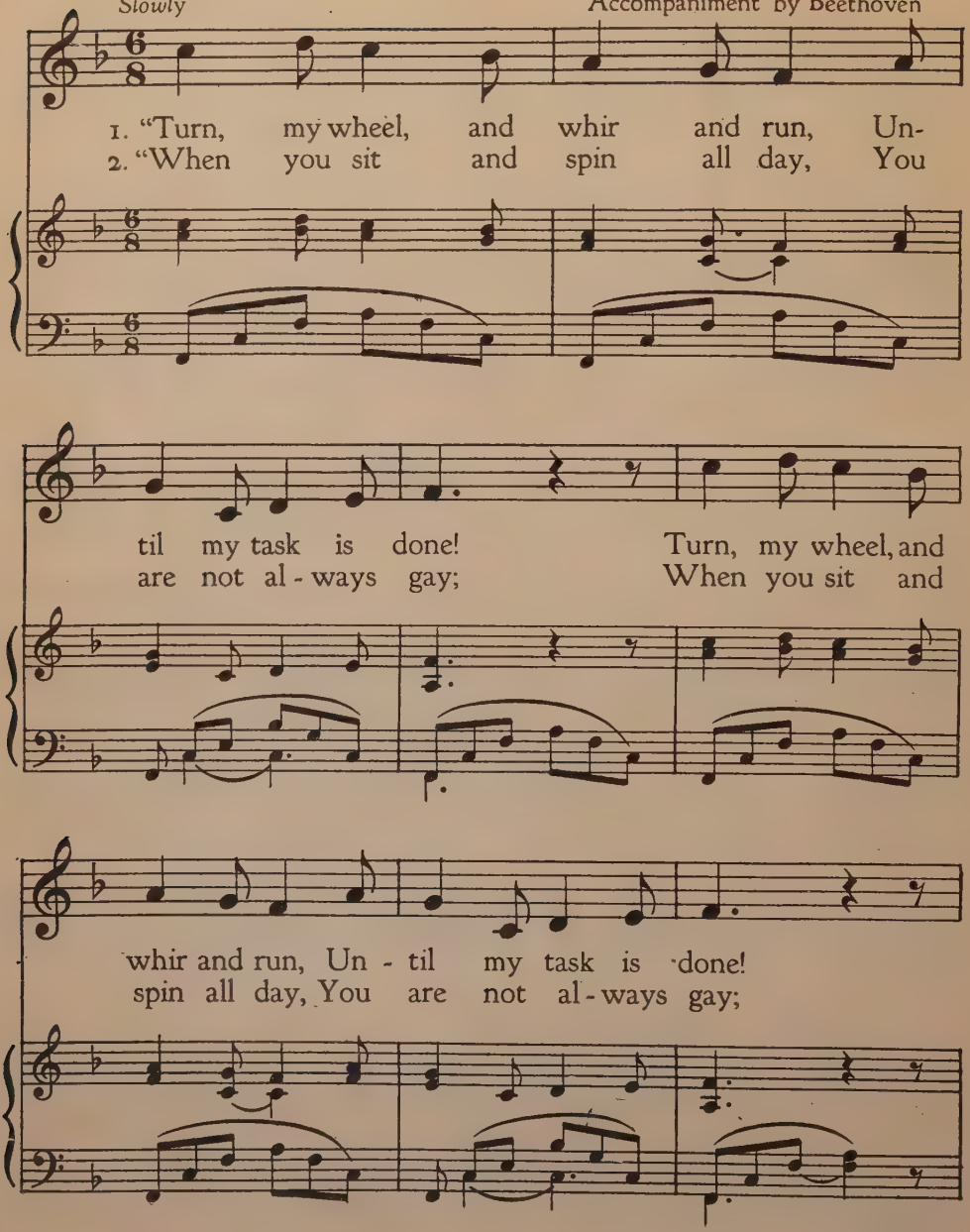
SPINNING SONG

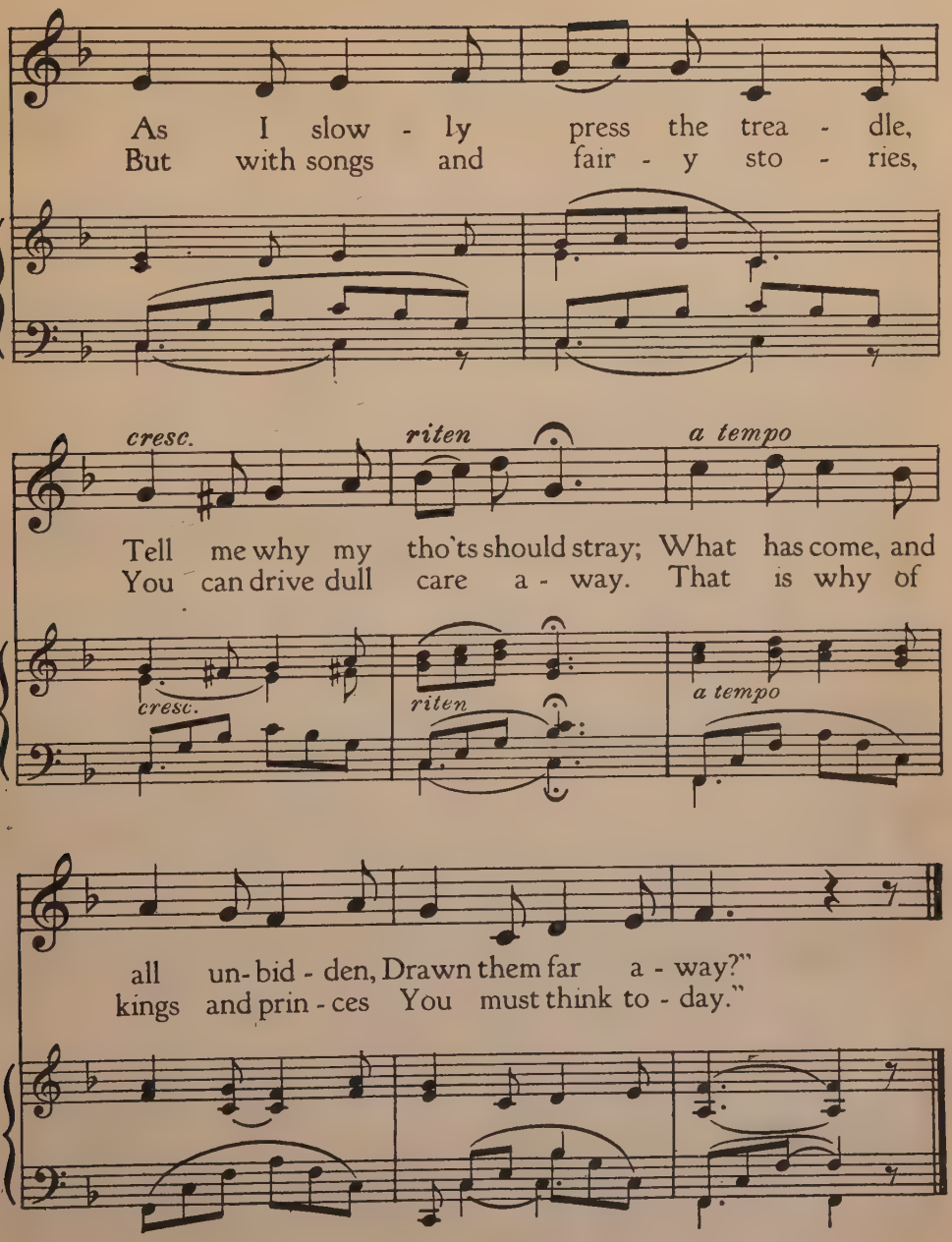
Sigmund Spaeth

Scotch Folk Song

Slowly

Accompaniment by Beethoven

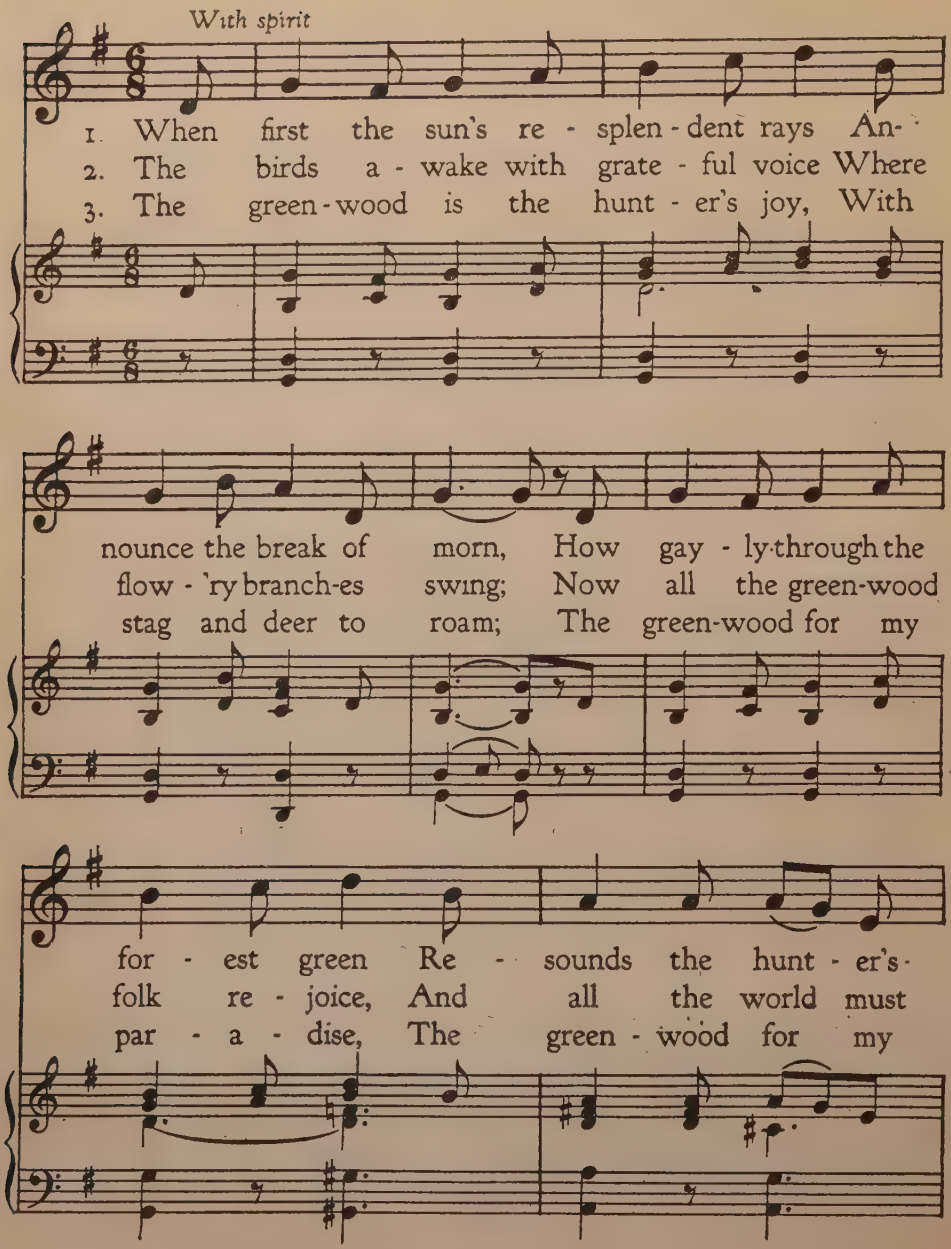


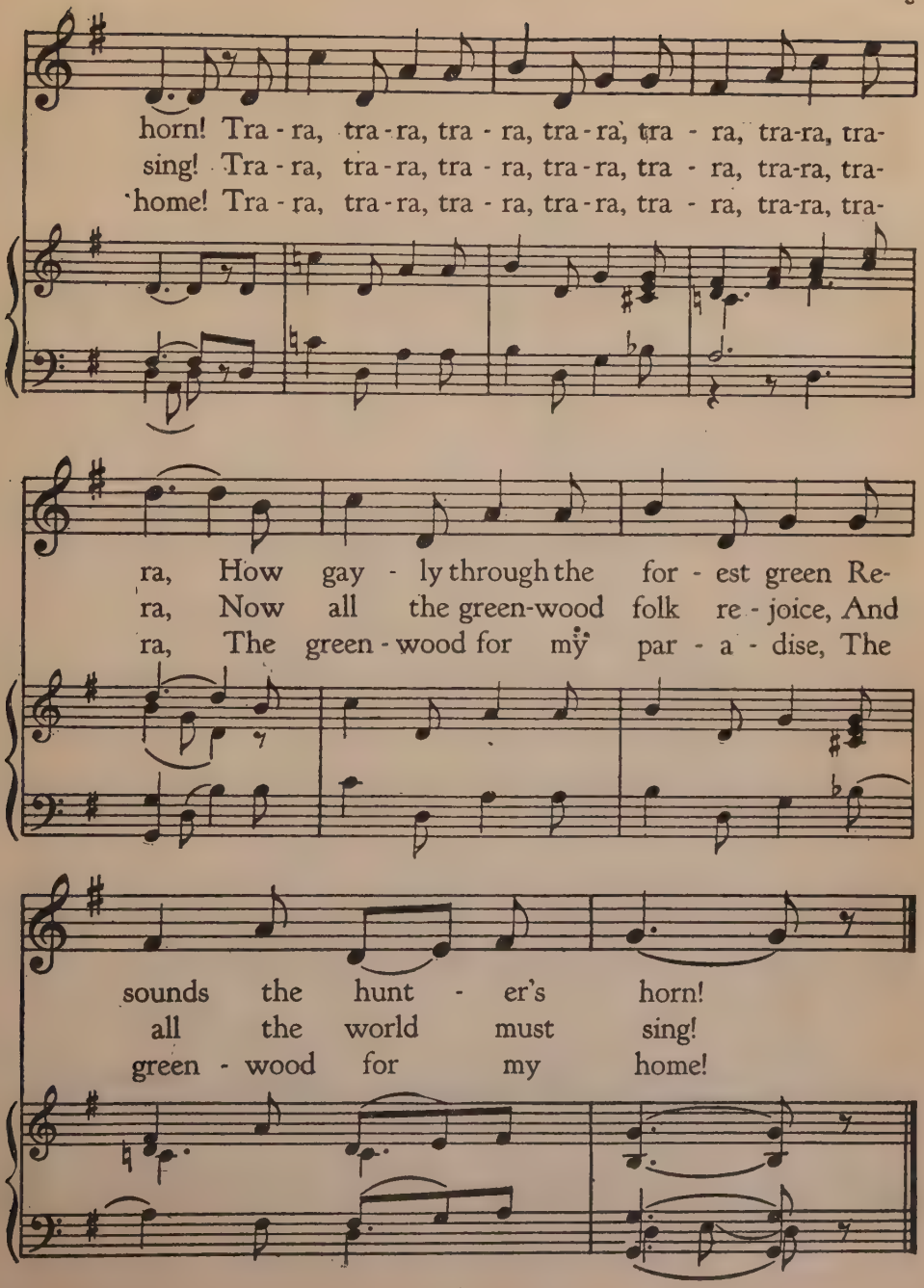

As I slow - ly press the trea - dle,
But with songs and fair - y sto - ries,
cresc.
riten
a tempo
Tell me why my tho'ts should stray; What has come, and
You can drive dull care a - way. That is why of
cresc.
riten
a tempo
all un-bid - den, Drawn them far a - way?"
kings and prin - ces You must think to - day."

THE GREENWOOD

Cecil Cowdrey — August Weiderman

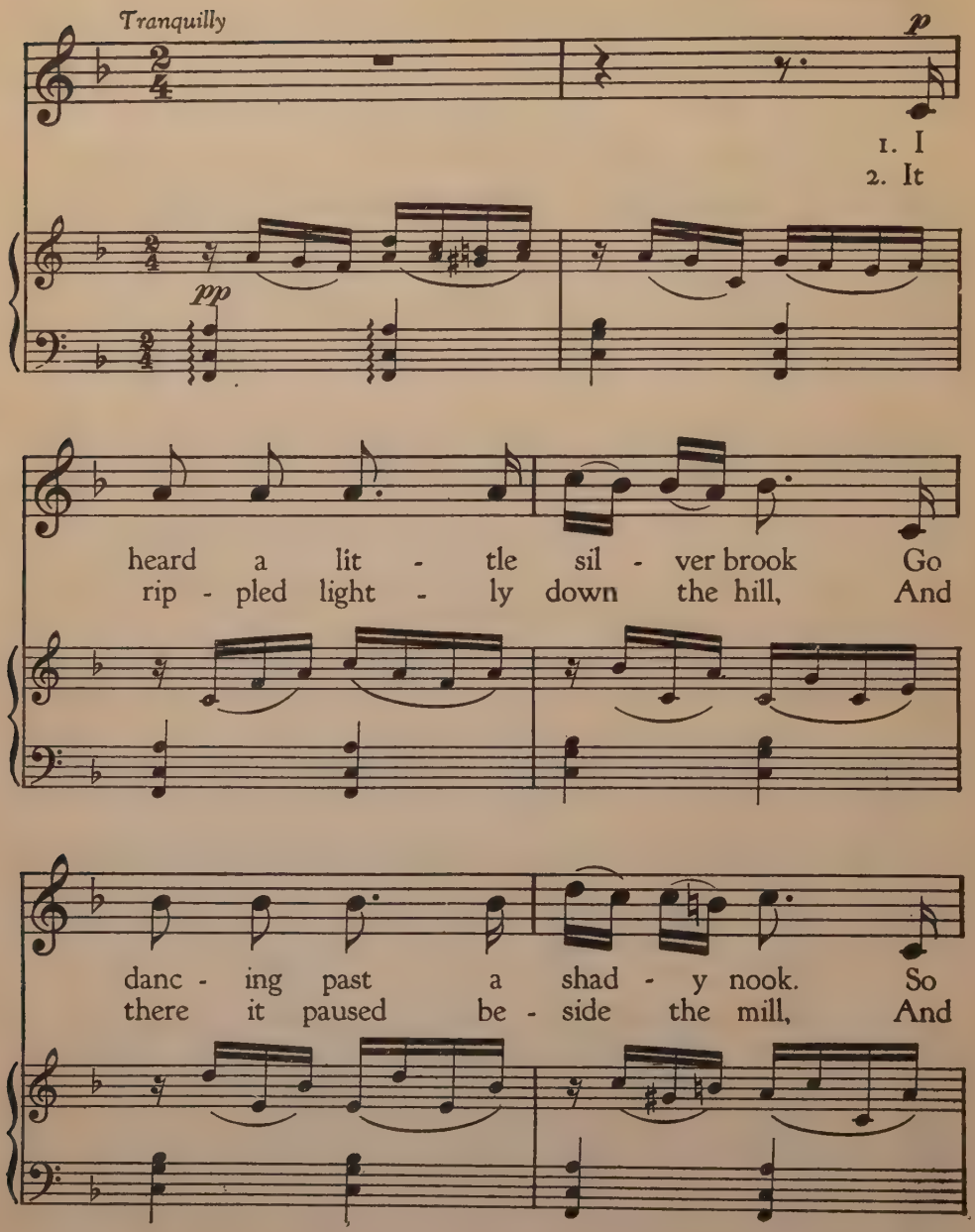
With spirit

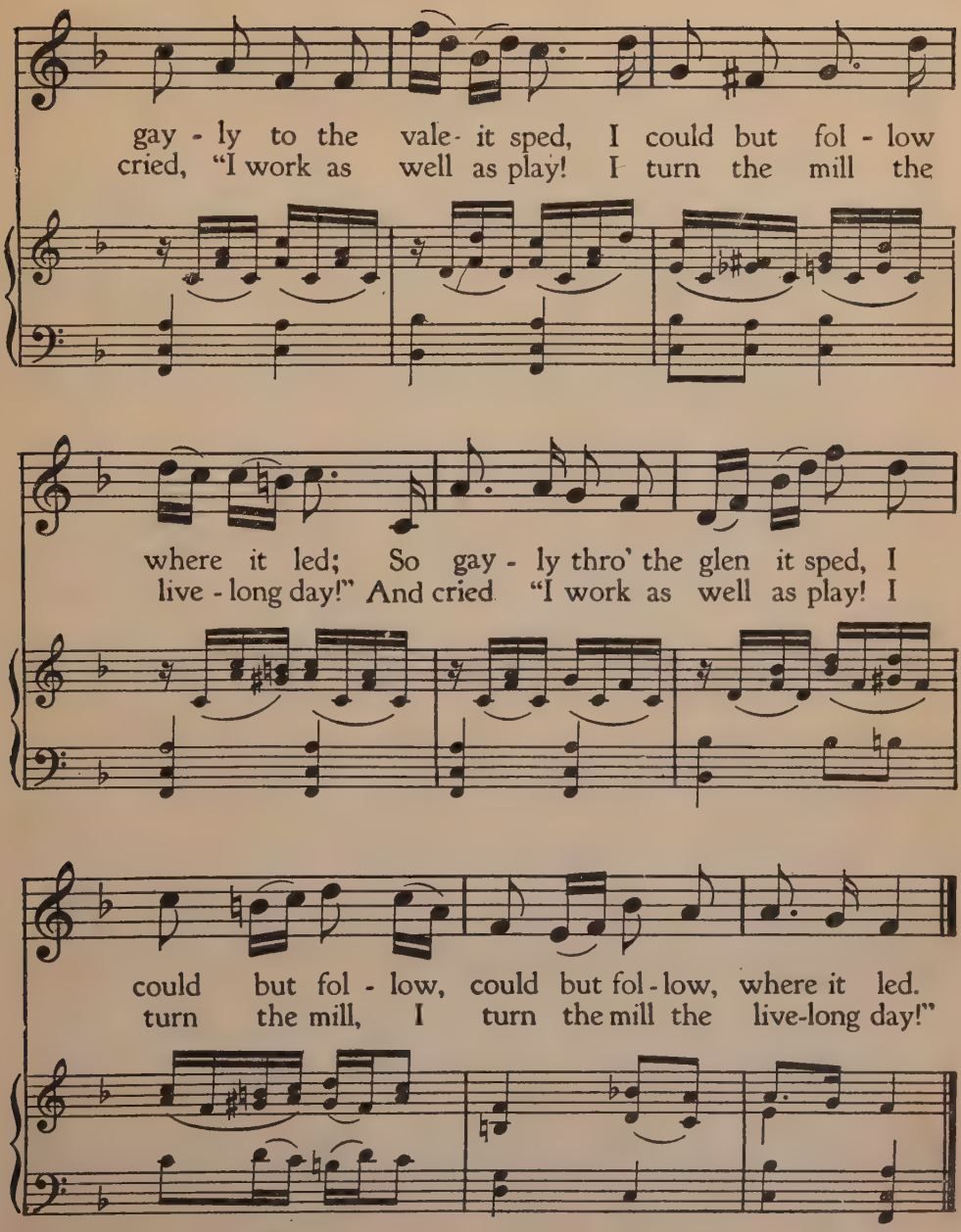



horn! Tra - ra, tra - ra, tra - ra, tra - ra, tra - ra, tra-ra, tra-
sing! Tra - ra, tra - ra, tra - ra, tra - ra, tra - ra, tra-ra, tra-
home! Tra - ra, tra - ra, tra - ra, tra - ra, tra - ra, tra-ra, tra-
ra, How gay - ly through the for - est green Re-
ra, Now all the green-wood folk re - joice, And
ra, The green - wood for my par - a - dise, The
sounds the hunt - er's horn!
all the world must sing!
green - wood for my home!

THE BROOK AND I

Albert Voelckerling

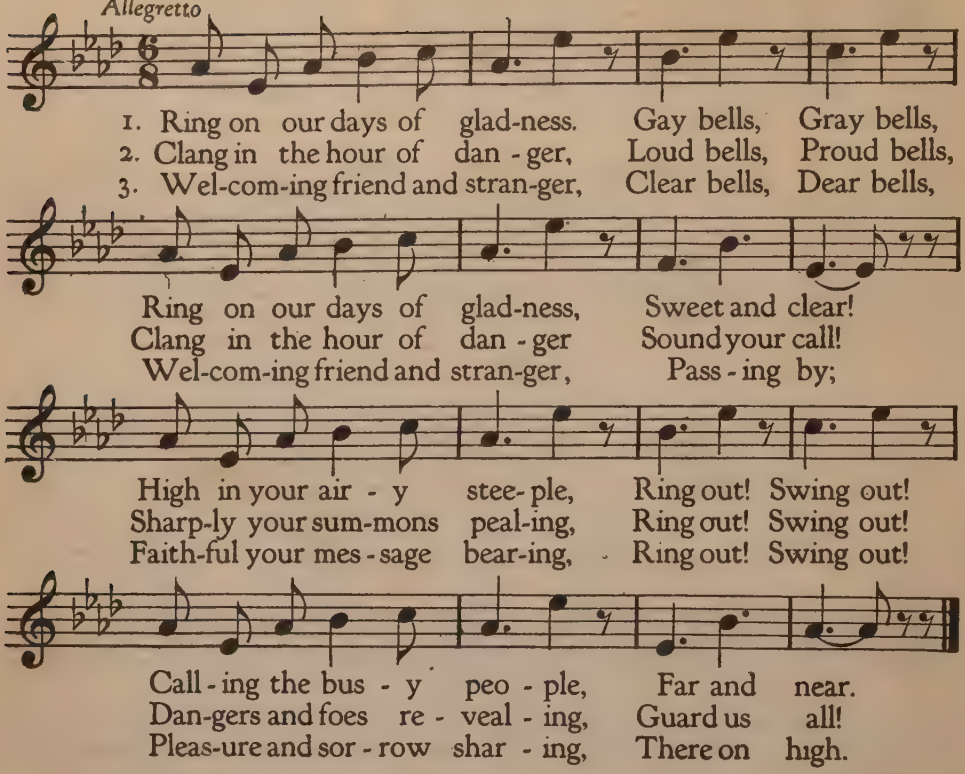



gay - ly to the vale- it sped, I could but fol - low
cried, "I work as well as play! I turn the mill the
where it led; So gay - ly thro' the glen it sped, I
live - long day!" And cried "I work as well as play! I
could but fol - low, could but fol - low, where it led.
turn the mill, I turn the mill the live-long day!"

THE BELLS

Charles Fontaine

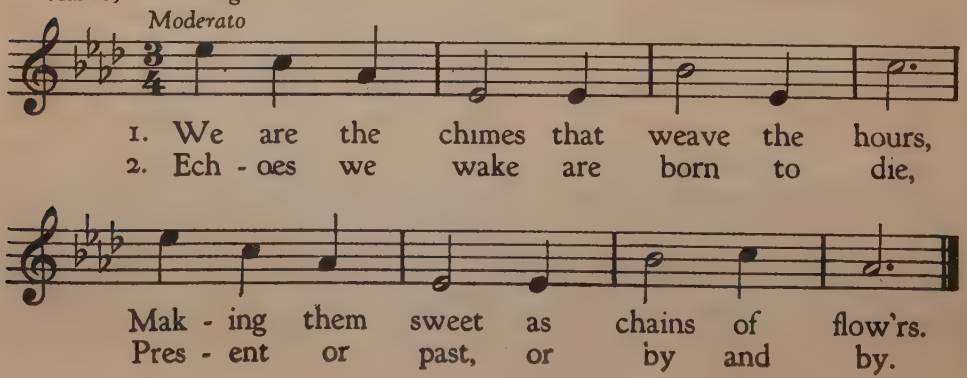
Allegretto



THE CHIMES

Harvey Worthington Loomis — The Norfolk Chimes

Moderato

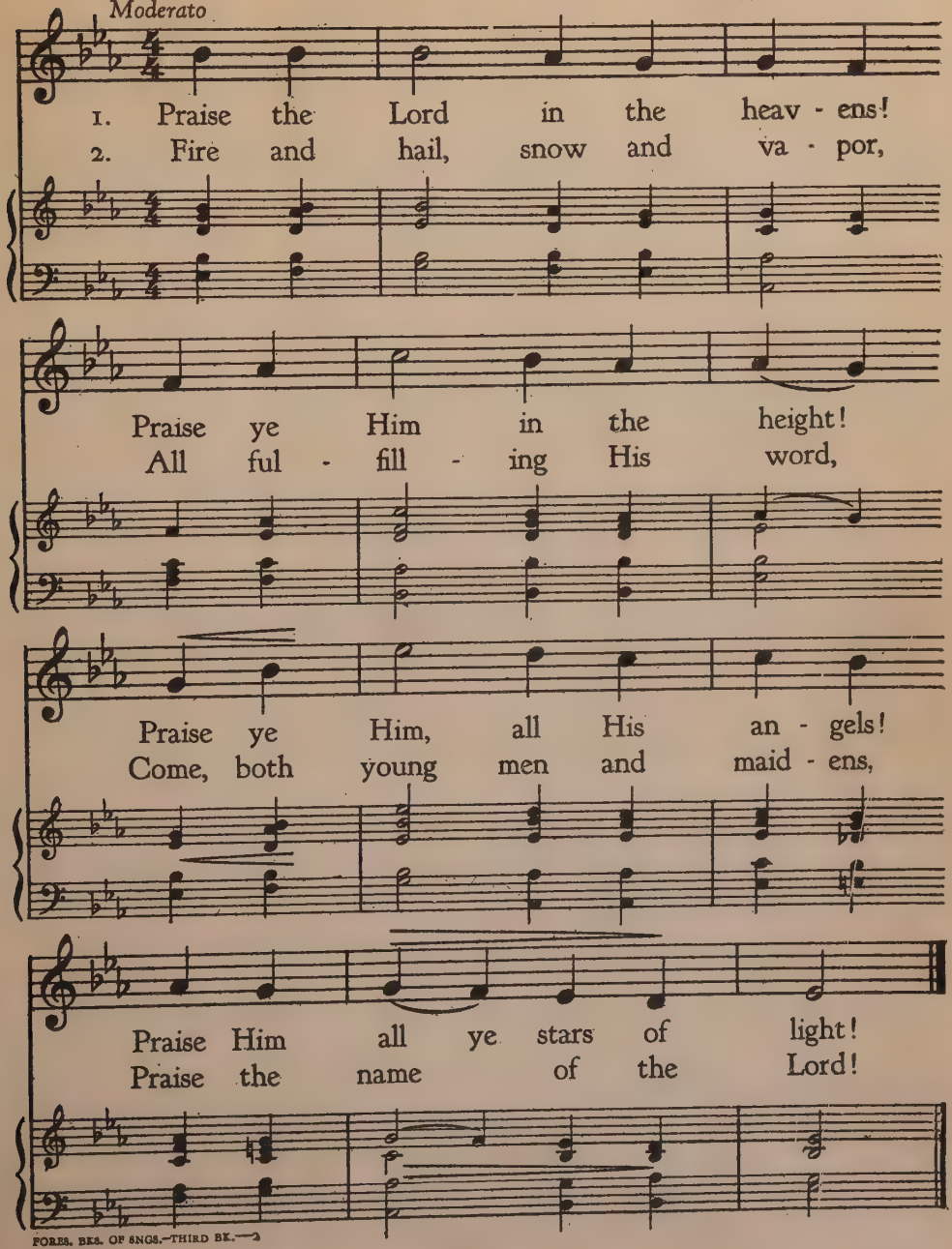


PRAISE THE LORD

Psalm 148

Moderato

W. A. Mozart



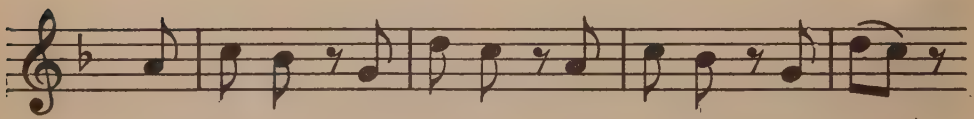
GAY ROBIN REDBREAST

W. A. Mozart
From the Opera "Cosi fan Tutti"

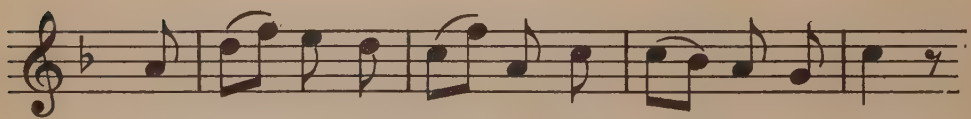
Moderato

1. O gay rob - in red-breast, how wel-come your tune,
2. Our lawns and our gar - dens you choose for your nest,

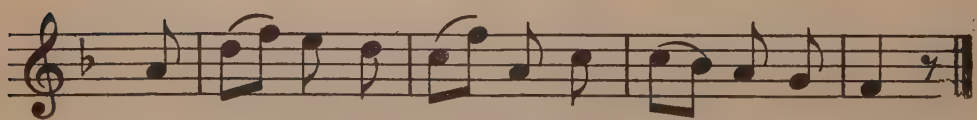
O gay rob - in red-breast, how wel-come your tune,
Our lawns and our gar - dens you choose for your nest,



Thou mer - ry com - pan-ion of sun-shine and June!
We sure - ly must wel-come so friend-ly a guest;



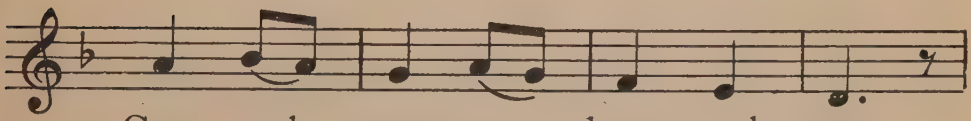
Your car - ol at sun-rise bids all things re - joice,
Yet foes may mo - lest you by night-fall or noon.



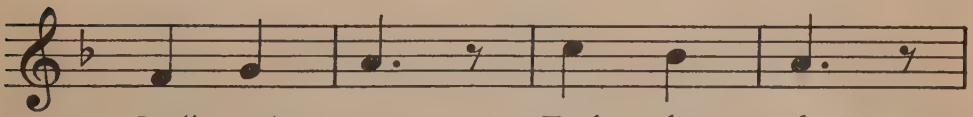
When twi - light is fall - ing, how plain-tive your voice!
O brave rob - in red-breast, we'll wel - come your tune!

Moderato Slovak Folk Song

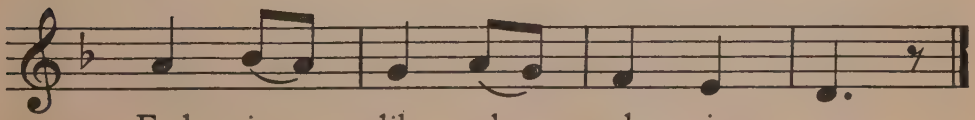
1. Sad De - cem - ber now is here,
2. How the howl - ing storm-wind chills,
3. Here, with - in the fire-light's glow,



Grass and tree are brown and sere;
Blow - ing from the north - land hills,
Watch - ing shad - ows come and go,



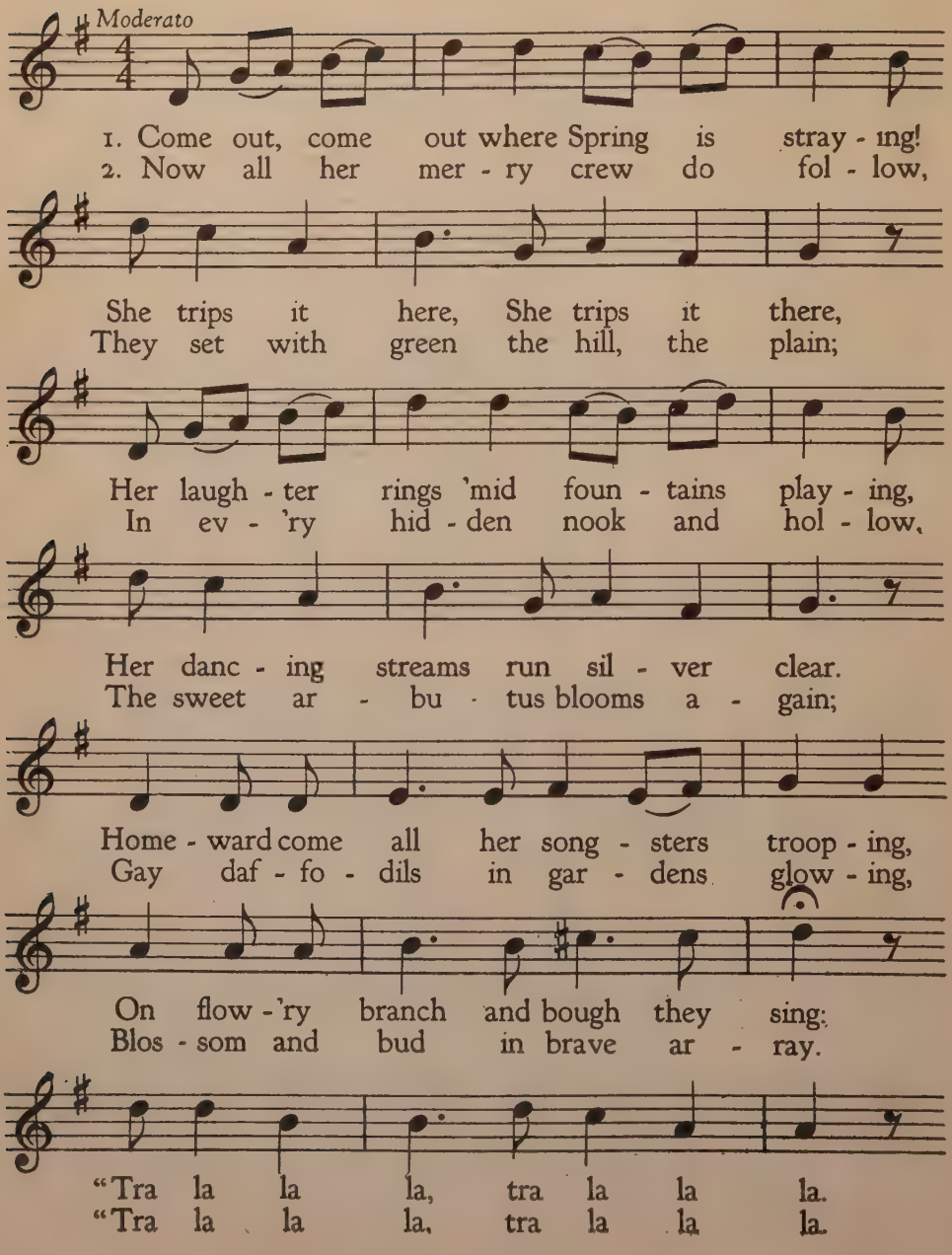
Dull and gray Ends the day,
Wheel-ing by Through the sky,
Snug and warm From the storm,

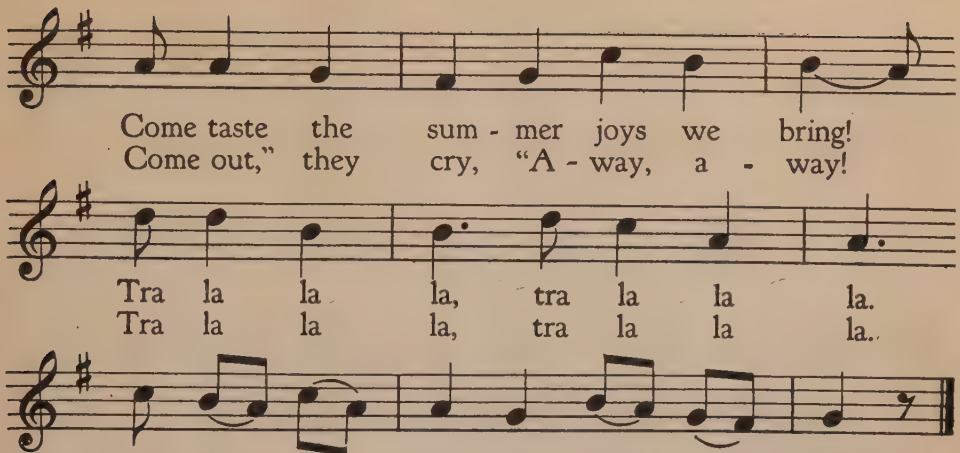


Fad - ing like the dy - ing year.
All the air its cold breath fills.
What care we that wild winds blow?

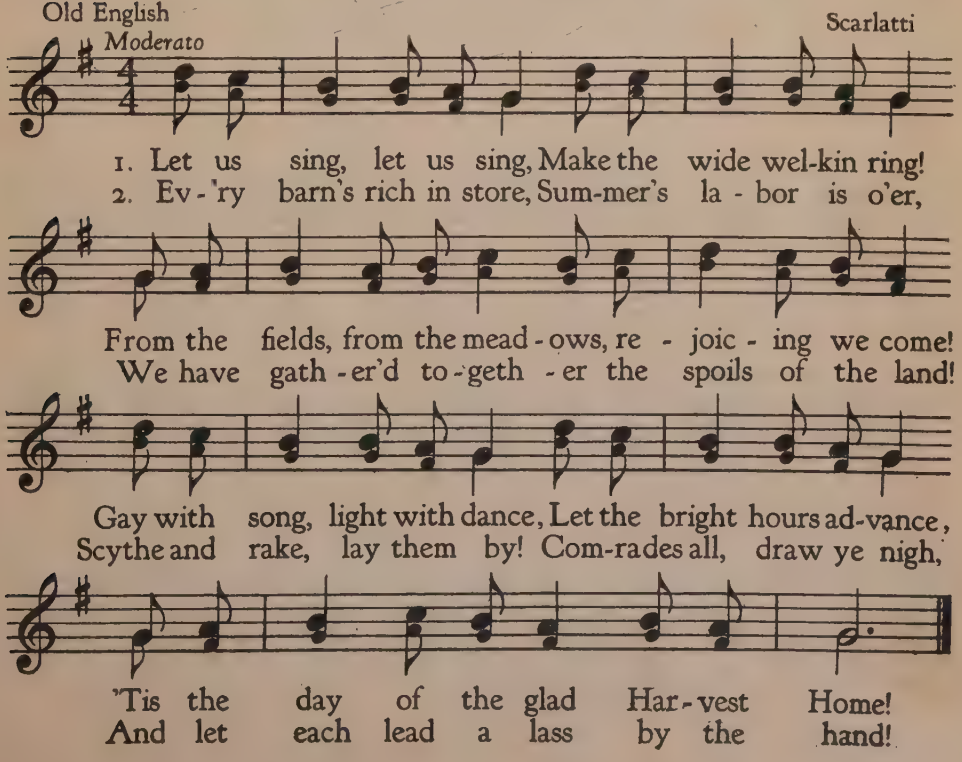
COME OUT

Old French Song




Come taste the sum - mer joys we bring!
Come out," they cry, "A - way, a - way!
Tra la la la, tra la la la.
Tra la la la, tra la la la.
Come taste the sum - mer joys we bring!"
Come out, come out and greet the May!"

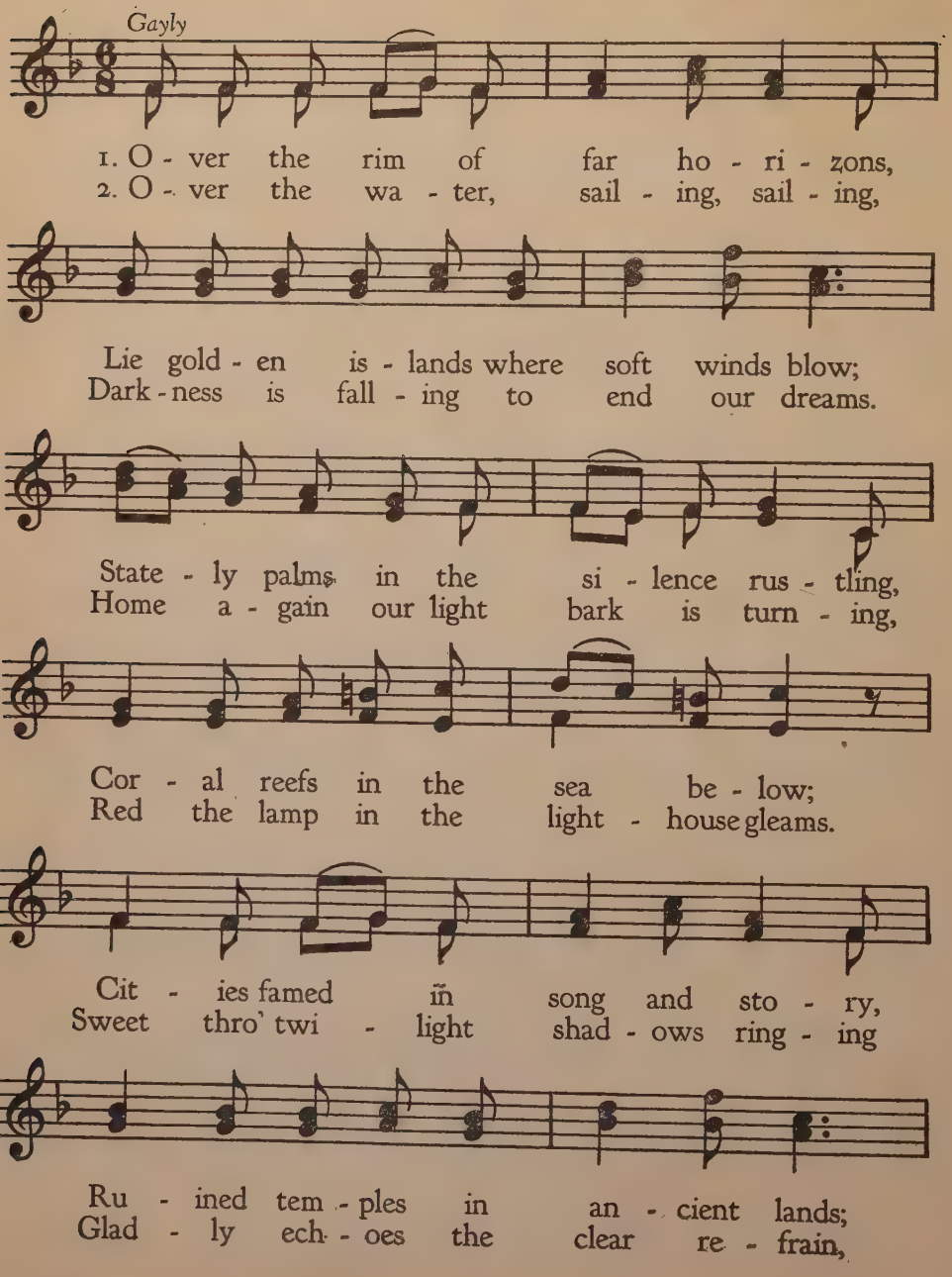
LET US SING


Old English
Moderato
Scarlatti
1. Let us sing, let us sing, Make the wide wel-kin ring!
2. Ev - 'ry barn's rich in store, Sum-mer's la - bor is o'er,
From the fields, from the mead - ows, re - joic - ing we come!
We have gath - er'd to - geth - er the spoils of the land!
Gay with song, light with dance, Let the bright hours ad-vance,
Scythe and rake, lay them by! Com-rades all, draw ye nigh,
'Tis the day of the glad Har - vest Home!
And let each lead a lass by the hand!

SAILING, SAILING

French Folk Song

Gayly

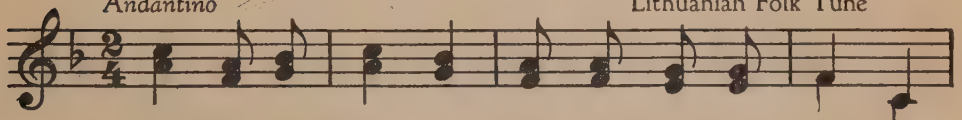


Moun - tains wrapped in their an - cient glo - ry,
Mer - ry voic - es in cho - rus sing - ing

Glow - ing gar - dens and des - ert sands.
Wel - come to har - bor and home - lights a - gain.

LULLABY

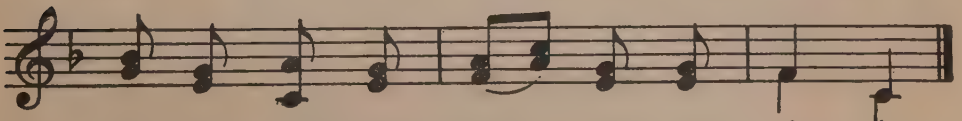
Andantino Lithuanian Folk Tune



1. Sleep, bon - ny ba - by, Soon you'll be a - dream - ing,
2. Sleep till the morn - ing, Pret - ty lit - tle dar - ling,

Here comes the moon - light Thro' the win - dow gleam - ing;
Rest till the sun - light Wakes the wren and star - ling;

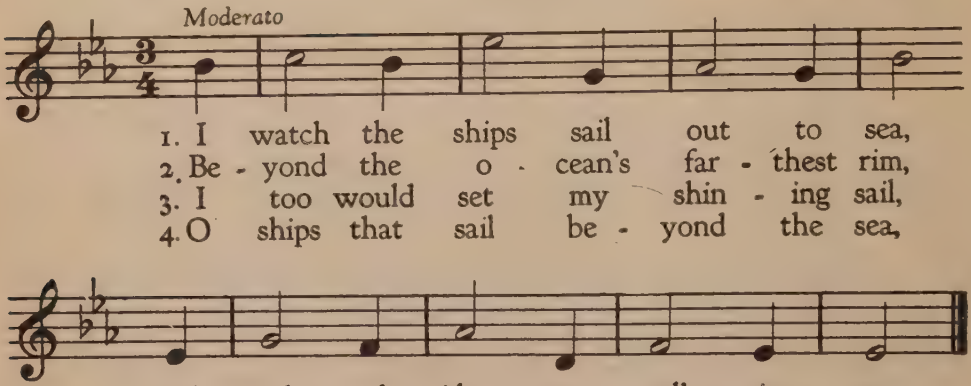
All the gold - en stars are wink - ing, They are drow - sy
Dream of sil - ver bells a ring - ing, Dream of mag - ic



too, I'm think - ing. Sleep, bon - ny ba - by.
fair - ies sing - ing. Sleep till the morn - ing.

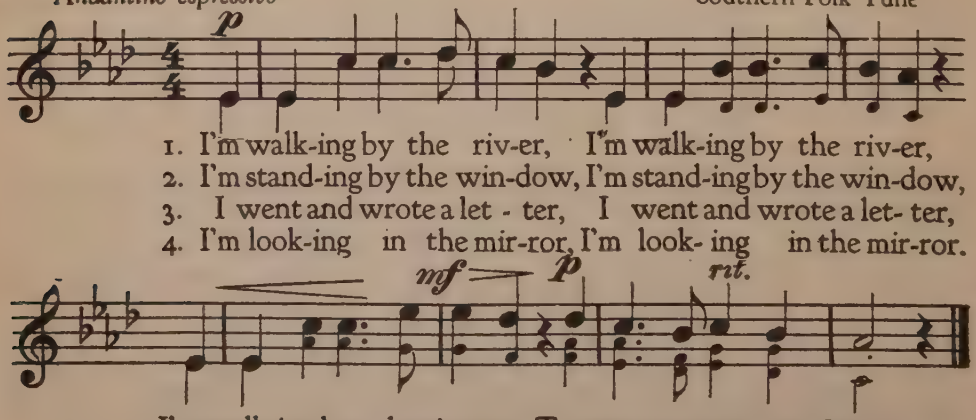
I WATCH THE SHIPS

Cecil Cowdrey — Old Folk Song



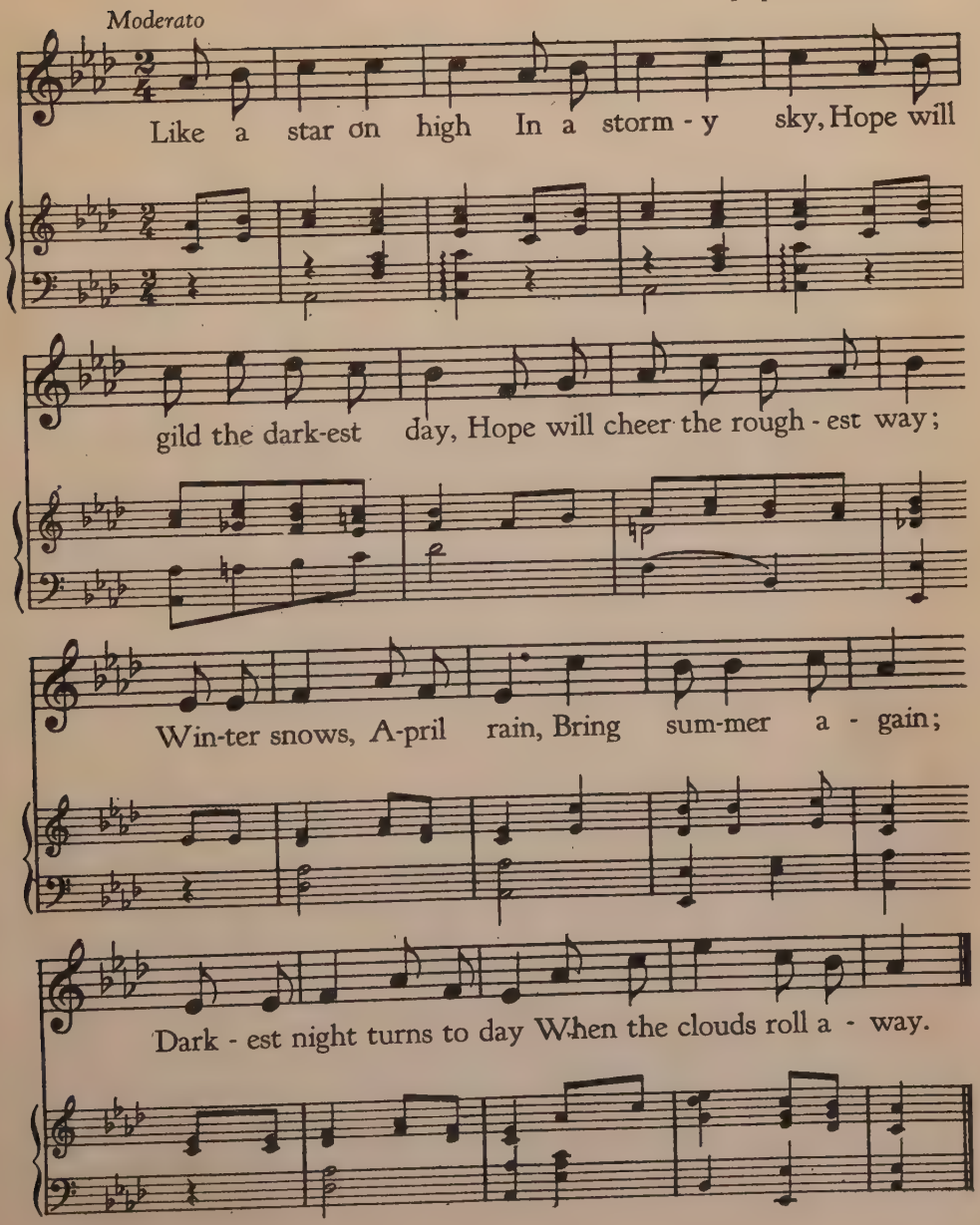
MY OWN TRUE FRIEND

Andantino espressivo — Southern Folk Tune



HOPE

E. Jaques-Dalcroze

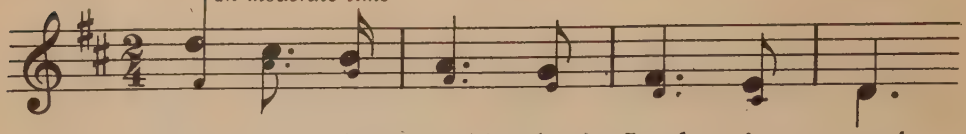


JOY TO THE WORLD

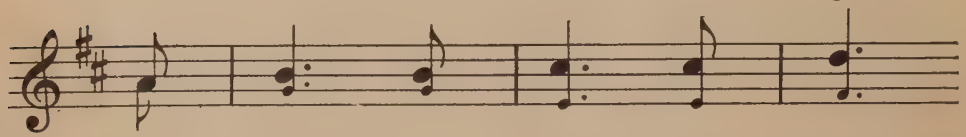
Isaac Watts

Georg Friedrich Händel

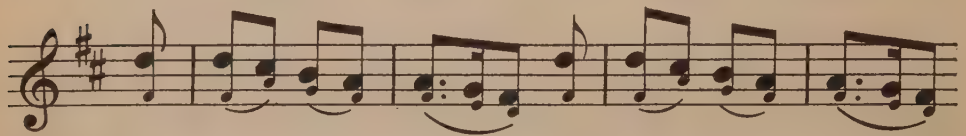
In moderate time



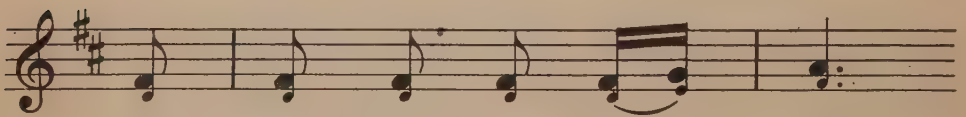
1. Joy to the world, the Lord is come!
2. He rules the world with truth and grace,



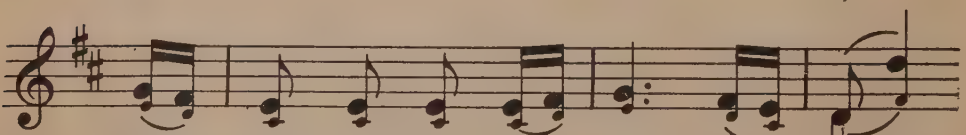
Let earth re - ceive her King!
And makes the na - tions prove



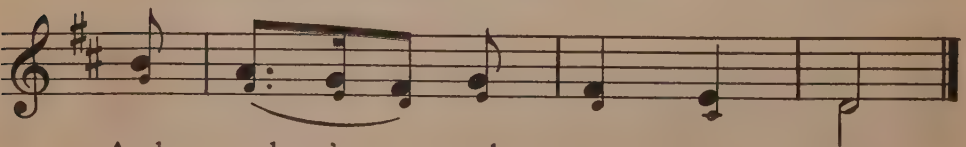
Let ev - 'ry heart pre' - pare Him room,
The glo - ries of His right - eous - ness,



And heav'n and na - ture sing,
And won - ders of His love,

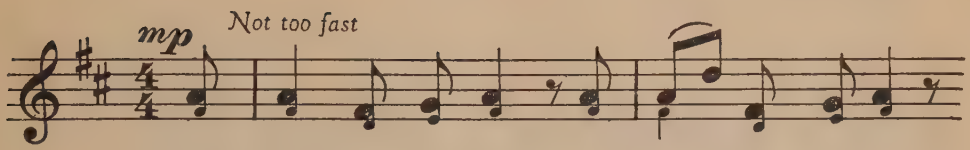


And heav'n and na - ture sing, And heav'n,
And won - ders of His love, And won-ders,

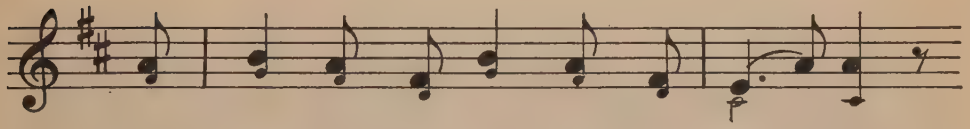


And heav'n and na - ture sing!
And won - ders of His love.

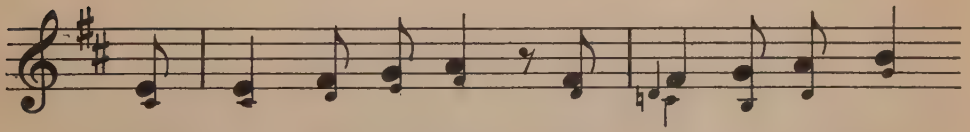
Felix Mendelssohn



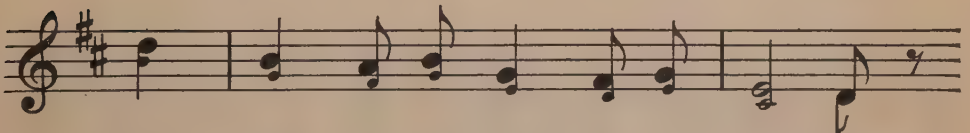
1. 'Twas rain - ing to - day, But clouds broke a-way,
2. The col - ors that glow In gardens be - low



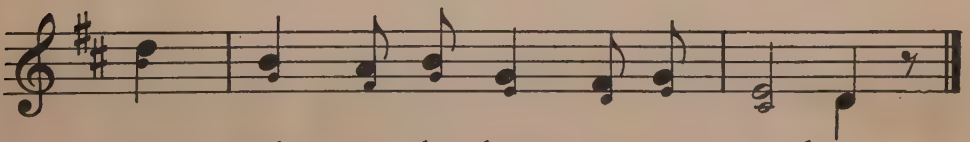
And then in the sky came a rain - bow;
Were bor-rowed at first from the rain - bow;



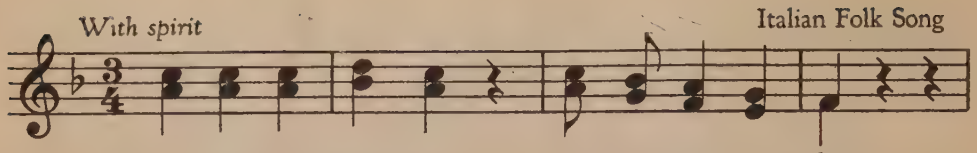
When show - ers are done, And out peeps the sun,
A se - cret I've heard, 'Twas told by a bird:



He smiles as he shows us a rain-bow.
There's gold at the end of the rain-bow!

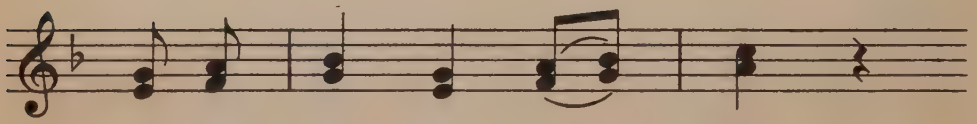


He smiles as he shows us a rain-bow.
There's gold at the end of the rain-bow!

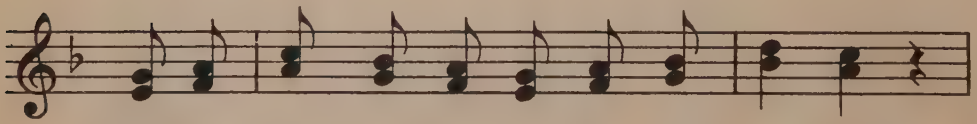


1. Blow, blow, old March wind! Win - ter's go - ing fast.
2. Blow, blow, old March wind! A - pril's on the way.

Blow, blow, old March wind! Win - ter's go - ing fast.
Blow, blow, old March wind! A - pril's on the way.



Tho' you howl and blus ter,
Tho' your breath is chill - ing,



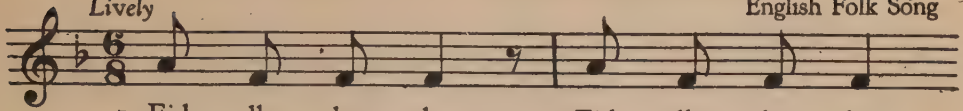
Tho' your i - cy ar - mies you may mus - ter,
All the air with fly - ing snow-flakes fill - ing,

Blow, blow, old March wind! Spring will come at last.
Blow, blow, old March wind! Bring in A - pril gay.

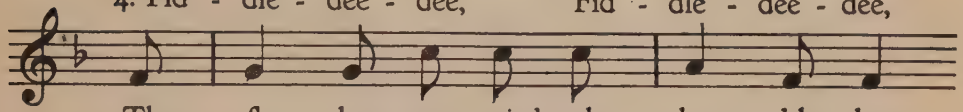
THE FLY AND THE BUMBLEBEE

Lively

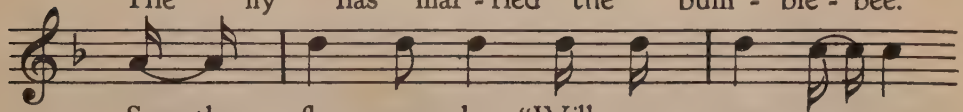
English Folk Song



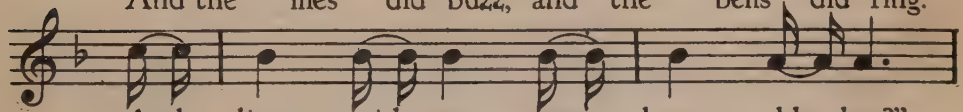
1. Fid - dle - dee - dee, Fid - dle - dee - dee,
2. Fid - dle - dee - dee, Fid - dle - dee - dee,
3. Fid - dle - dee - dee, Fid - dle - dee - dee,
4. Fid - dle - dee - dee, Fid - dle - dee - dee,



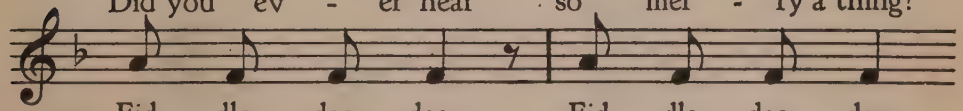
The fly has mar - ried the bum - ble - bee.
The fly has mar - ried the bum - ble - bee.
The fly has mar - ried the bum - ble - bee.
The fly has mar - ried the bum - ble - bee.



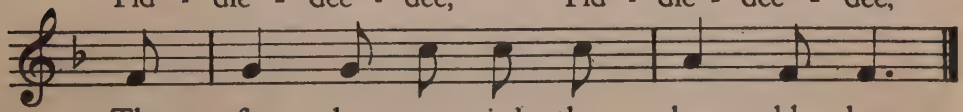
Says the fly, says he, "Will you mar - ry me,
Says the bee, says she, "I'll live un - der your wing,
So when the par - son had joined the pair,
And the flies did buzz, and the bells did ring.



And live with me, sweet bum - ble - bee?"
And you'll nev-er know that I car - ry a sting."
They both went out to take the air.
Did you ev - er hear so mer - ry a thing?



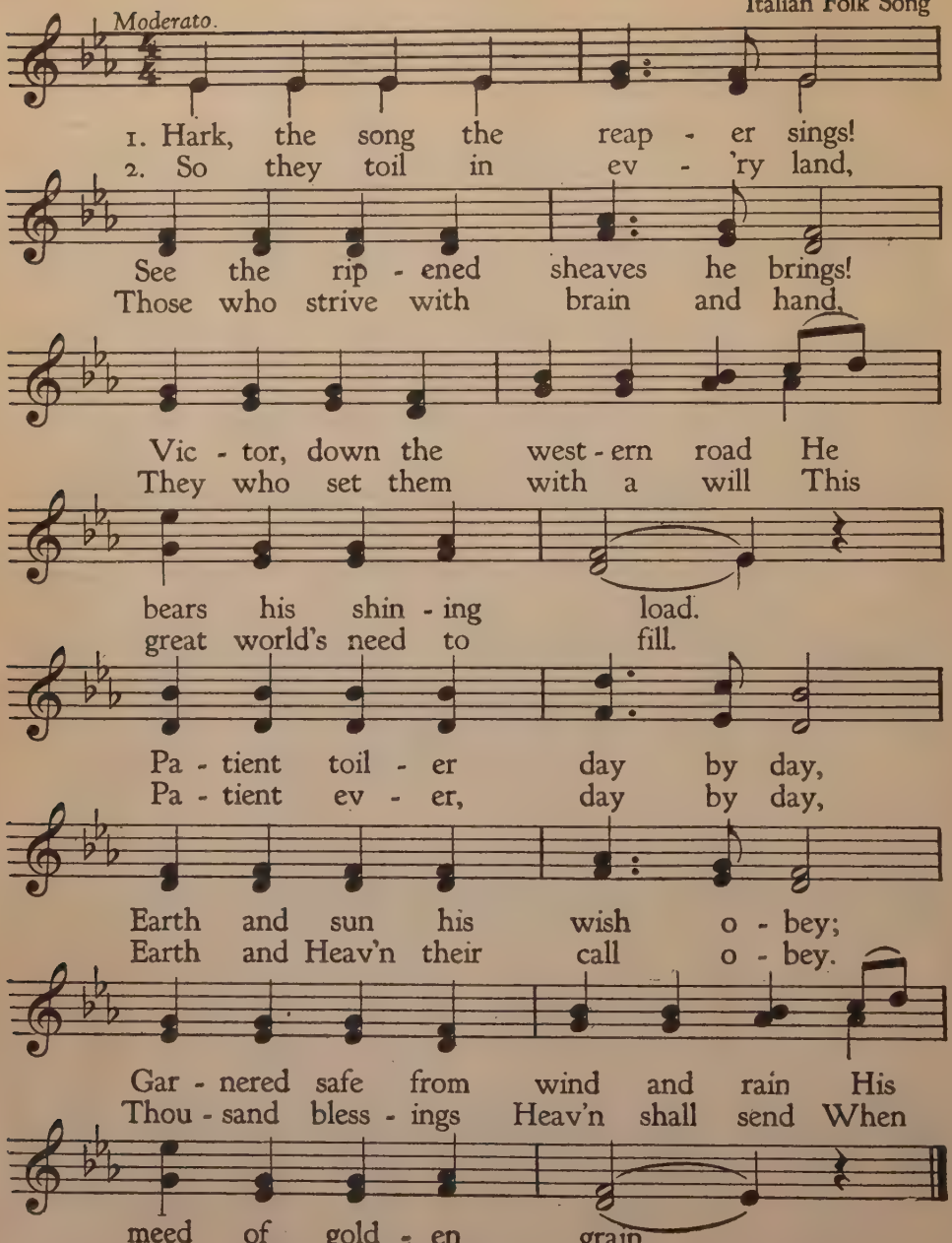
Fid - dle - dee - dee, Fid - dle - dee - dee,
Fid - dle - dee - dee, Fid - dle - dee - dee,
Fid - dle - dee - dee, Fid - dle - dee - dee,
Fid - dle - dee - dee, Fid - dle - dee - dee,



The fly has mar - ried the bum - ble - bee.
The fly has mar - ried the bum - ble - bee.
The fly has mar - ried the bum - ble - bee.
The fly has mar - ried the bum - ble - bee.

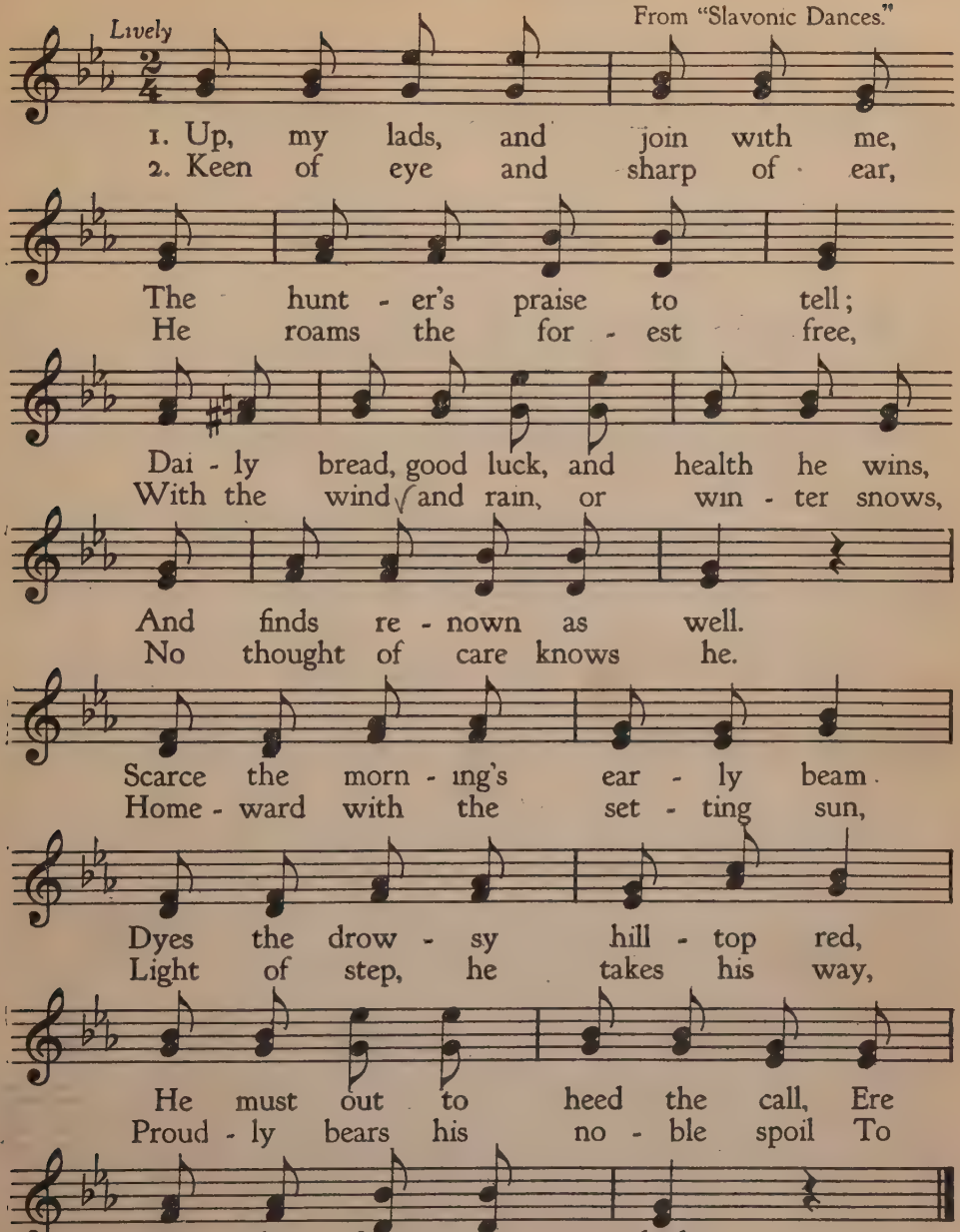
THE REAPER'S SONG

Italian Folk Song



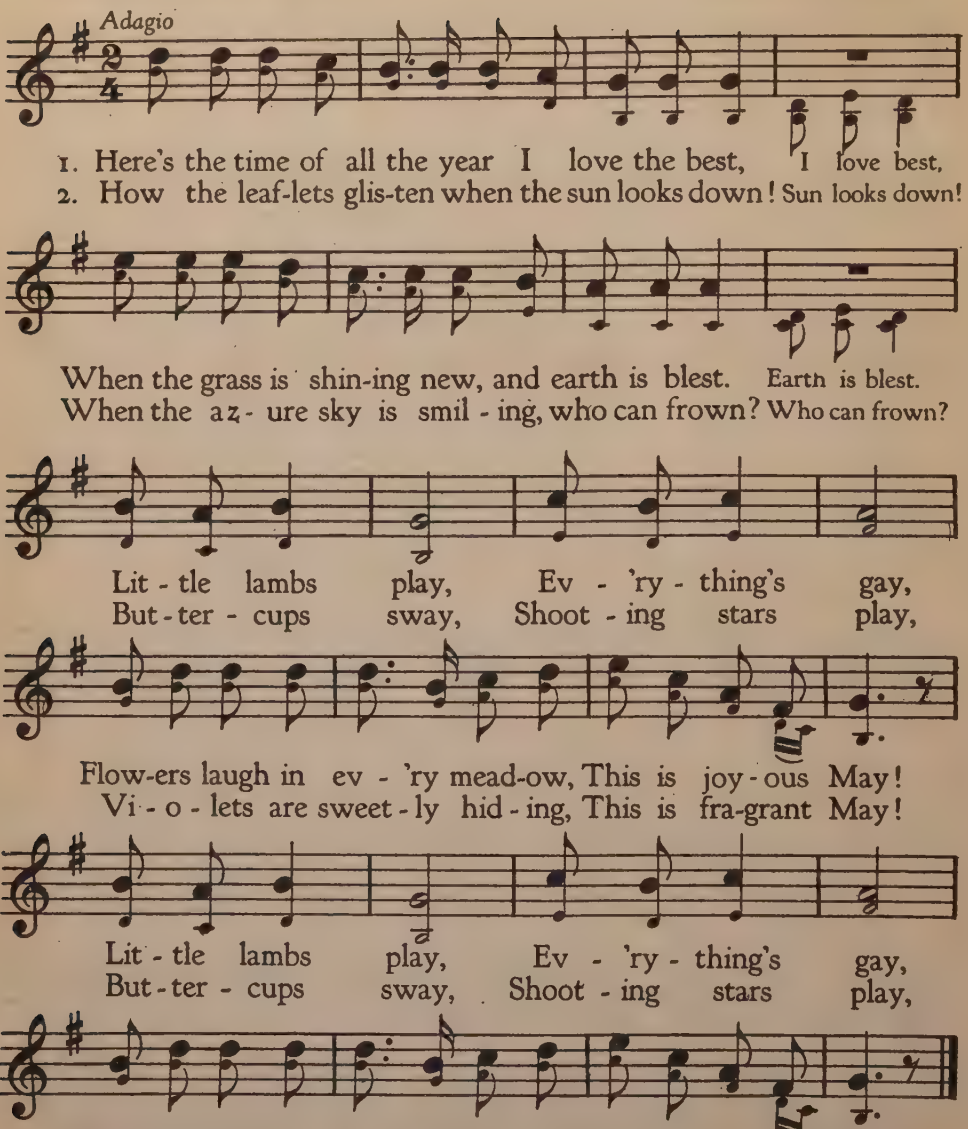
HUNTING SONG

A. Dvorák
From "Slavonic Dances."



Translated from the Bohemian

Bohemian Folk Song



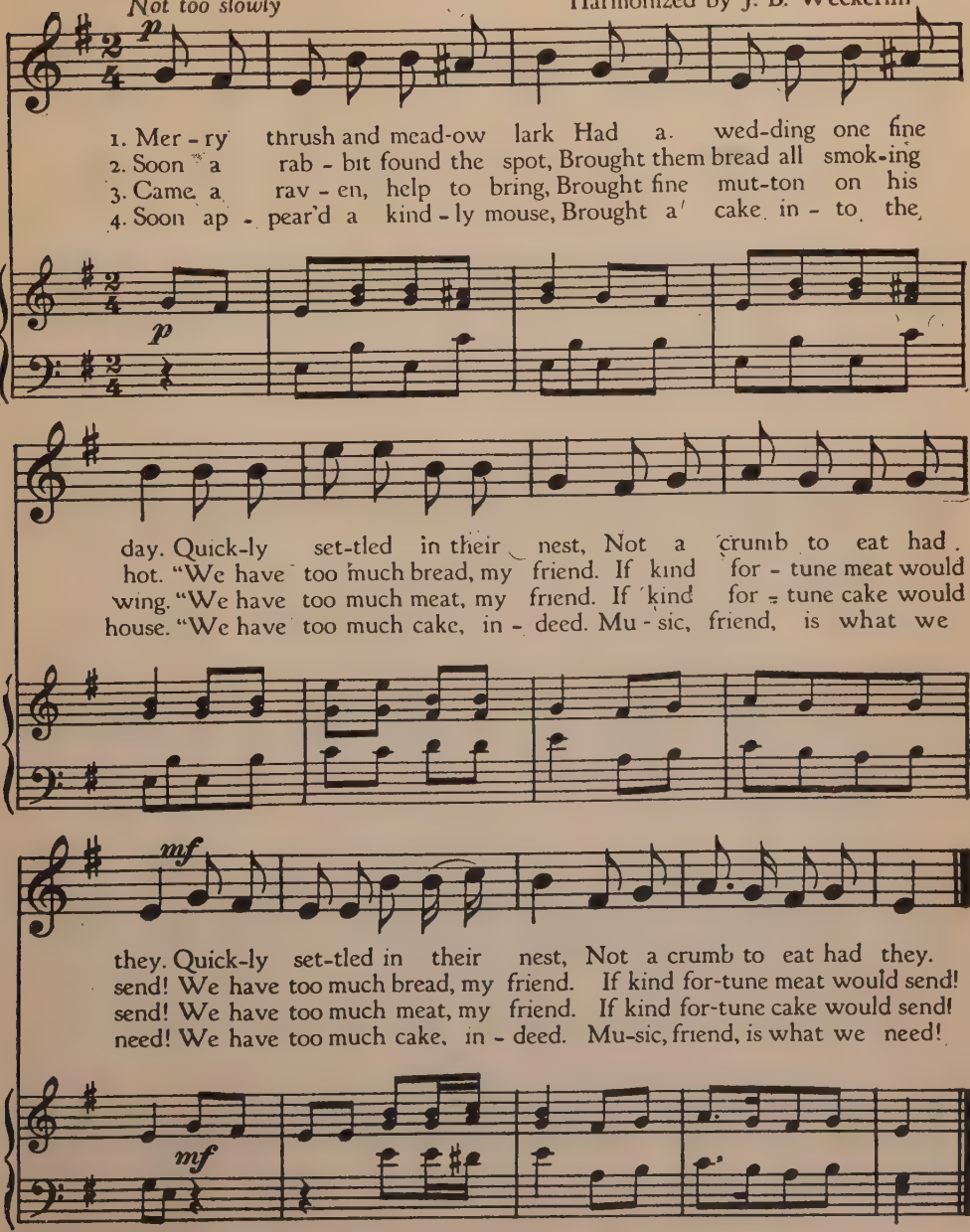
MERRY THRUSH

Translated from the French

French Folk Song

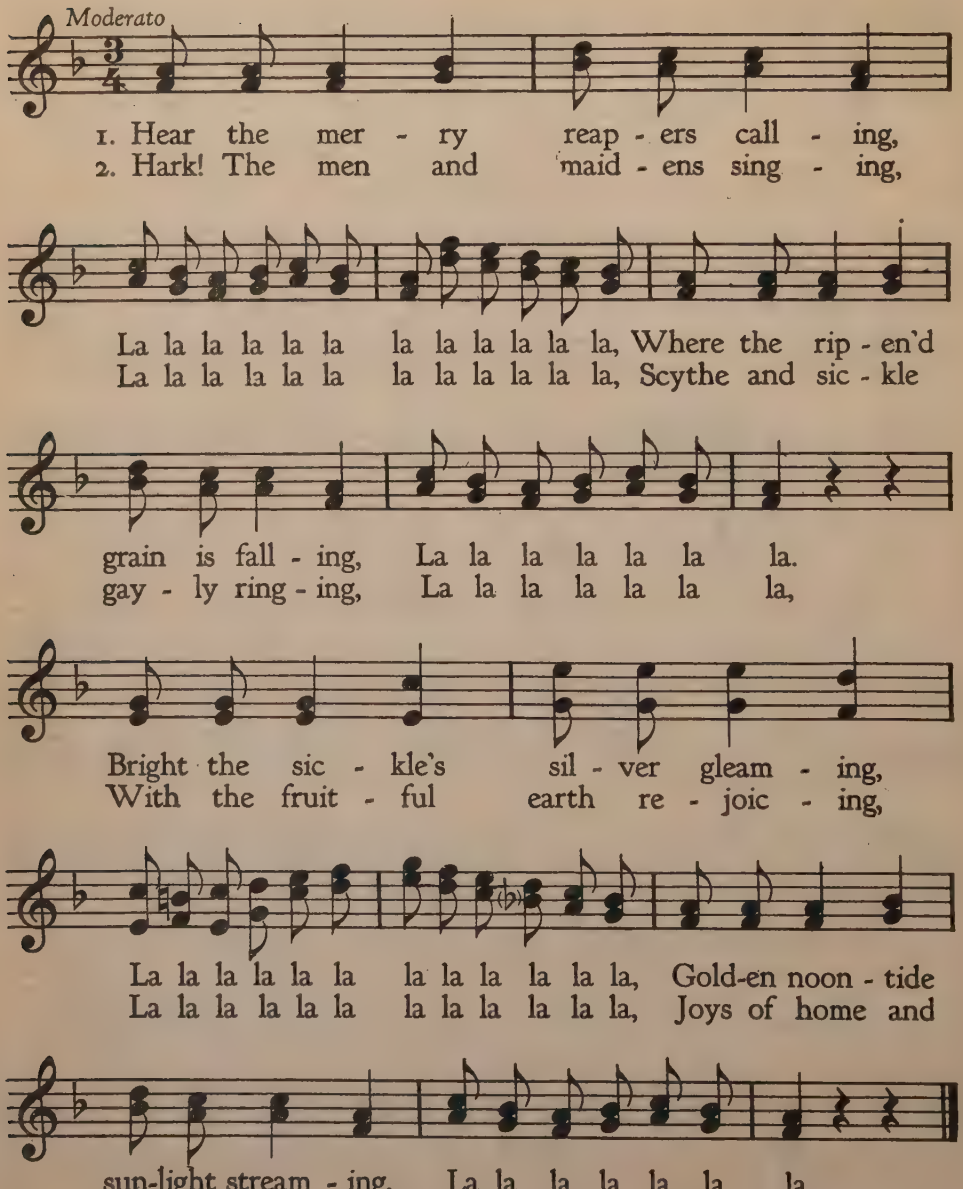
Harmonized by J. B. Weckerlin

Not too slowly



SONG OF THE MERRY HARVESTERS

Czech Folk Song

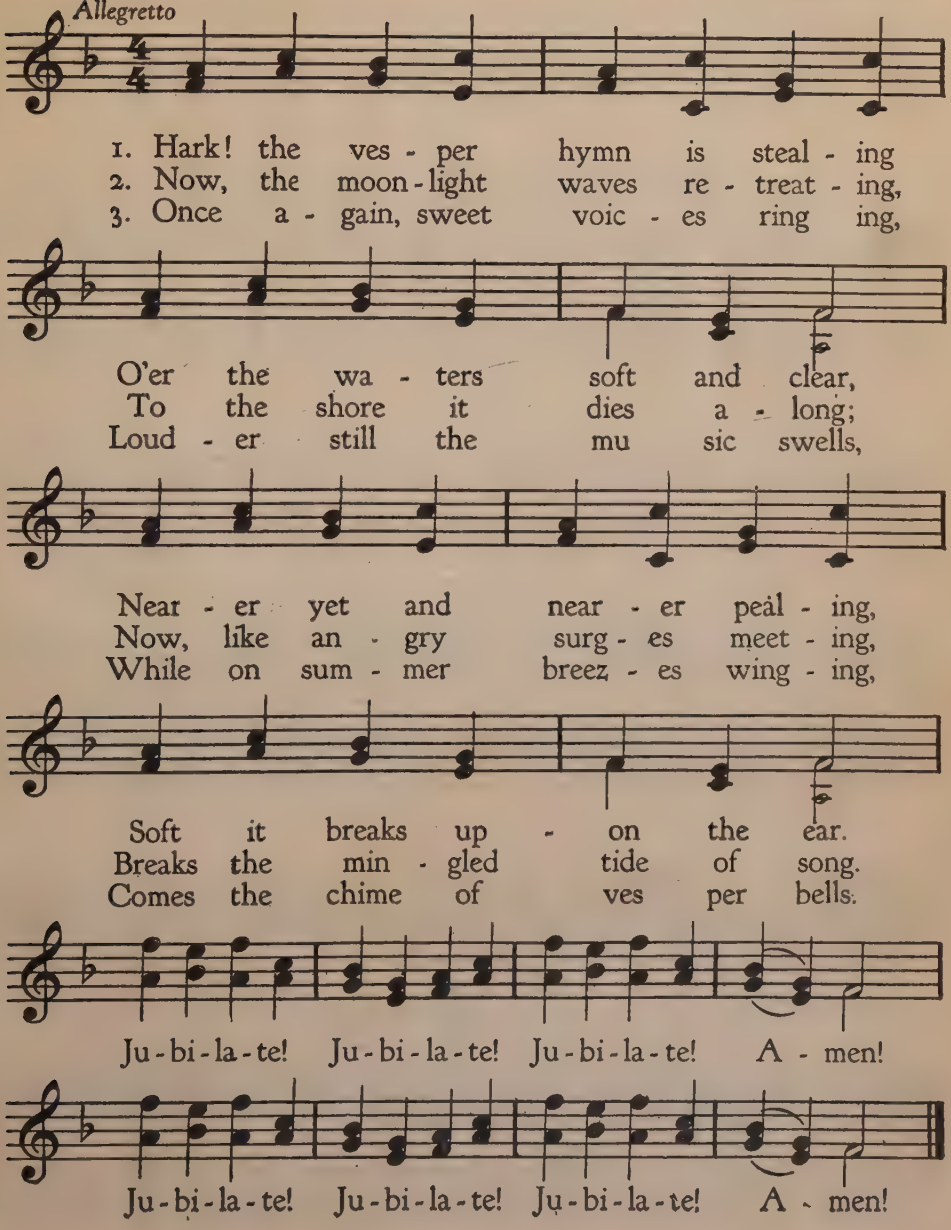


VESPER HYMN

Thomas Moore

Bortnyanski

Allegretto



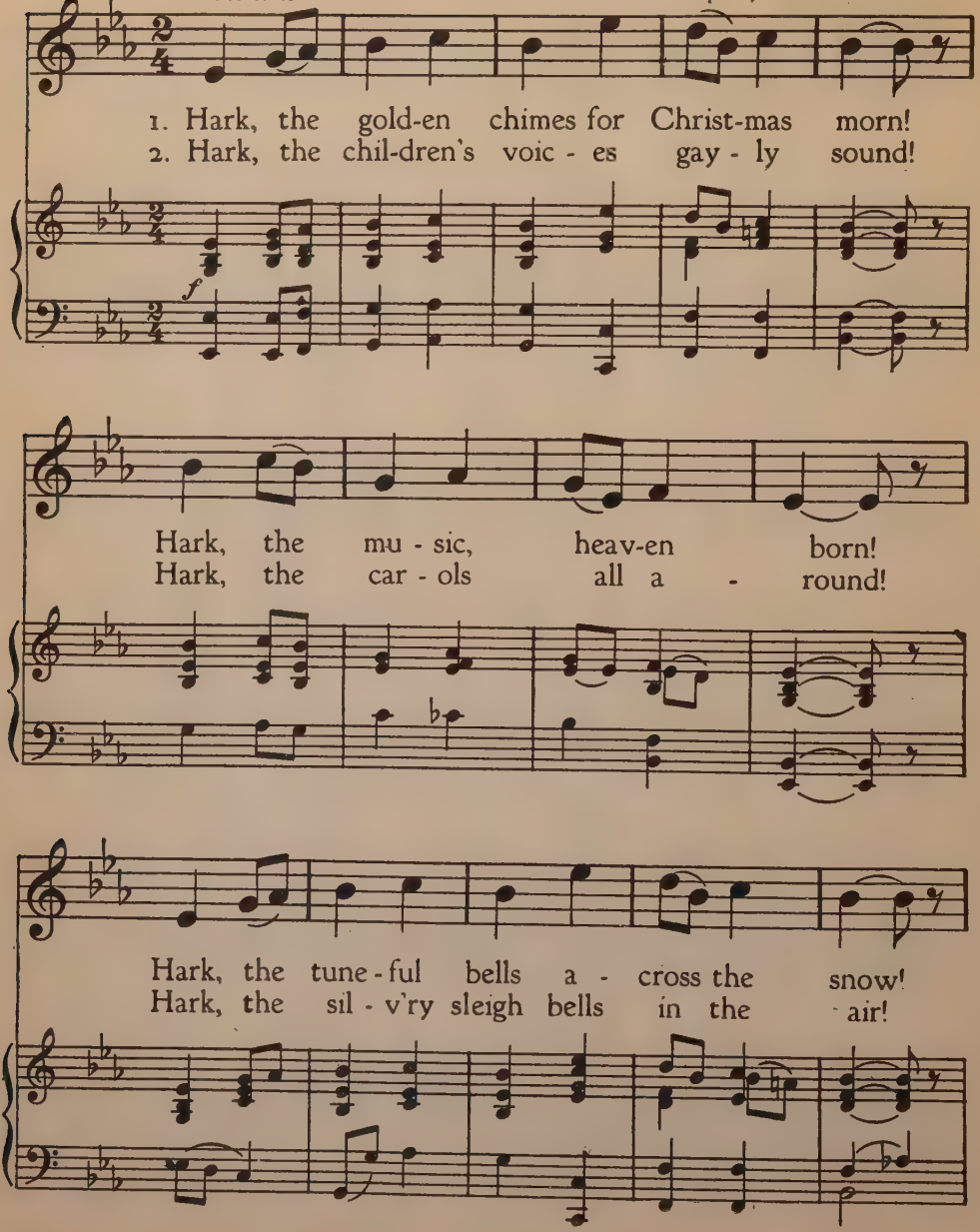
CHIME MUSIC

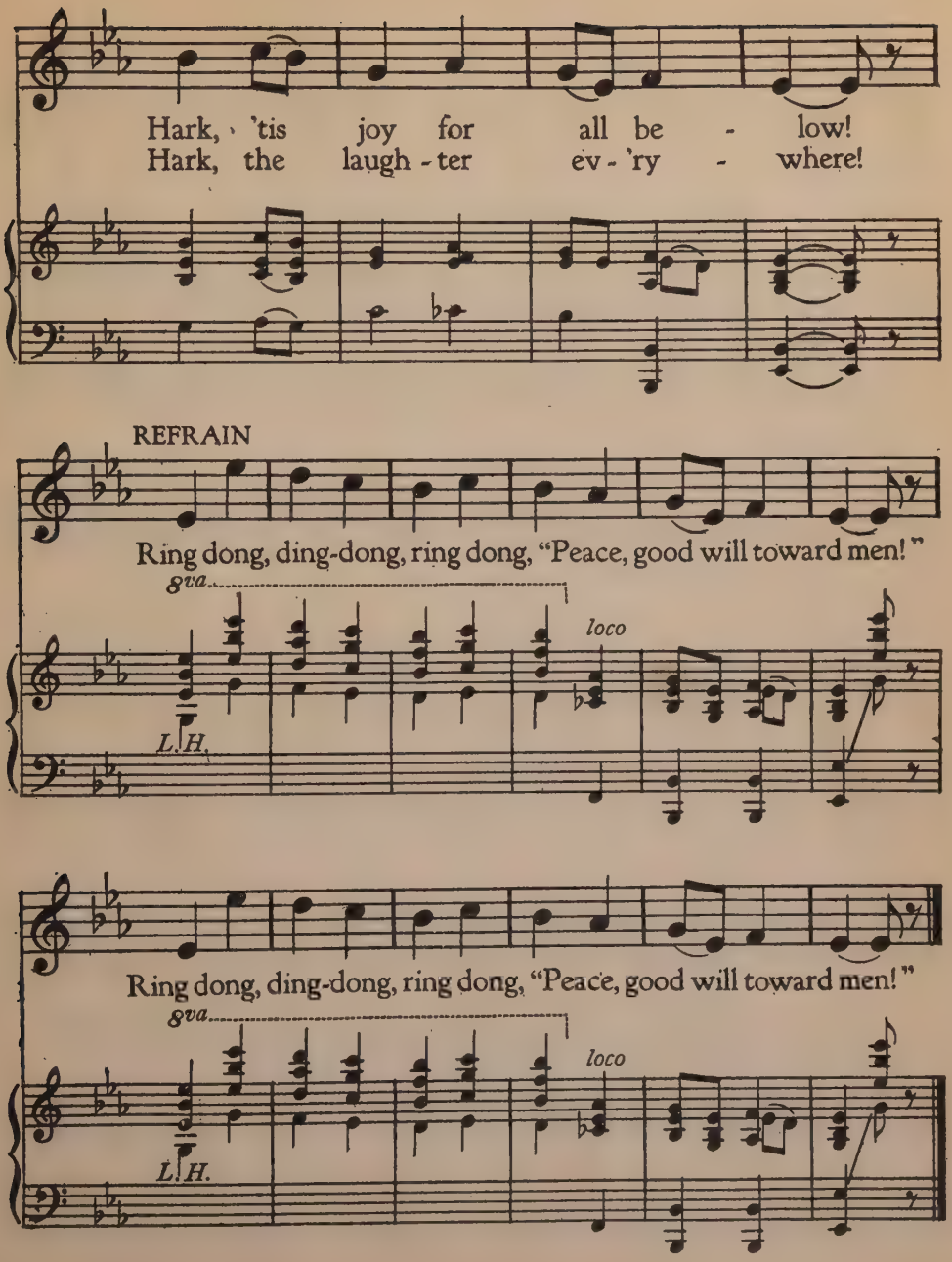
Sigmund Spaeth

Old French Carol

Accomp. by William Daniels

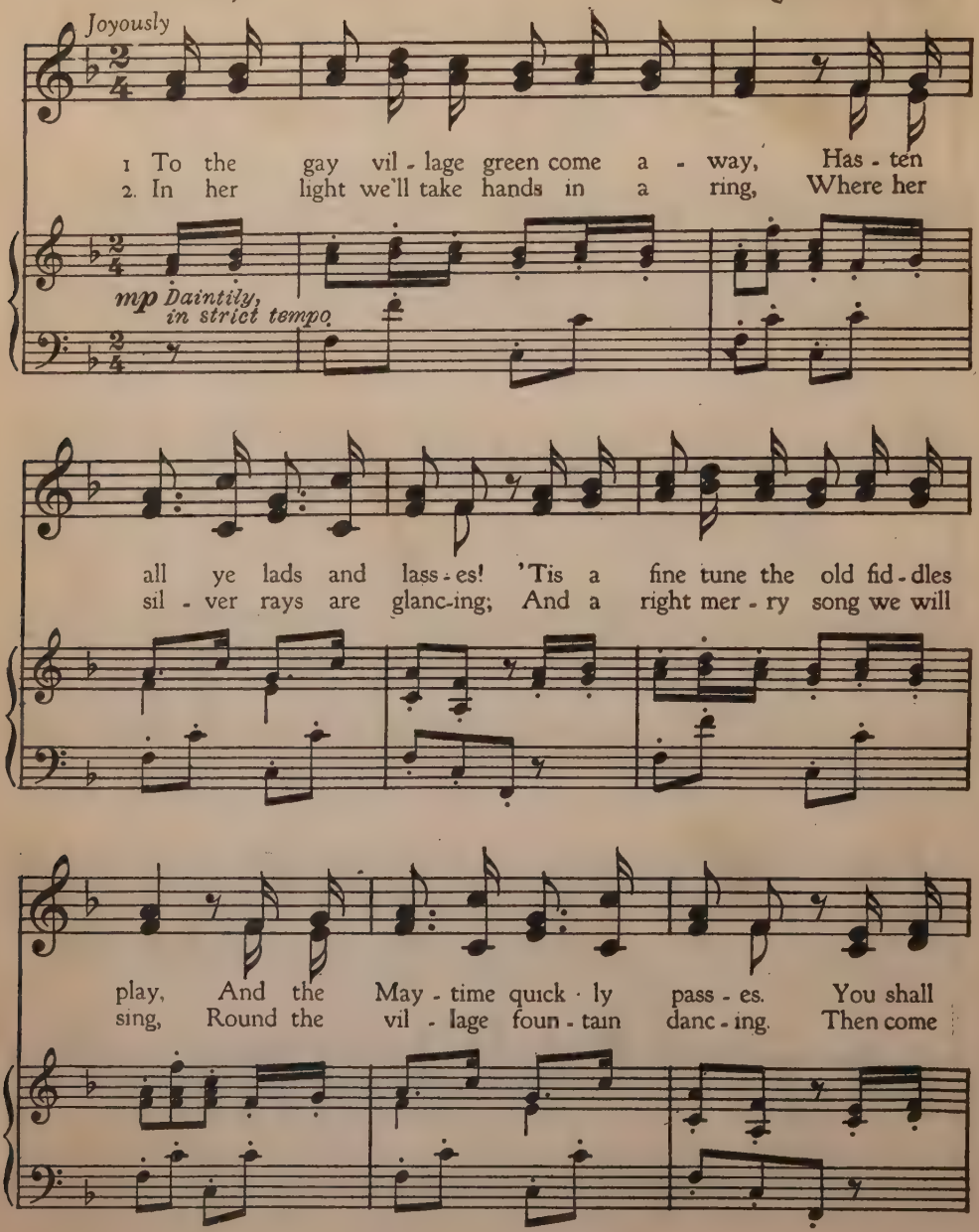
In moderate time

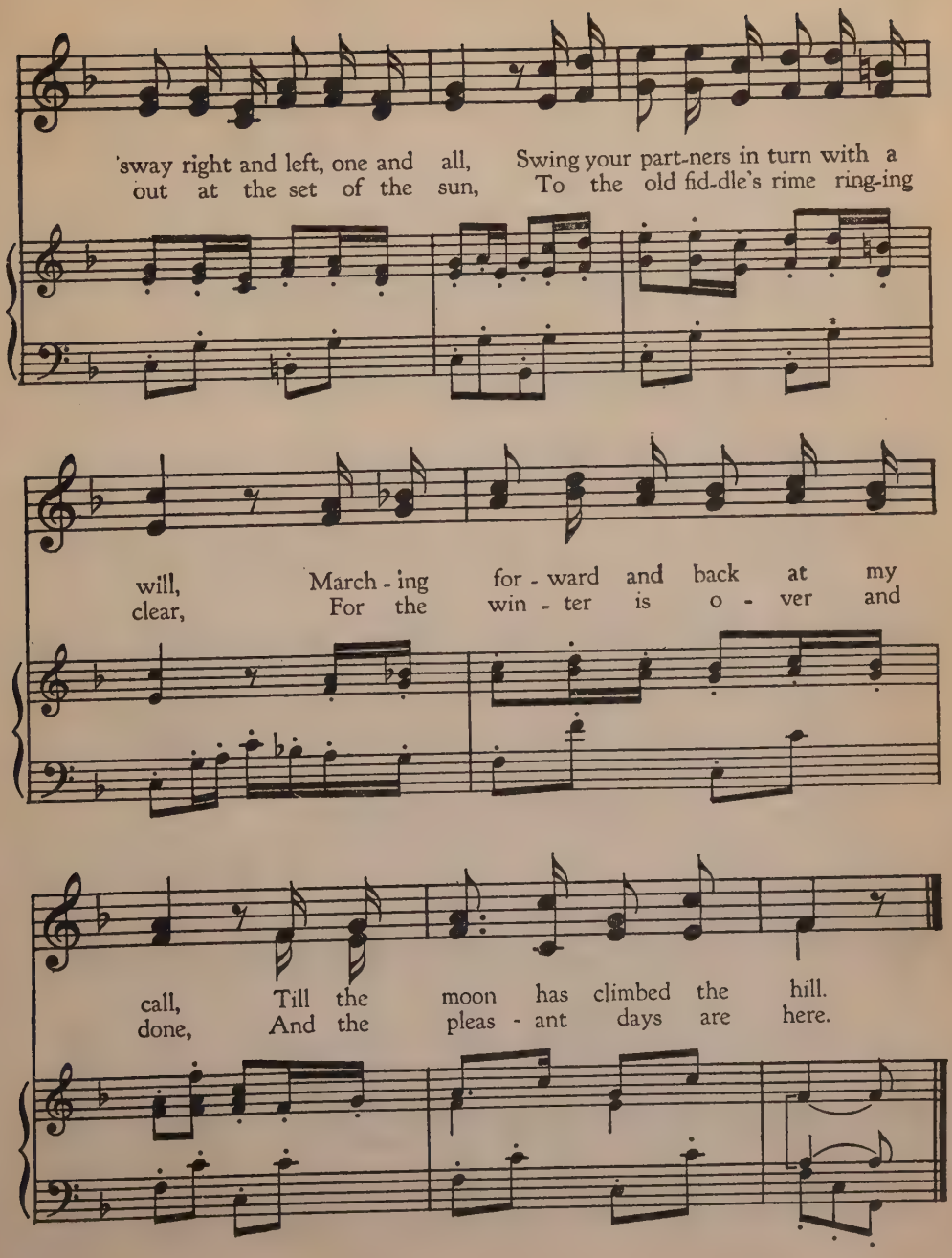



Hark, 'tis joy for all be - low!
Hark, the laugh - ter ev - 'ry - where!
REFRAIN
Ring dong, ding-dong, ring dong, "Peace, good will toward men!"
8va
loco
L.H.
Ring dong, ding-dong, ring dong, "Peace, good will toward men!"
8va
loco
L.H.

TO THE GAY VILLAGE GREEN

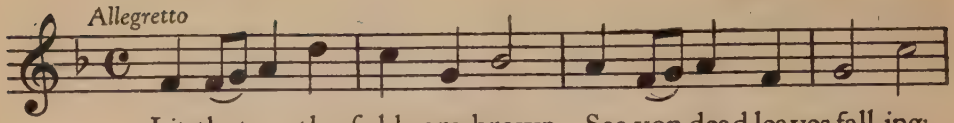
Cecil Cowdrey — Norwegian Folk Tune



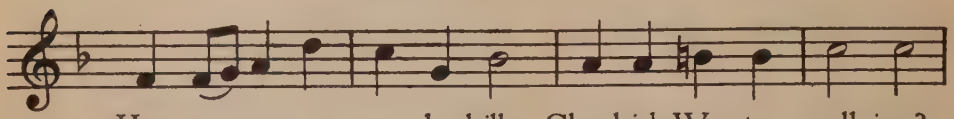

'sway right and left, one and all, Swing your part-ners in turn with a
out at the set of the sun, To the old fid-dle's rime ring-ing
will, March - ing for - ward and back at my
clear, For the win - ter is o - ver and
call, Till the moon has climbed the hill.
done, And the pleas - ant days are here.

THE LITTLE TREE

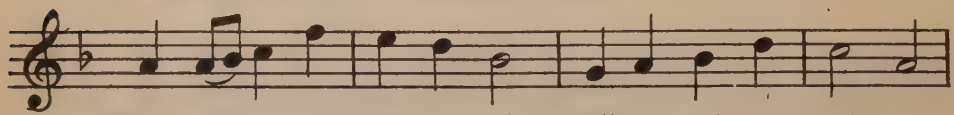
Mathilde Eichhorn



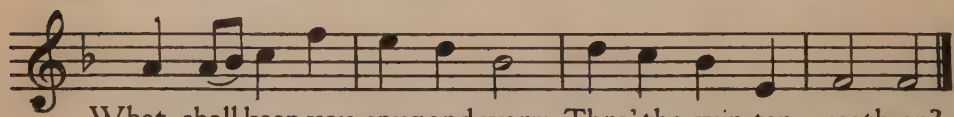
1. Lit-tle tree, the fields are brown, See yon dead leaves fall-ing;
2. Cried the tree, "The sum-mer goes, Best of friends must sev-er;



Hear you not, a - cross the hills, Churl-ish Win-ter call-ing?
Sing-ing birds and sun - ny skies May not charm for - ev - er.



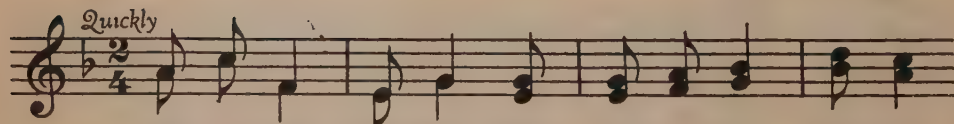
With-ered leaves and red and gold Fall to earth to - geth - er;
Though each friend-ly leaf must fall, Bud and blos-som leave me,



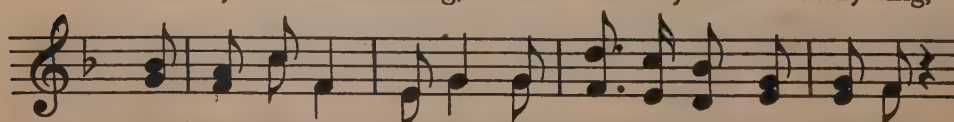
What shall keep you snug and warm Thro' the win-ter weath-er?
Yet a cloak of shin-ing snow Win-ter's hand shall weave me."

FAIRIES DANCING

Polish Folk Dance

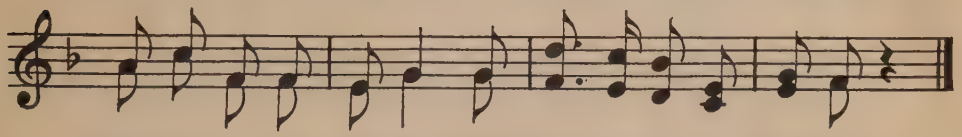


1. Fair - y tunes ring - ing, And fair - y folk danc - ing,
2. Fair - y folk whirl-ing, And fair - y feet sway - ing,



On lawn and in hol-low Their sil - v'ry wings are glanc-ing.
Oh, hear the wild mu - sic Of fair - y pip - ers play-ing!

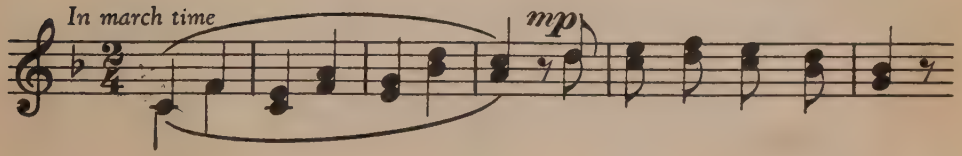
Hey! the moon shin-ing, And ho! for spring-time weath-er!
Fast - er! elves, fast - er! A - lack! the moon's de - clin-ing.



Skip-ping now and dip-ping, They trip it all to - geth-er.
Fair - y folk must van-ish. A - way! the dawn is shin-ing.

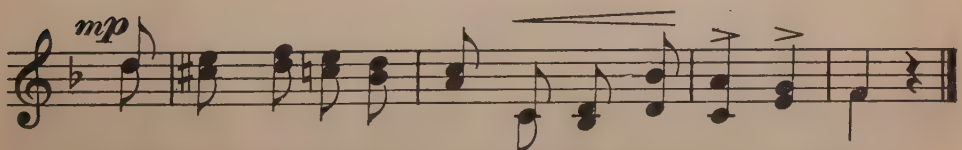
GYPSIES

Italian Folk Tune



1. Ah! . . . . . A band of gyp - sies we,
2. Ah! . . . . . We play from dawn to dark,

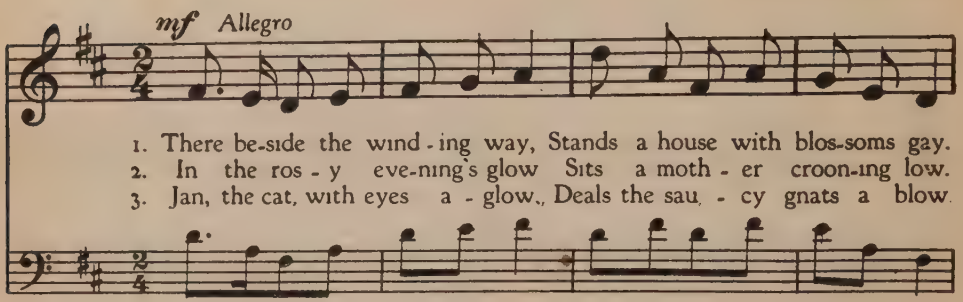
Be-neath the spread-ing tree. Ah! . . . . . .
As mer - ry as a lark. Ah! . . . . . .

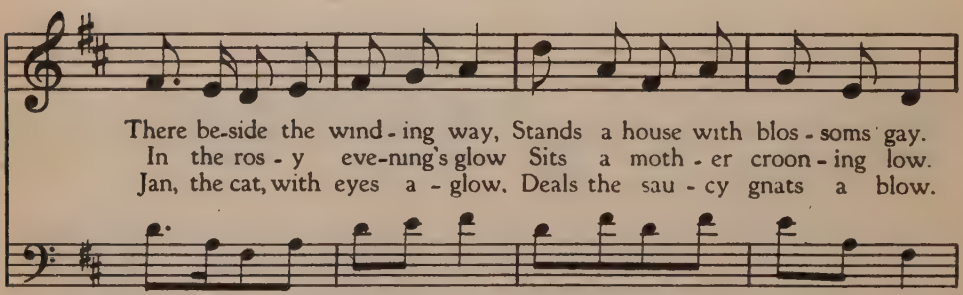


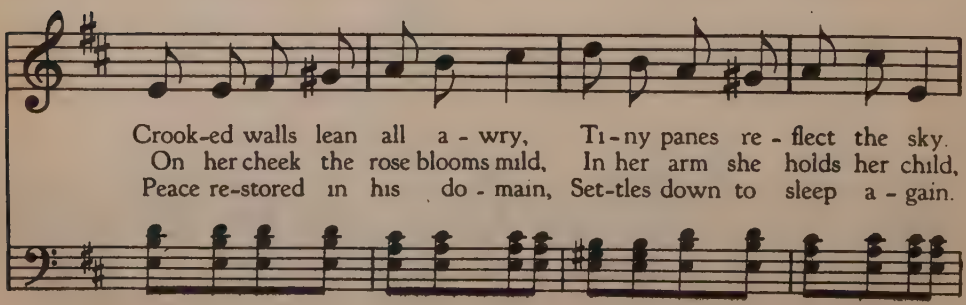
We spend our hap-py hours A - mong the birds and flow'rs.
We live a life of joy, Each gyp - sy girl and boy.

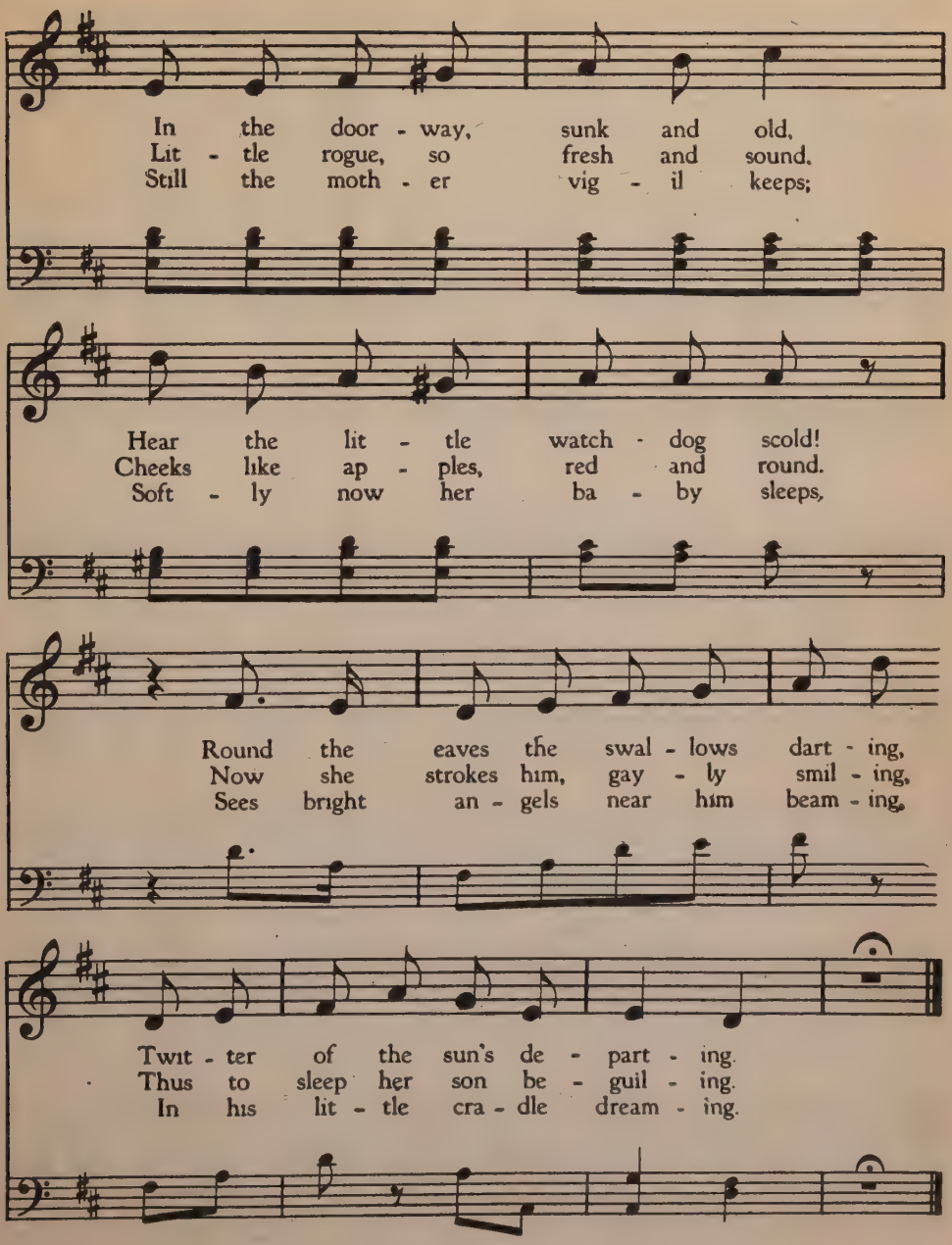
From an Old Swedish Folk Story

Johannes Gebauer







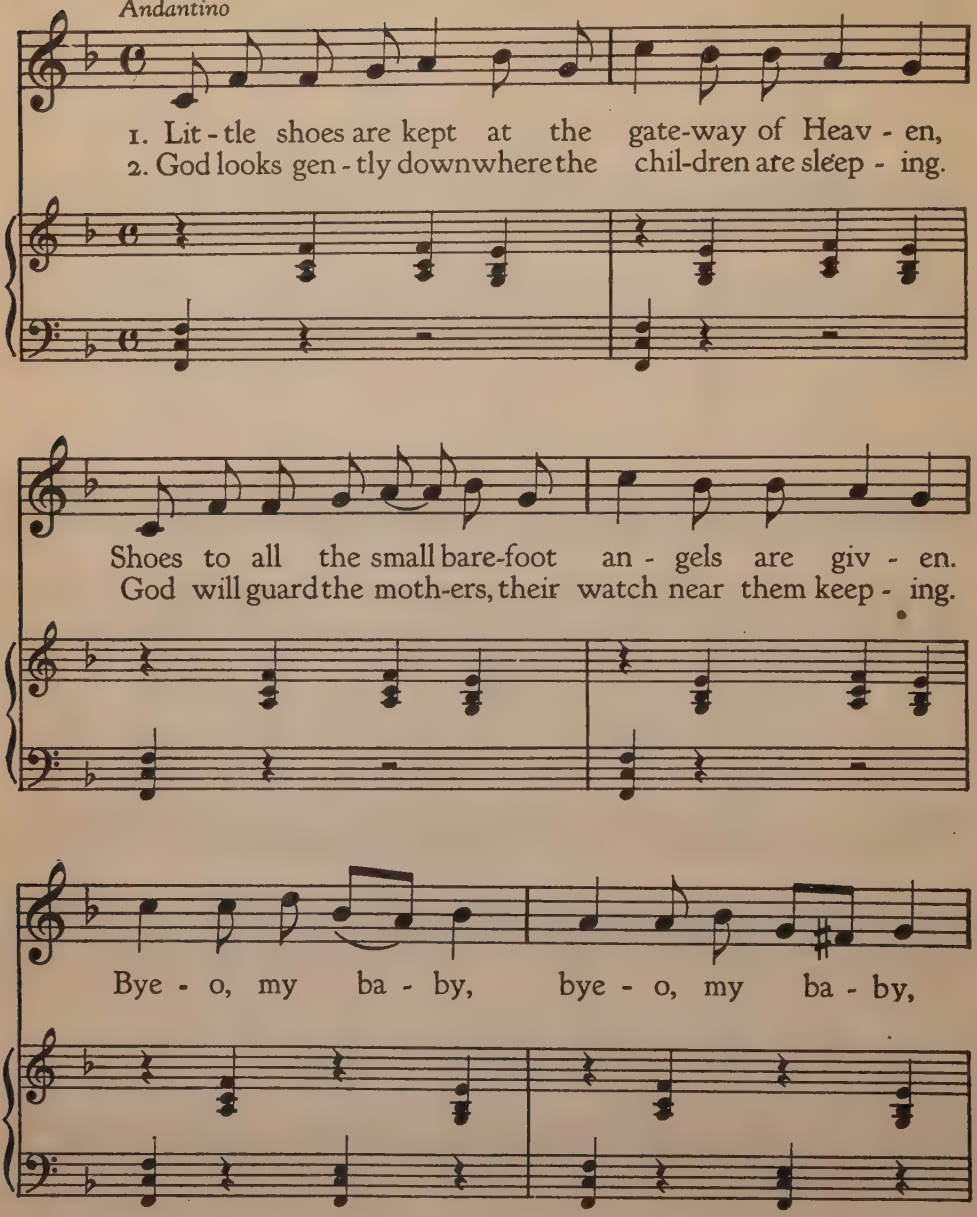

In the door - way, sunk and old,
Lit - tle rogue, so fresh and sound,
Still the moth - er vig - il keeps;
Hear the lit - tle watch - dog scold!
Cheeks like ap - ples, red and round.
Soft - ly now her ba - by sleeps,
Round the eaves the swal - lows dart - ing,
Now she strokes him, gay - ly smil - ing,
Sees bright an - gels near him beam - ing,
Twit - ter of the sun's de - part - ing.
Thus to sleep her son be - guil - ing.
In his lit - tle cra - dle dream - ing.

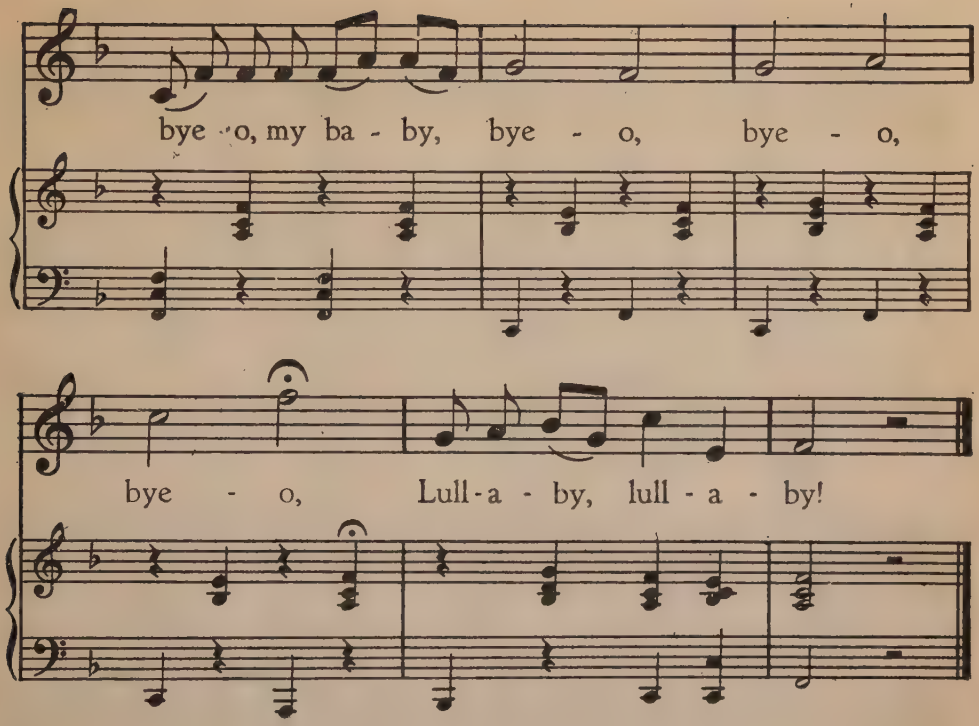
SPANISH LULLABY

Cecil Cowdrey

Spanish Folk Song

Andantino

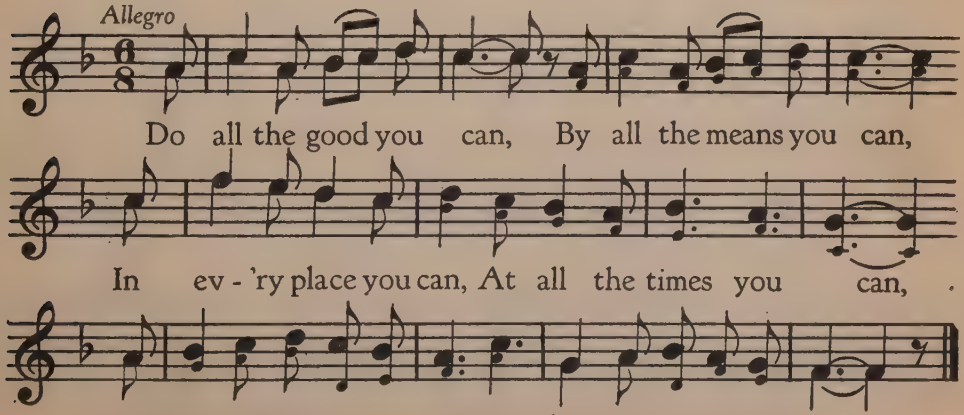




DOING GOOD

John Wesley — English Air

Allegro

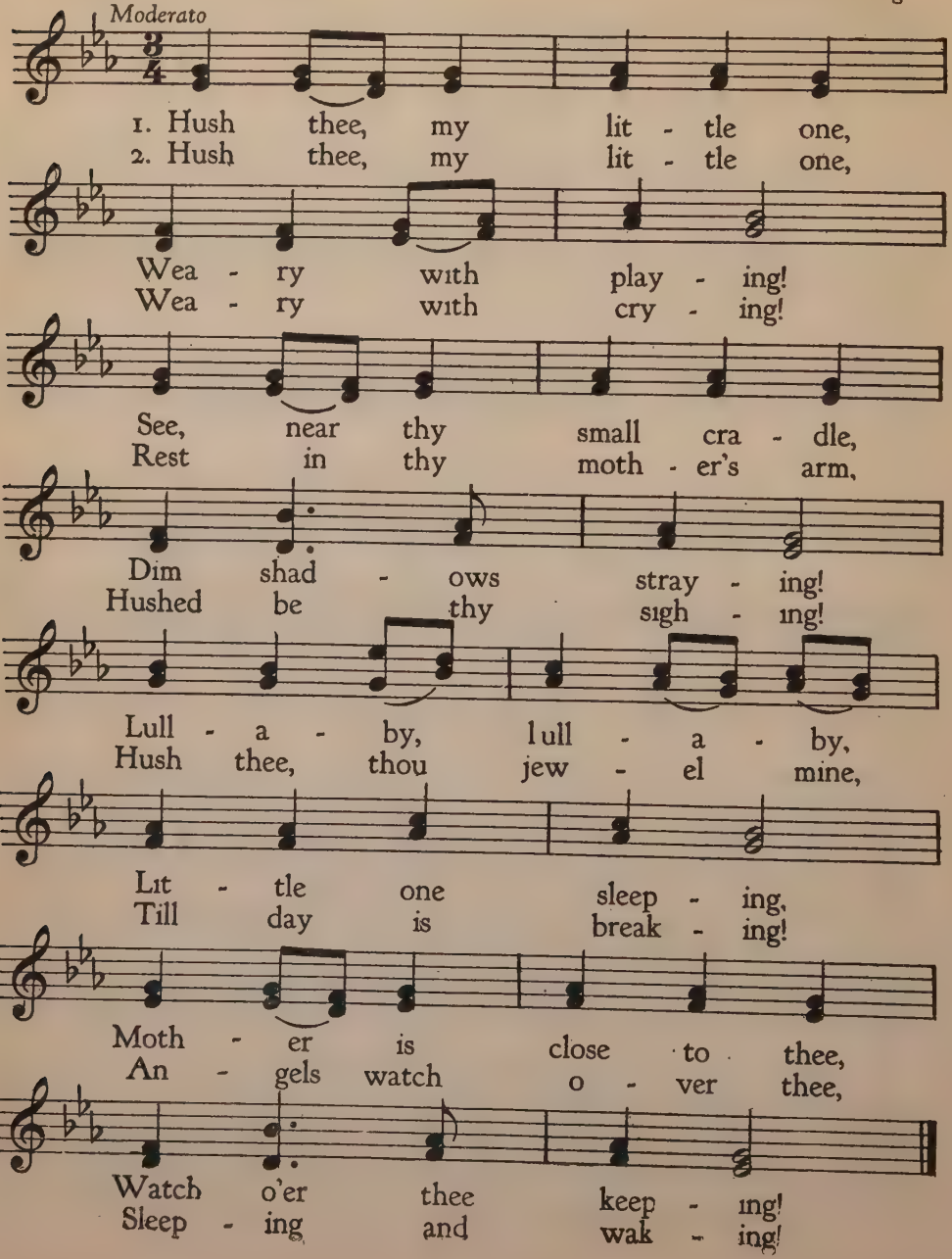


HUSH THEE, MY LITTLE ONE

Adapted from the Polish

Polish Folk Song

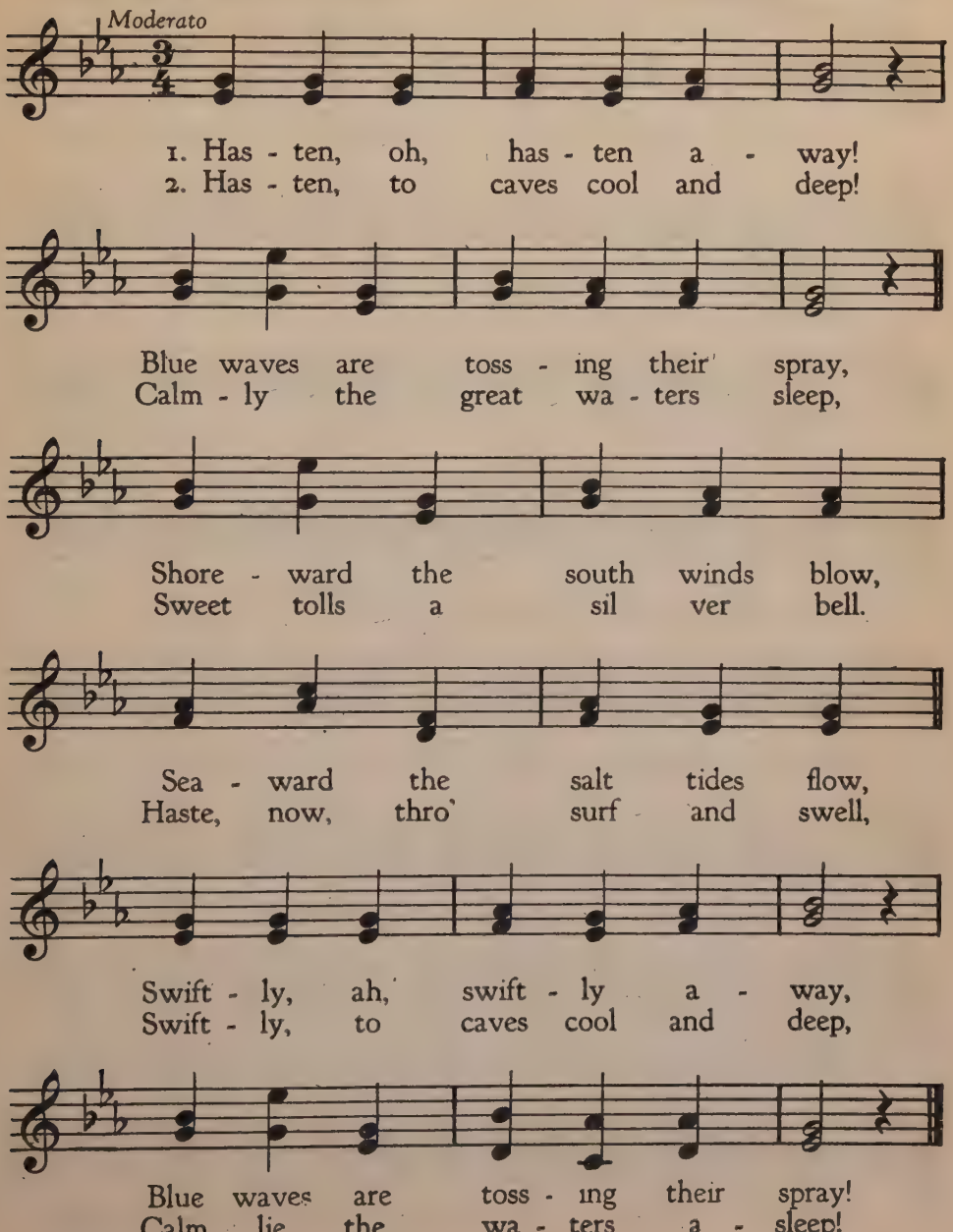
Moderato



WHERE WAVES ARE TOSSING

Adapted from Mathew Arnold

Bohemian Folk Song

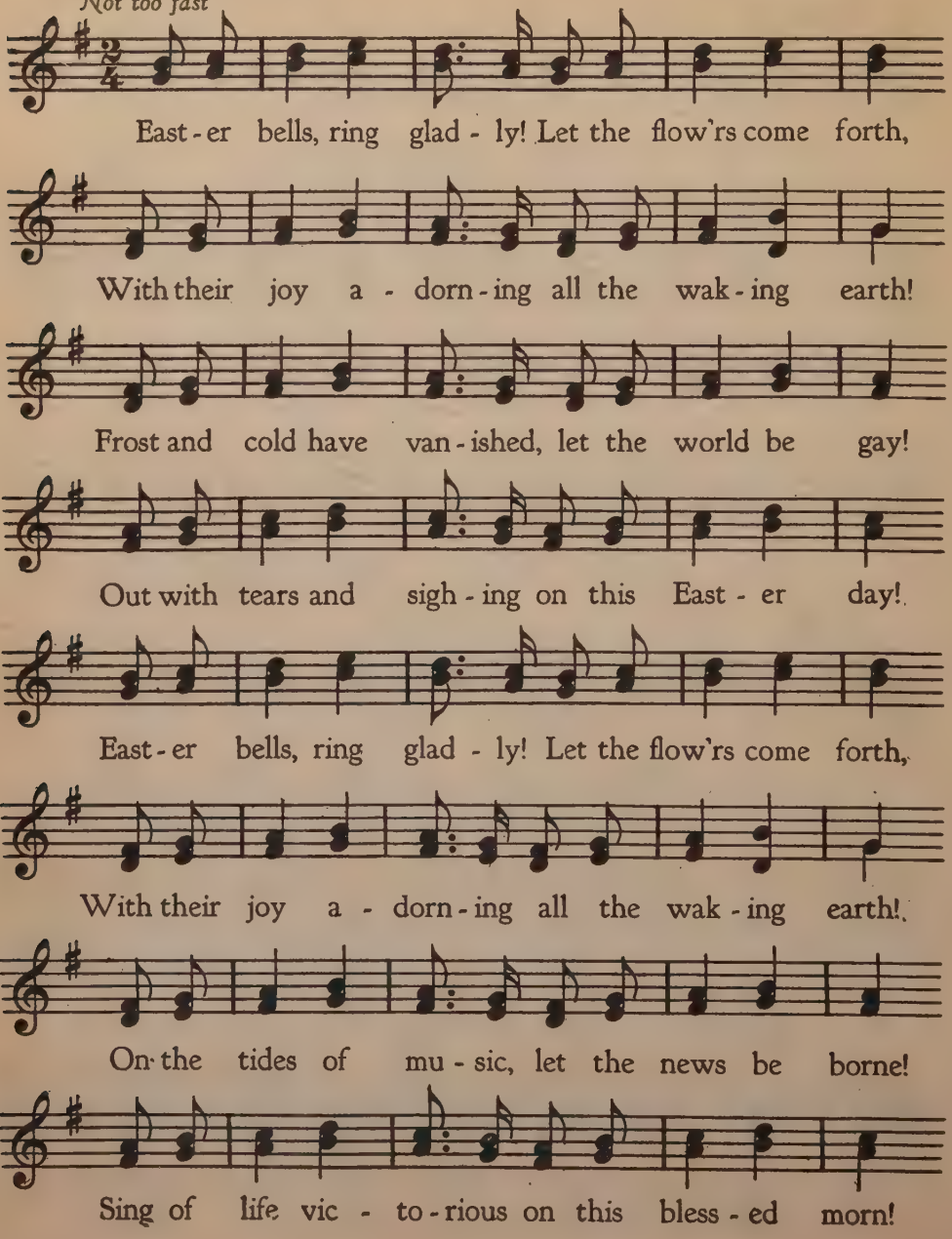


AN EASTER CAROL

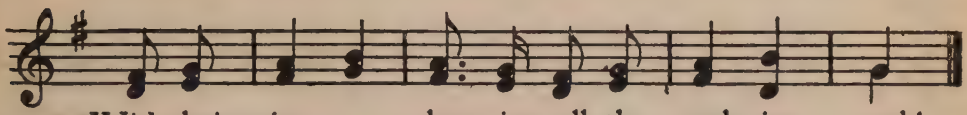
Adapted from the French

French Folk Tune

Not too fast



East-er bells, ring glad - ly! Let the flow'rs come forth,

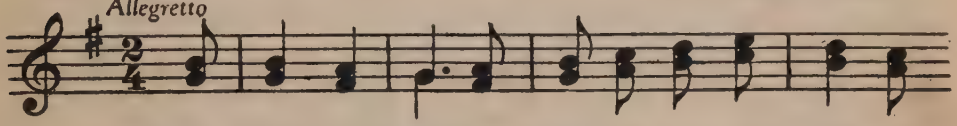


With their joy a - dorn - ing all the wak - ing earth!

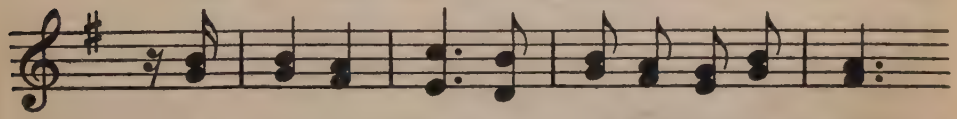
THE ROSE AND THE BREEZE

H. W. Loomis — Jean Jacques Rousseau

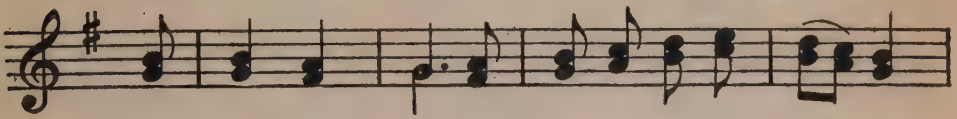
Allegretto



1. A sweet wild rose was grow-ing by the hill - side,
2. Oh, fair wild rose! how warm her cheek was glow-ing!



A fair - er flower than all the blooms of spring;
She felt that touch, but no one could she see;



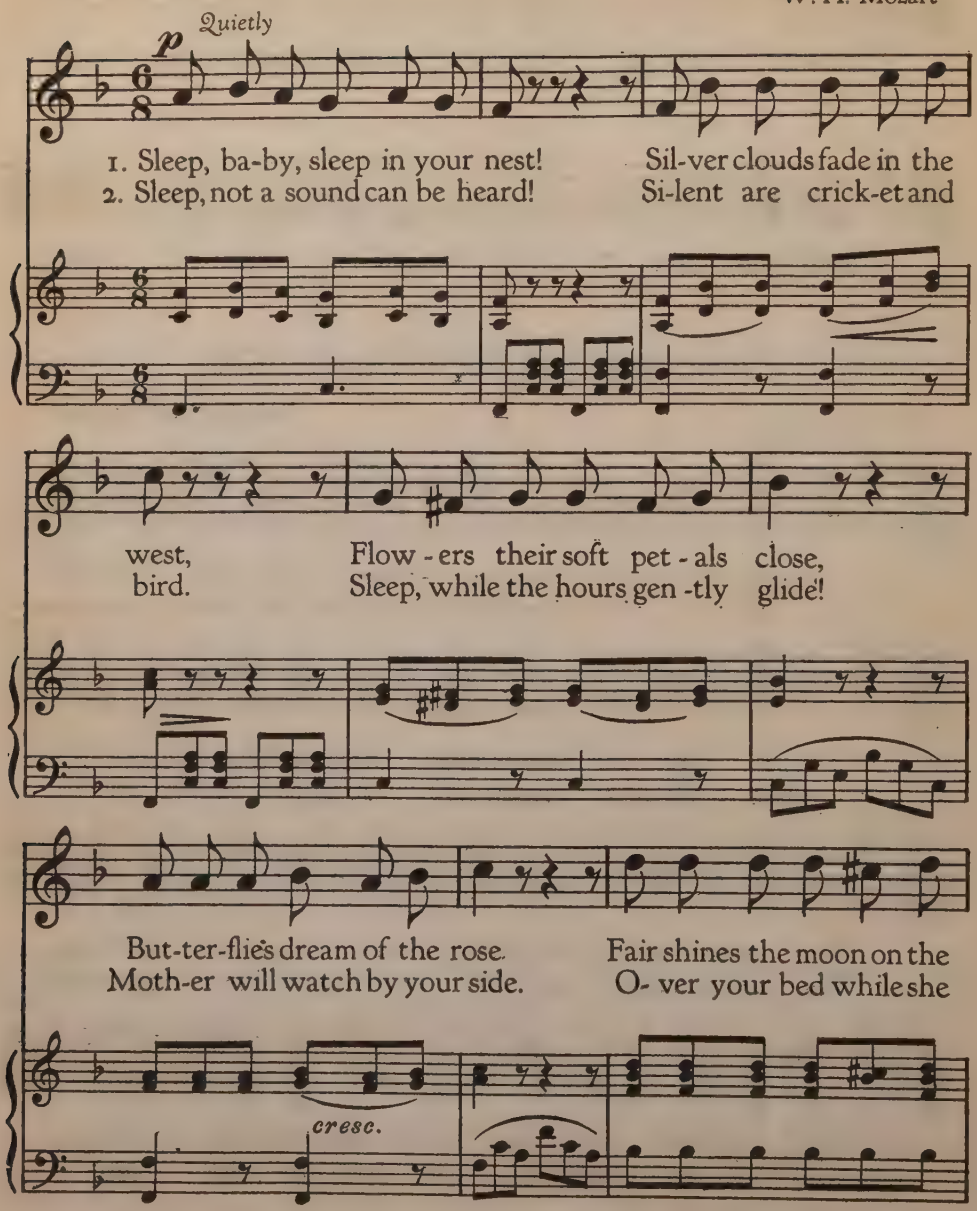
The mild South Wind, All dew - y from the hill - side,
The breeze passed on; His joy was ev - er grow-ing;

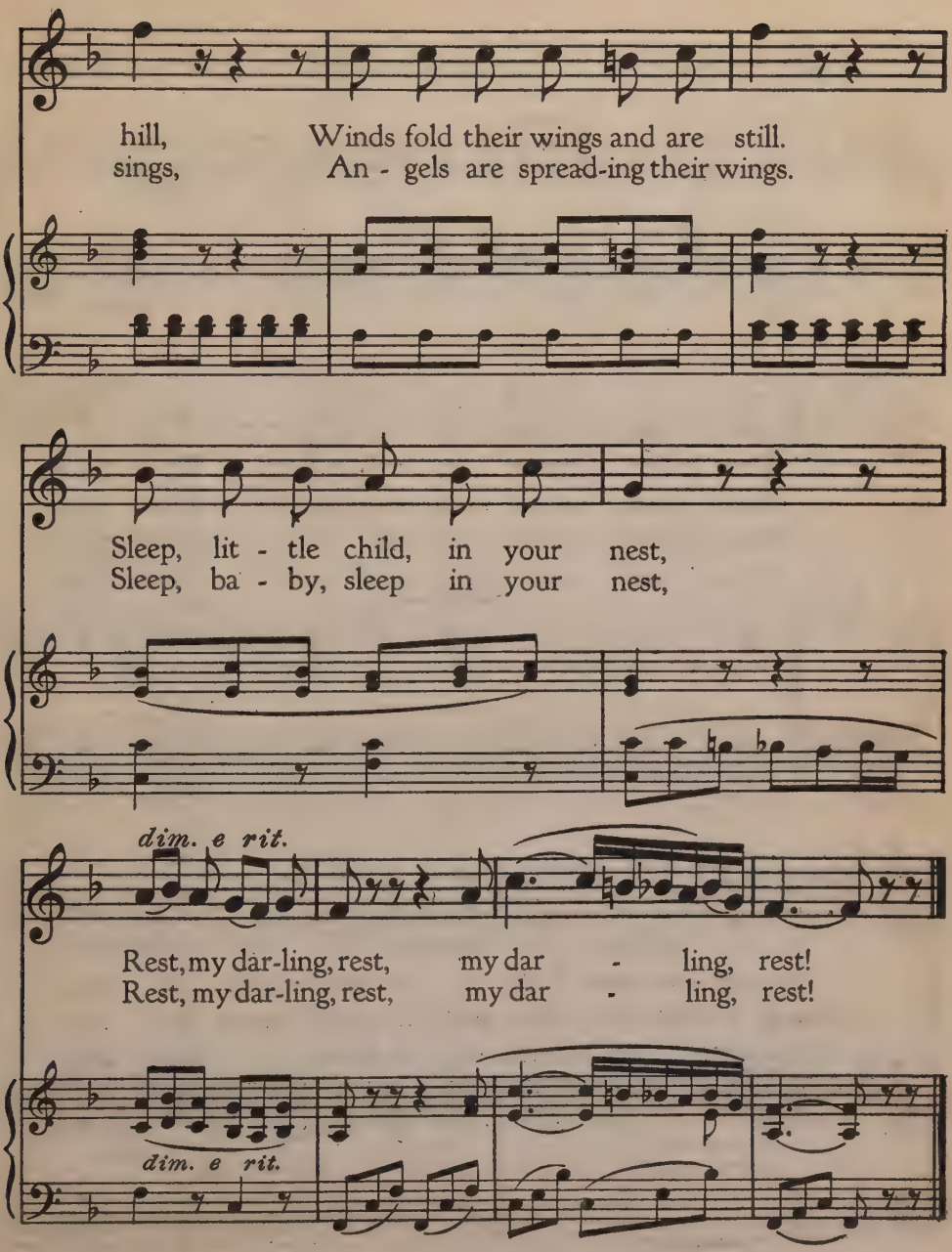
Spy - ing the rose, ca - ressed her with his wing.
Rich with her sweets, he shed them o'er the lea.

BERCEUSE

Cecil Cowdrey

W. A. Mozart

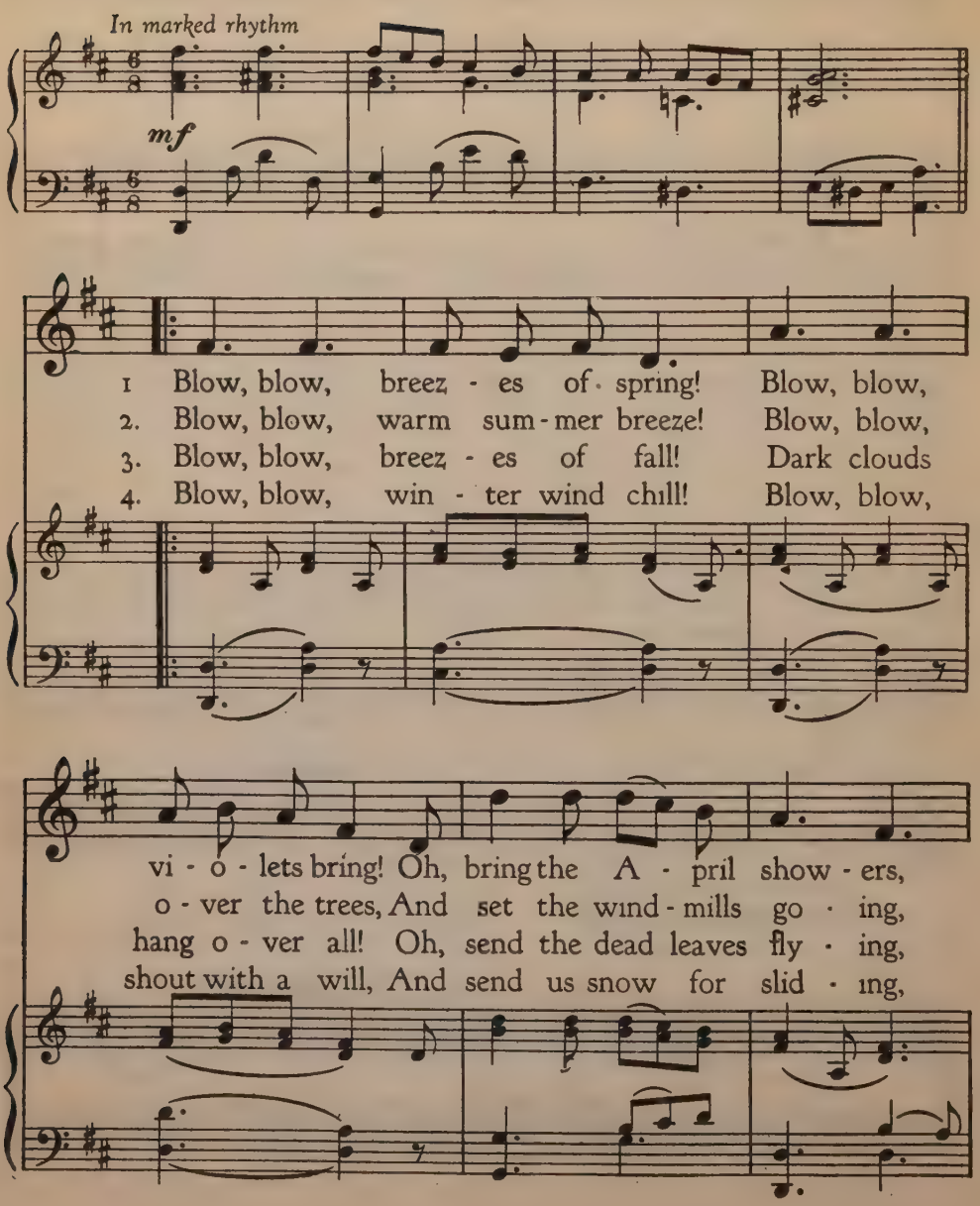


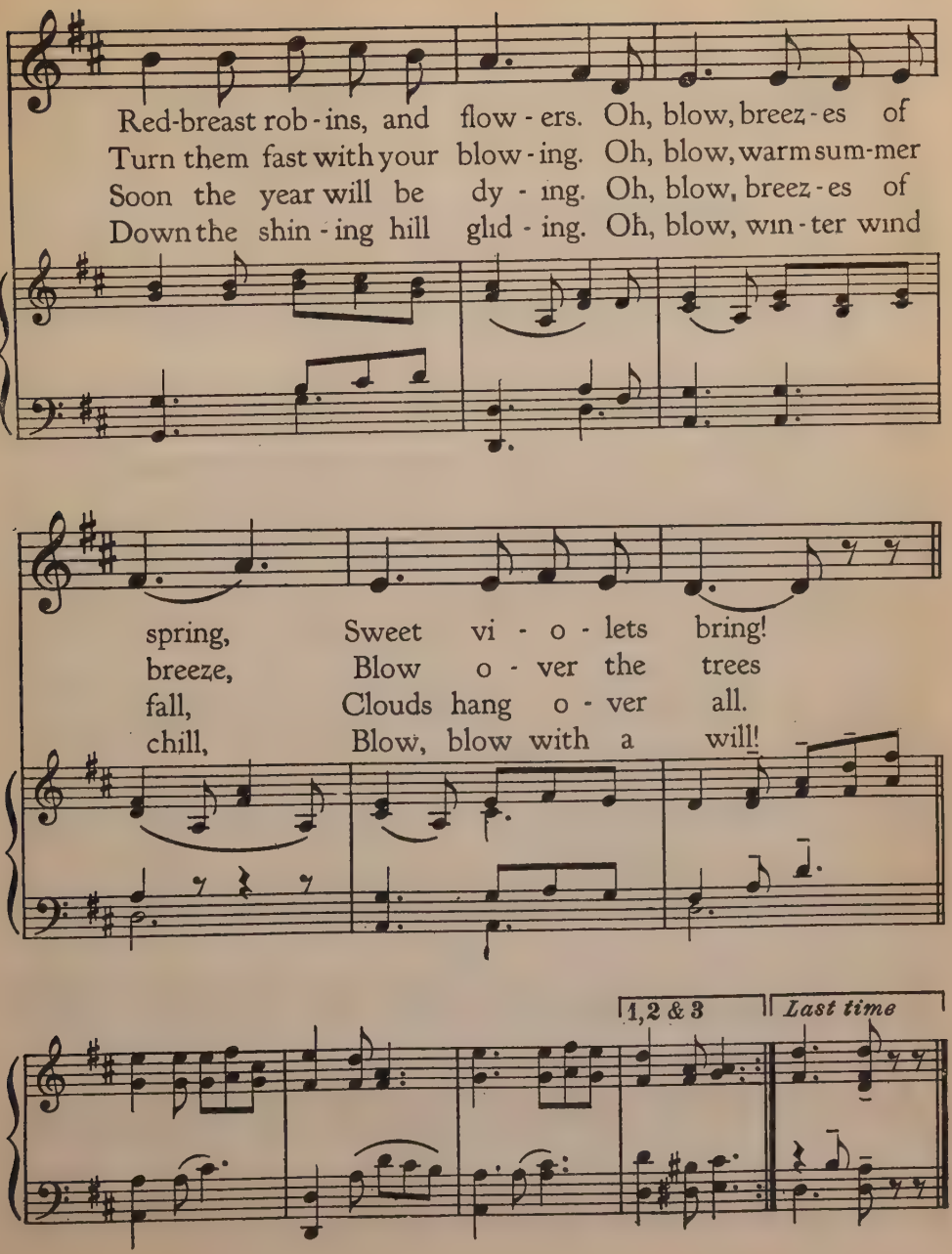

hill, Winds fold their wings and are still.
sings, An - gels are spread-ing their wings.
Sleep, lit - tle child, in your nest,
Sleep, ba - by, sleep in your nest,
dim. e rit.
Rest, my dar-ling, rest, my dar - ling, rest!
Rest, my dar-ling, rest, my dar - ling, rest!
dim. e rit.

THE FOUR WINDS

Robert A. Coan

A E. M Grétry
From the Opera "Richard Coeur de Lion"



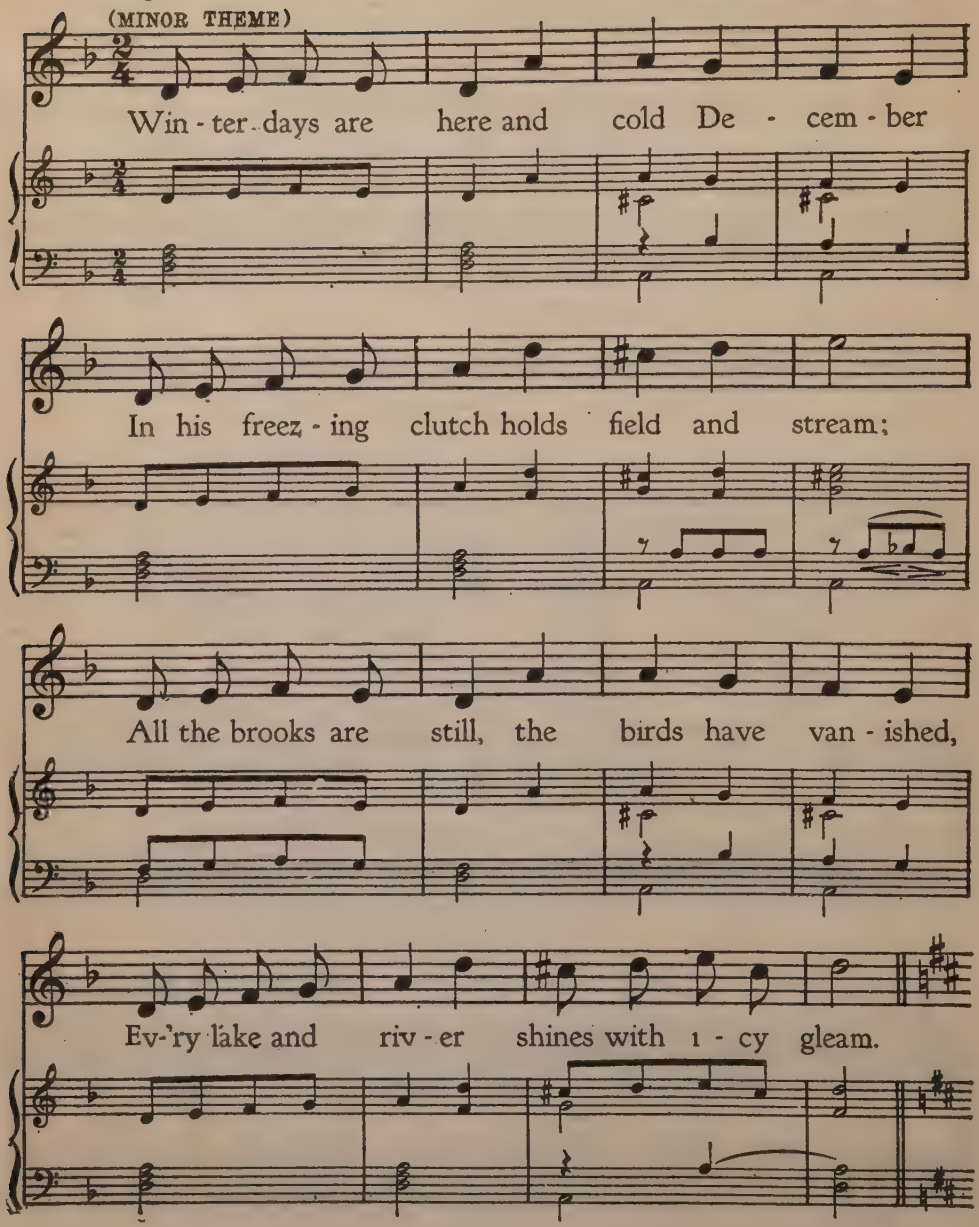

Red-breast rob - ins, and flow - ers. Oh, blow, breez - es of
Turn them fast with your blow - ing. Oh, blow, warm sum-mer
Soon the year will be dy - ing. Oh, blow, breez - es of
Down the shin - ing hill glid - ing. Oh, blow, win - ter wind
spring, Sweet vi - o - lets bring!
breeze, Blow o - ver the trees
fall, Clouds hang o - ver all.
chill, Blow, blow with a will!
1,2 & 3
Last time

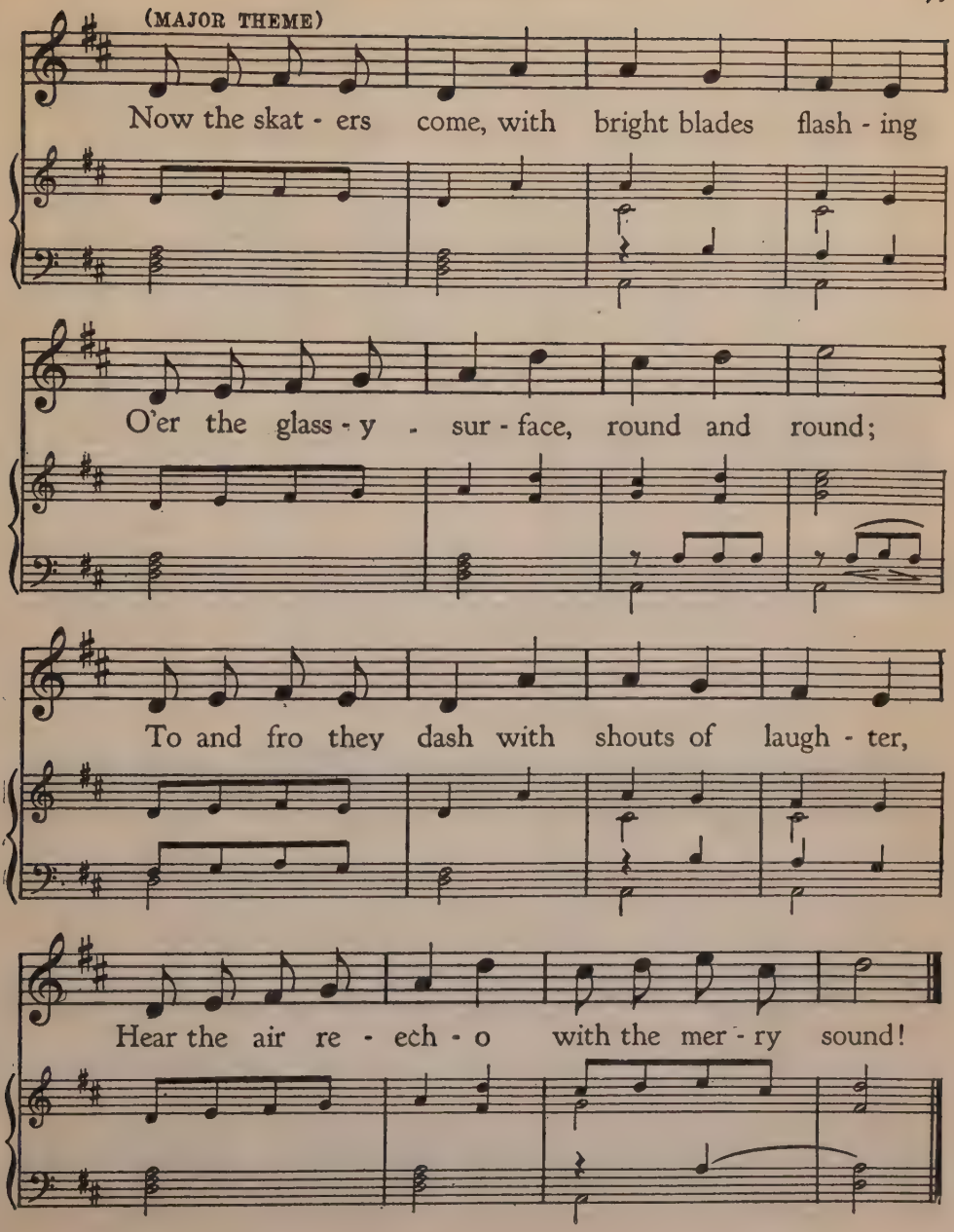
THE SKATERS

With spirit

(MINOR THEME)

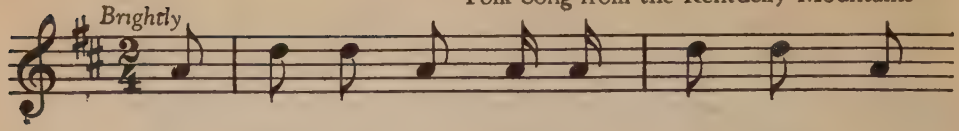
Jean Phillipe Rameau



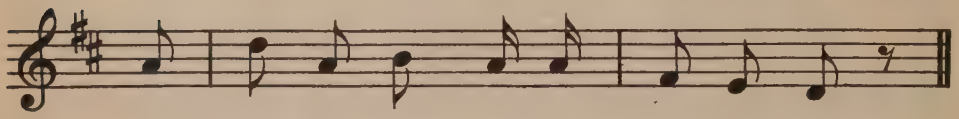

(MAJOR THEME)
Now the skat - ers come, with bright blades flash - ing
O'er the glass - y - sur - face, round and round;
To and fro they dash with shouts of laugh - ter,
Hear the air re - ech - o with the mer - ry sound!

BARNYARD SONG

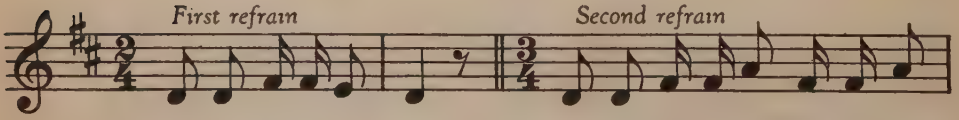
Folk Song from the Kentucky Mountains



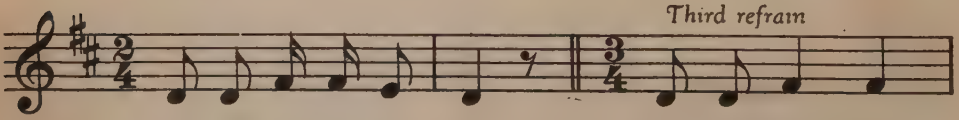
1. I had a cat and the cat pleased me,
2. I had a hen and the hen pleased me,
3. I had a duck and the duck pleased me,
4. I had a goose and the goose pleased me,
5. I had a sheep and the sheep pleased me,
6. I had a hog and the hog pleased me,



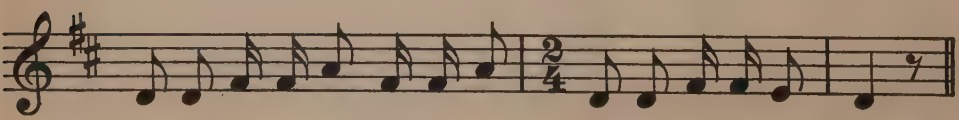
I fed my cat un - der yon - der tree.
I fed my hen un - der yon - der tree.
I fed my duck un - der yon - der tree.
I fed my goose un - der yon - der tree.
I fed my sheep un - der yon - der tree.
I fed my hog un - der yon - der tree.



Cat goes Fid-dle - i - fee! Hen goes Chimmy chuck! Chimmy chuck!

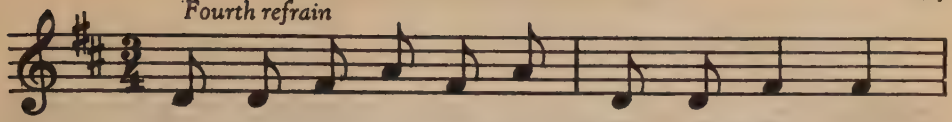


Cat goes Fid - dle - i - fee! Duck goes Quack, Quack!

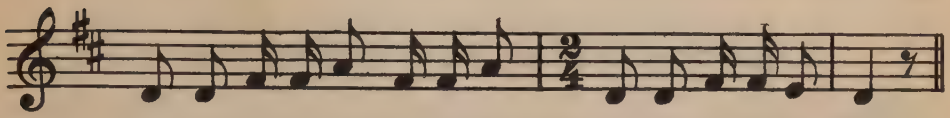


Hen goes Chimmy chuck! Chimmy chuck! Cat goes Fid - dle - i - fee!

Fourth refrain

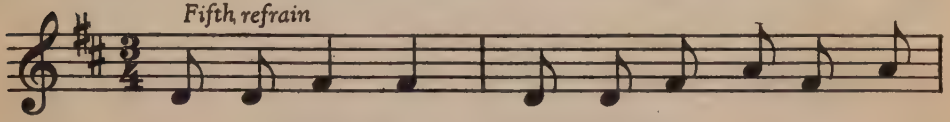


Goose goes Swish - y, Swash - y! Duck goes Quack, Quack!



Hen goes Chimmy chuck! Chimmy chuck! Cat goes Fid-dle - i - fee!

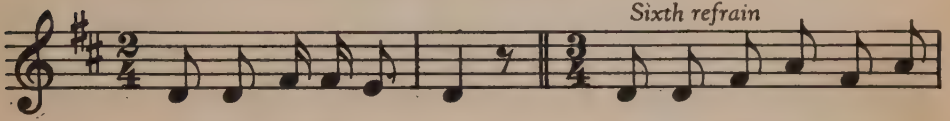
Fifth refrain



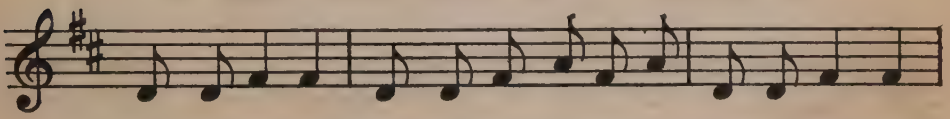
Sheep goes Baa, Baa! Goose goes Swish - y, Swash - y!

Duck goes Quack, Quack! Hen goes Chimmy chuck! Chimmy chuck!

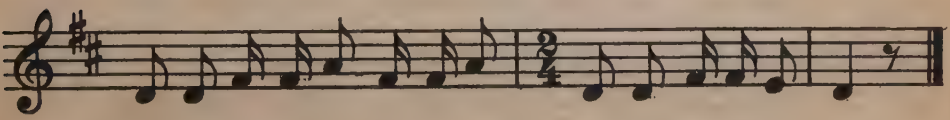
Sixth refrain



Cat goes Fid-dle - i - fee! Hog goes Grif - fy, Gruf - fy!



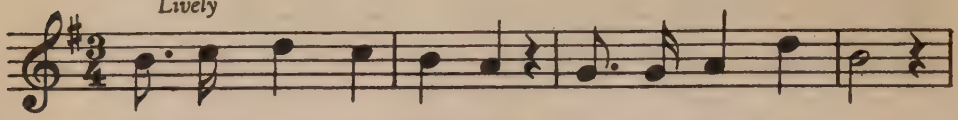
Sheep goes Baa, Baa! Goose goes Swish - y, Swash - y! Duck goes Quack, Quack!



Hen goes Chimmy chuck! Chimmy chuck! Cat goes Fid - dle - i - fee!

Adapted from the French — Hans Georg Nägeli

Lively



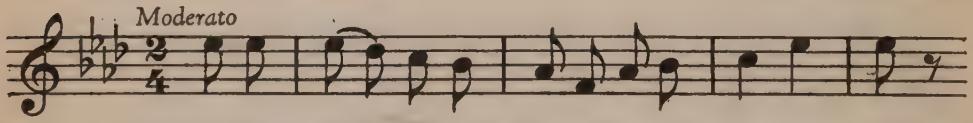
1. A - pril rain is fall - ing, Wind - y March is past,
2. A - pril birds are call - ing, What a throng they are!

Show - ers on the flow - ers Make them bloom twice as fast.
Sing - ing as they're wing - ing, They can fly twice as far.

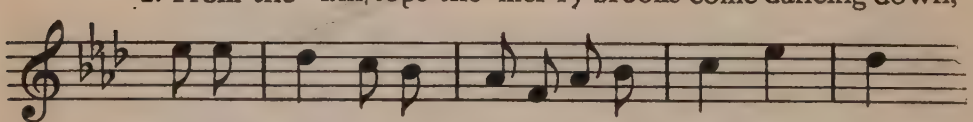
CARNIVAL CHORUS

Adapted from the Russian — Rimsky-Korsakoff

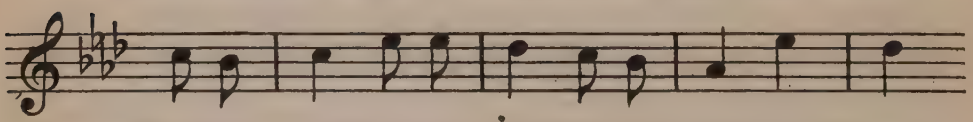
Moderato



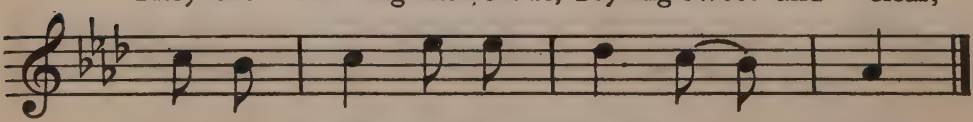
1. Fare thee well, Fa-ther Win-ter, with thy robe of snow,
2. From the hill-tops the mer-ry brooks come dancing down,



Now with feast - ing and car - ni - val we bid thee go!
They are spread - ing the joy-ous news to field and town,

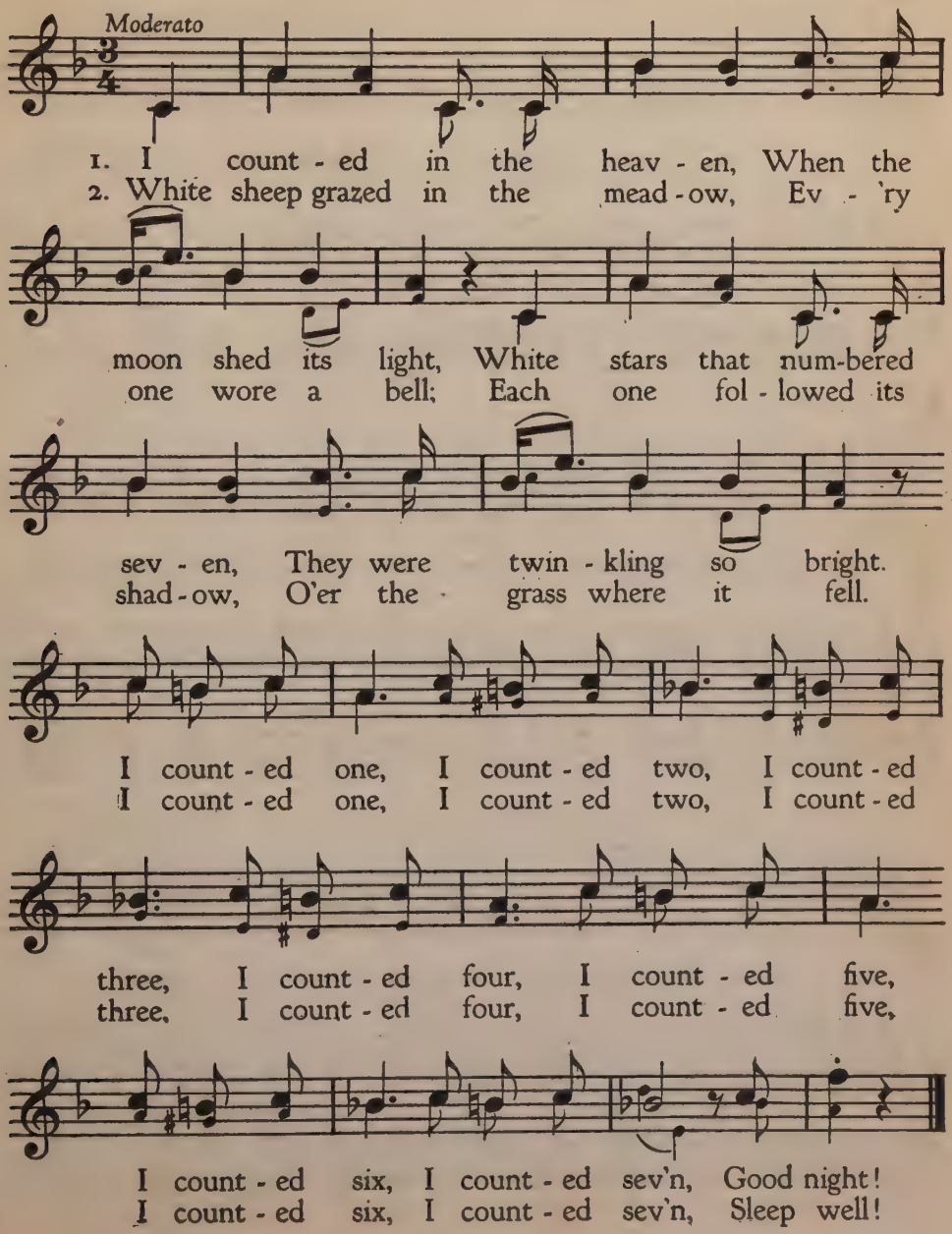


Come un - har - ness the sleigh, Let the plough ap - pear,
They are call - ing the flow'rs, Cry-ing sweet and clear,



For the spring, ay, the spring is near.
"Wake, ah wake, for the spring is here."

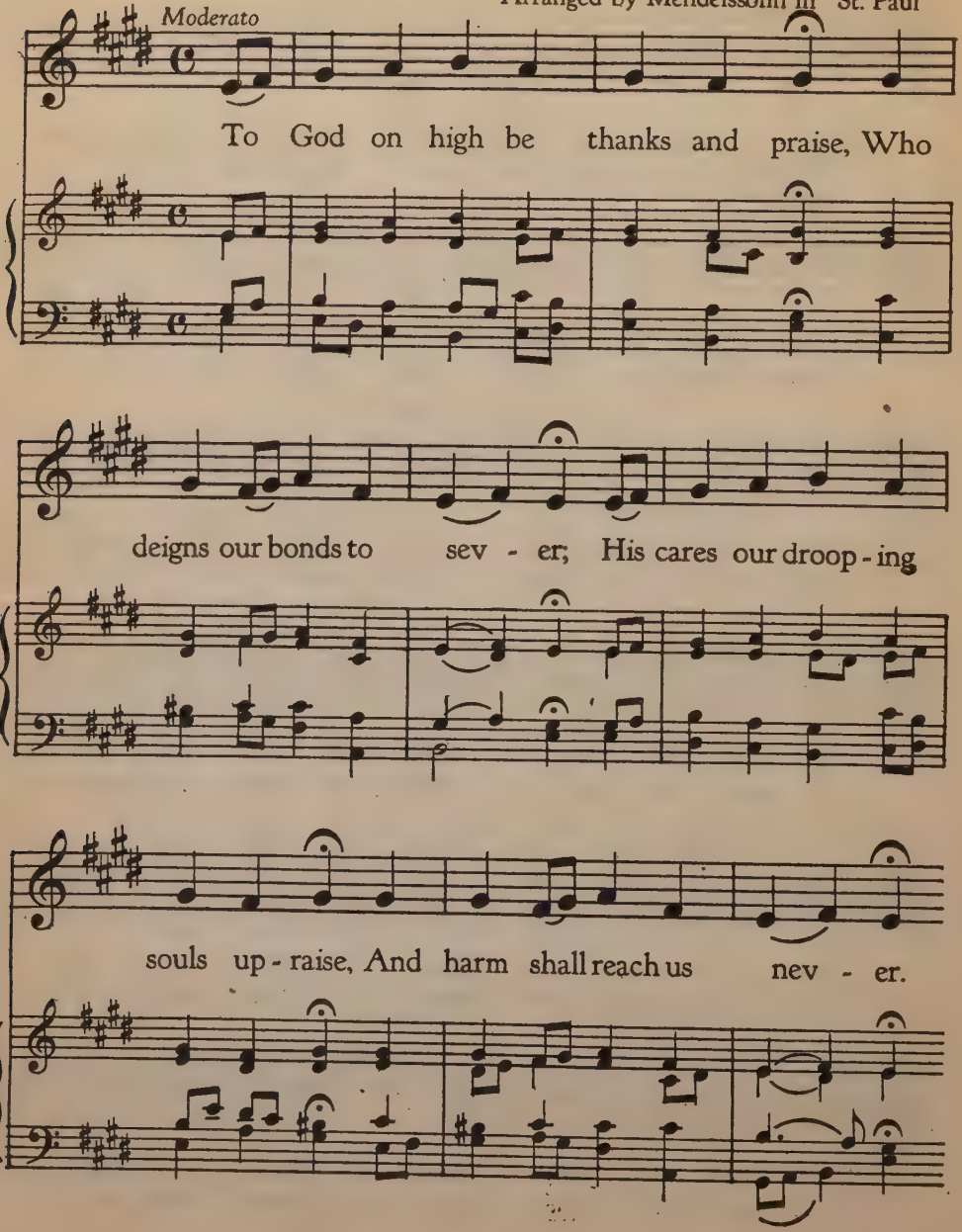
Edwin Star Belknap — Austrian Folk Song

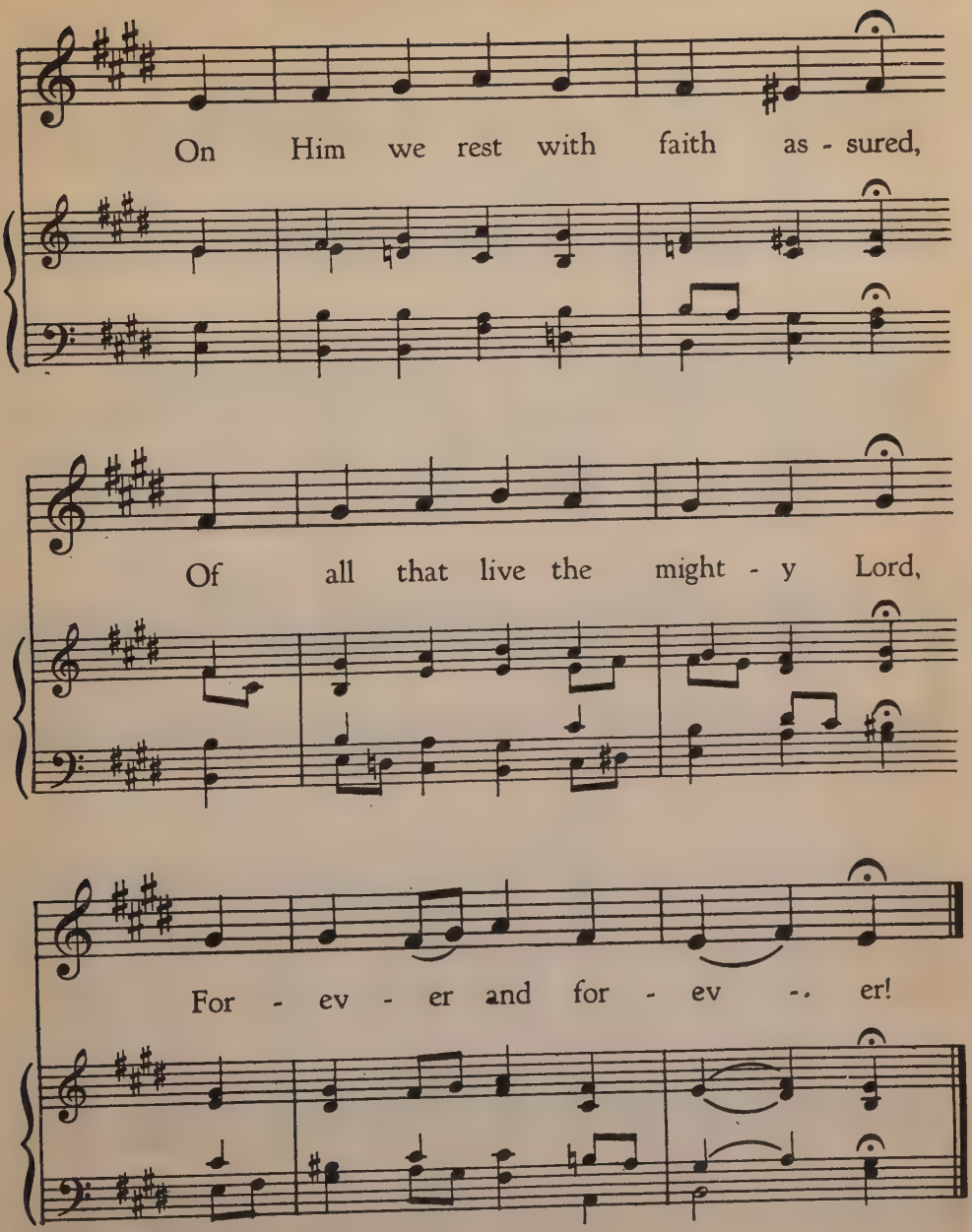


TO GOD ON HIGH

Old English Choral

Old Folk Song
Arranged by Mendelssohn in "St. Paul"

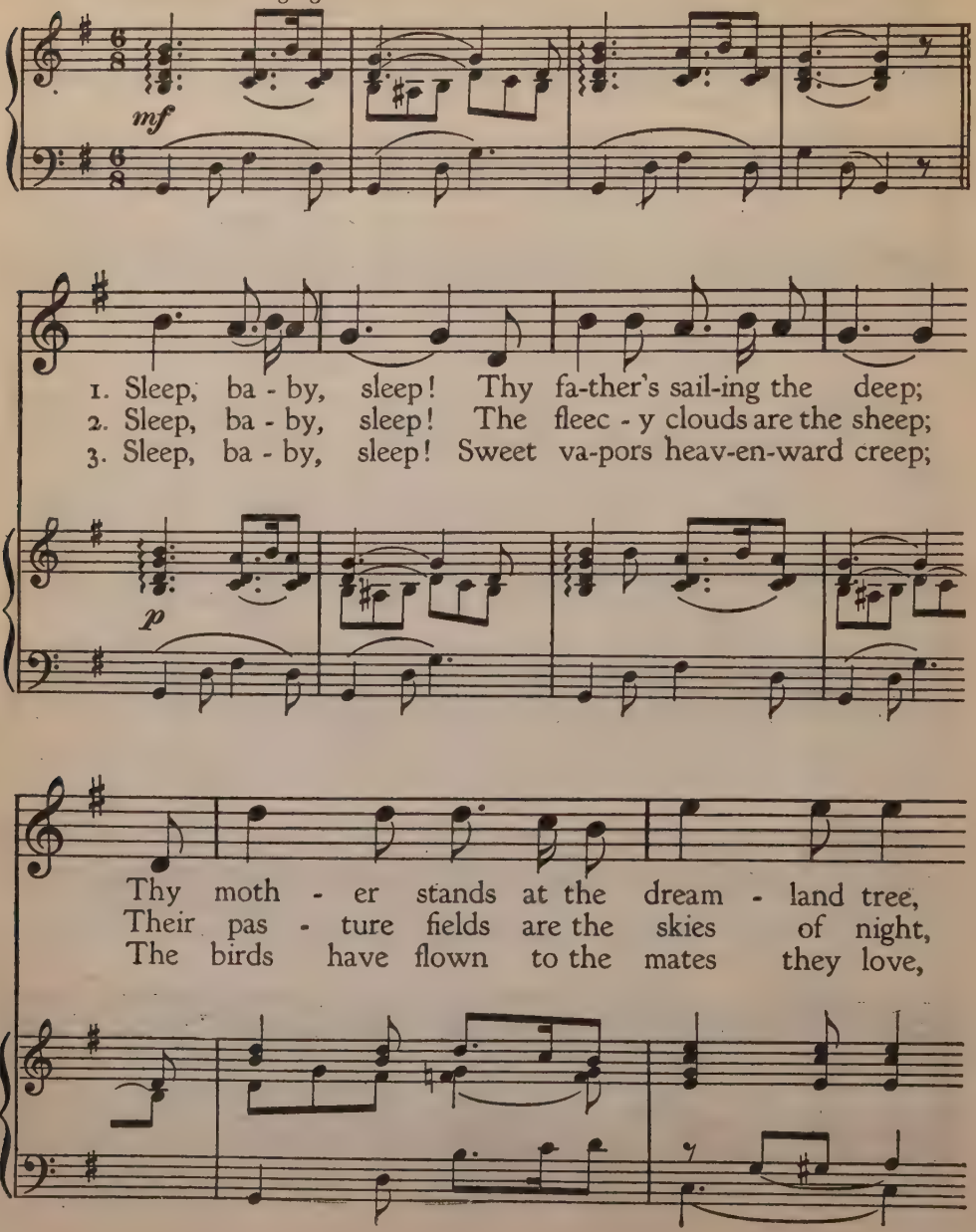


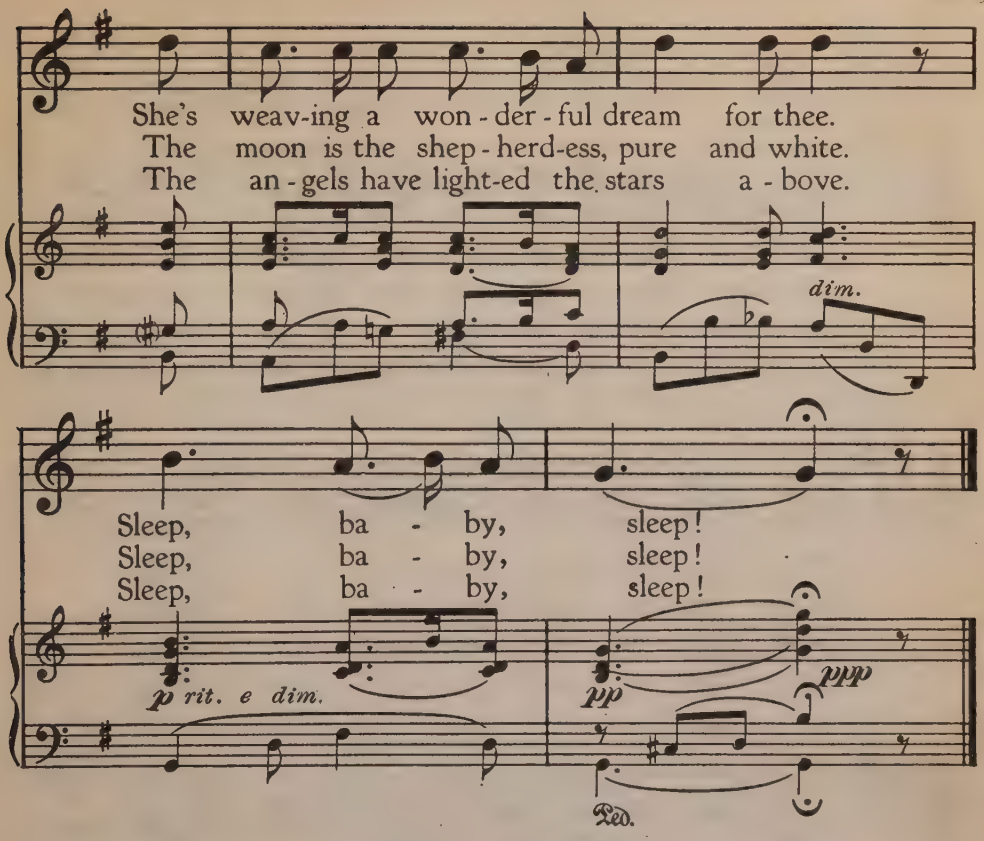

On Him we rest with faith as - sured,
Of all that live the might - y Lord,
For - ev - er and for - ev - er!

UNDER THE DREAMLAND TREE

Folk Song

With slow swinging motion

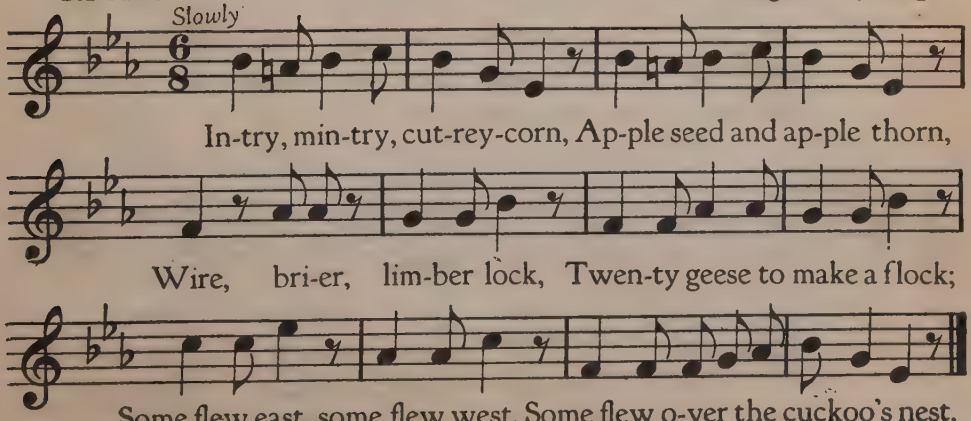




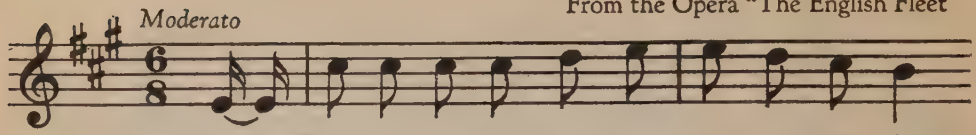
INTRY MINTRY

Old Rime

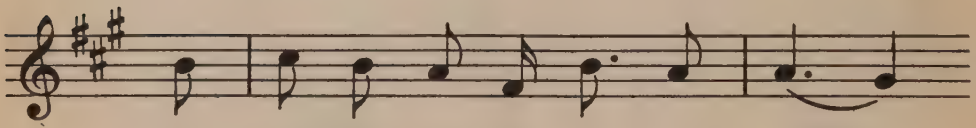
English Play Song



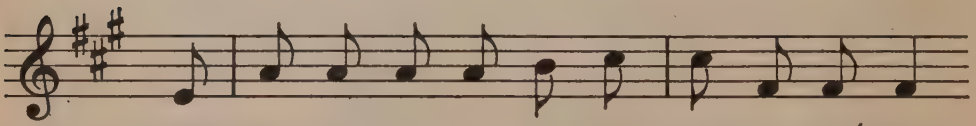
John Braham
From the Opera "The English Fleet"



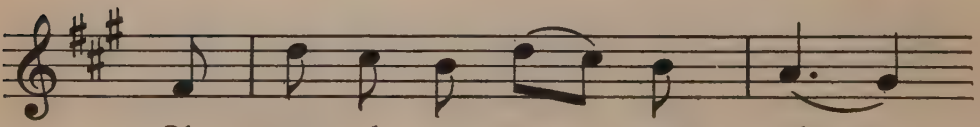
1. In Hol-land the chil - dren all wear wood-en shoes,
2. In Rus - sia the peo - ple all sleep on the stove,
3. In Ja - pan all the hous - es of pa - per are made,
4. All o - ver the world there are won - ders ga - lore,



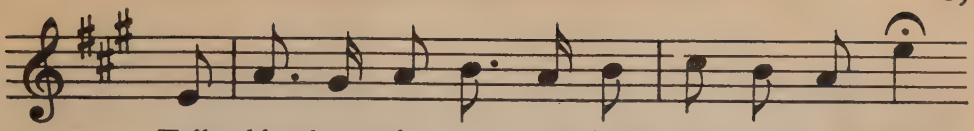
The wind-mills turn clat - ter - ing wings;
When win - ter wind frol - ics and stings,
Just past - ed to sticks and to strings,
And trav - el ex - pe - ri - ence brings;



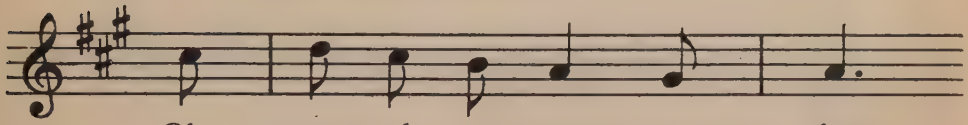
Tall dikes keep the o - cean from flood - ing the land,
And thro' the long night you can hear the wolves howl,
And pil - lows for sleep - ing are made out of wood,
But home is the best from the east to the west.



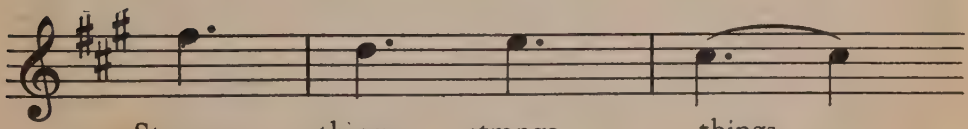
Oh, trav - el - ers see strange things!
Oh, trav - el - ers see strange things!
Oh, trav - el - ers see strange things!
Tho' trav - el - ers see strange things.



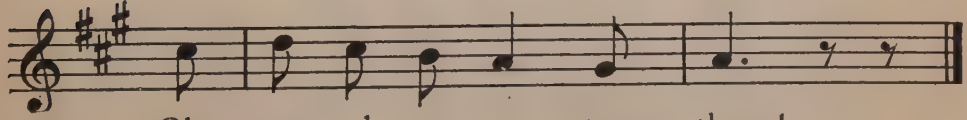
Tall dikes keep the o - cean from flood - ing the land,
And thro' the long night you can hear the wolves howl,
And pil - lows for sleep - ing are made out of wood,
But home is the best, from the east to the west,



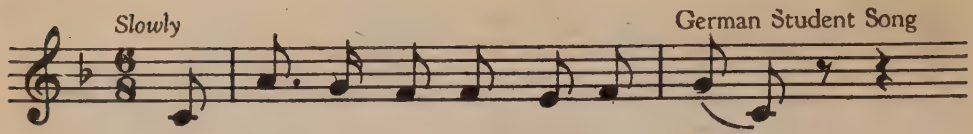
Oh, trav - el - ers see strange things,
Oh, trav - el - ers see strange things,
Oh, trav - el - ers see strange things,
Tho' trav - el - ers see strange things,



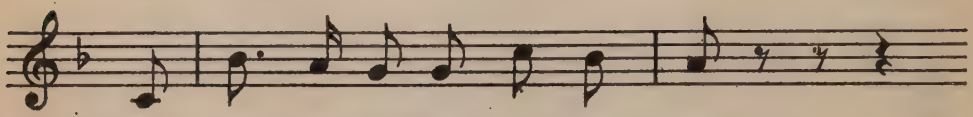
Strange things, strange things,
Strange things, strange things,
Strange things, strange things,
Strange things, strange things,



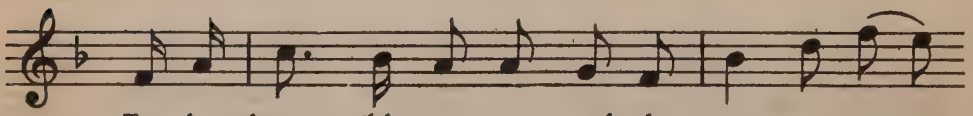
Oh, trav - el - ers see strange things!
Oh, trav - el - ers see strange things!
Oh, trav - el - ers see strange things!
Tho' trav - el - ers see strange things!



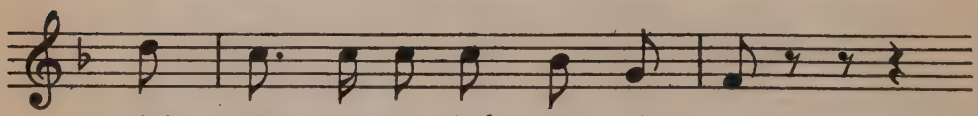
1. A shep-herd boy rov - ing the hills,
2. I vis -- it the haunts of the stream,
3. The crags and the peaks are my land,
4. The thun-der bolt crash-es be - low,



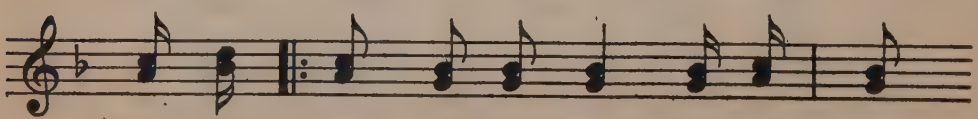
On cas - tle and burg I look down.
I drink at the bright wa-ter's spring,
The land of the wind and the sky.
The heav - ens a bove me are fair,



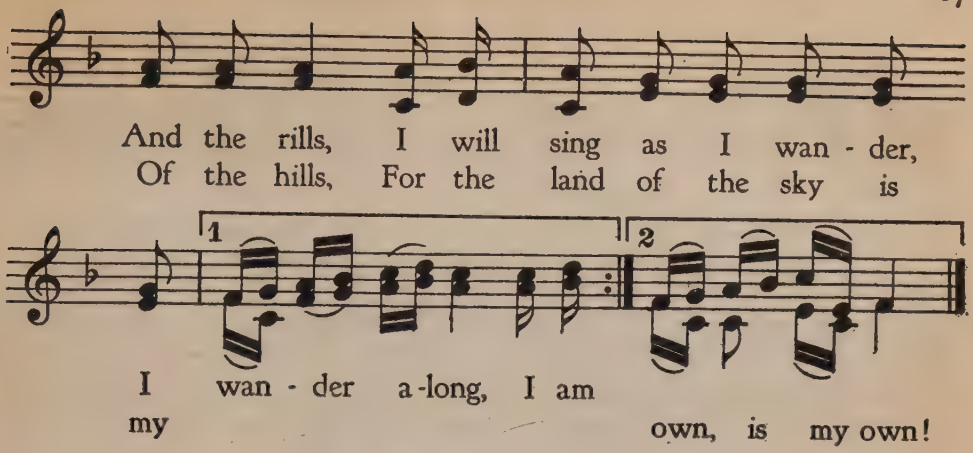
Ear - ly dawn gilds my way, and the sun - set ray,
At the rock - shel-tered source of its flash - ing course,
Let the storms gath - er round, let their voice re-sound,
To my friends, wind and cloud, I will cry a - loud,



While night hov-ers dark o'er the town.
My arms to its foam - ing I fling.
As wild to my song they re - ply.
"The home of my fa - thers, oh, spare."

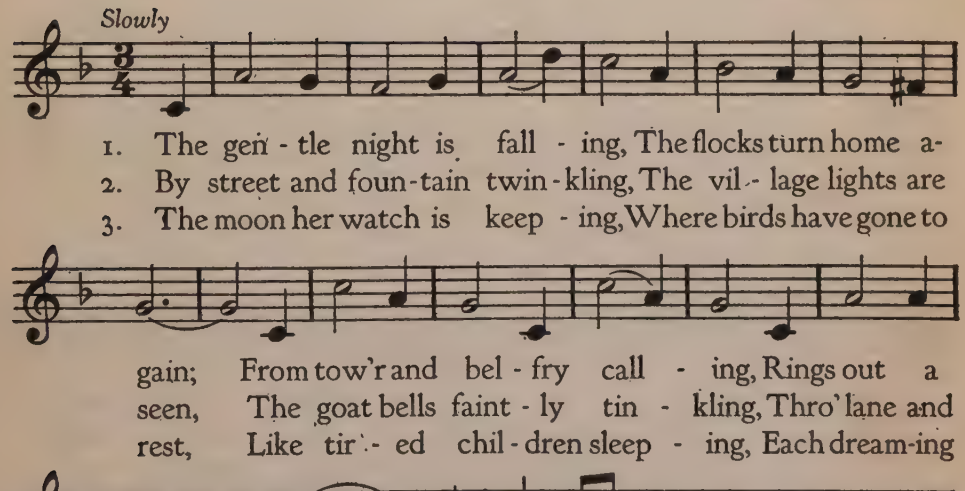


With the brooks, with the brooks, And the rills,
king, I am king, Of the hills,



EVENING

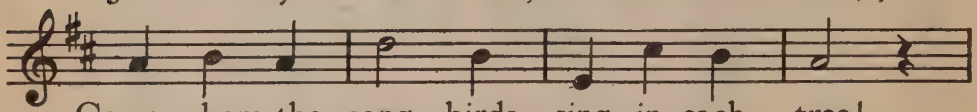
Joseph Reuner



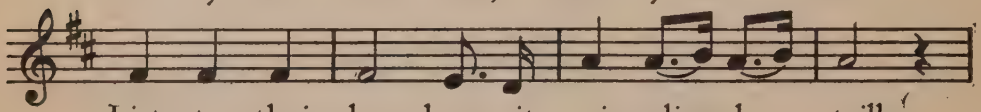
G. S. R. Mercadante
From the Opera "Il Bravo"

Moderato

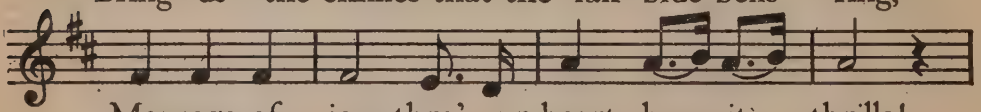
1. O - ver the fields, come wan - der with me,
2. Hark to the brook - let danc - ing a - long!
3. Tell us your se - crets, warm sum - mer breeze,



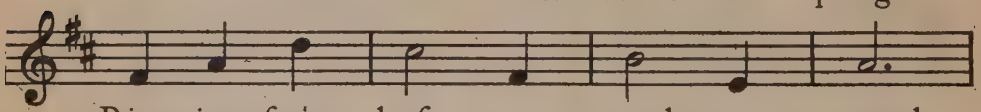
Come where the song - birds sing in each tree!
Ev - er it sings its rol - lick - ing song.
Told by the flow - 'rets, told by the trees!



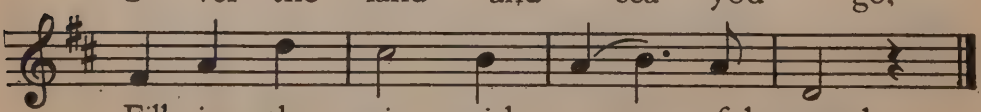
List to their lay, how it rip - pling - ly trills,
Some-times its voice sinks to soft whis-pers low,
Bring us the chimes that the fair blue-bells ring,



Mes-sage of joy, thro' our hearts how it thrills!
Vi - o - lets bend o'er its mur - mur - ing flow;
Tell us what sum - mer has learned from the spring!

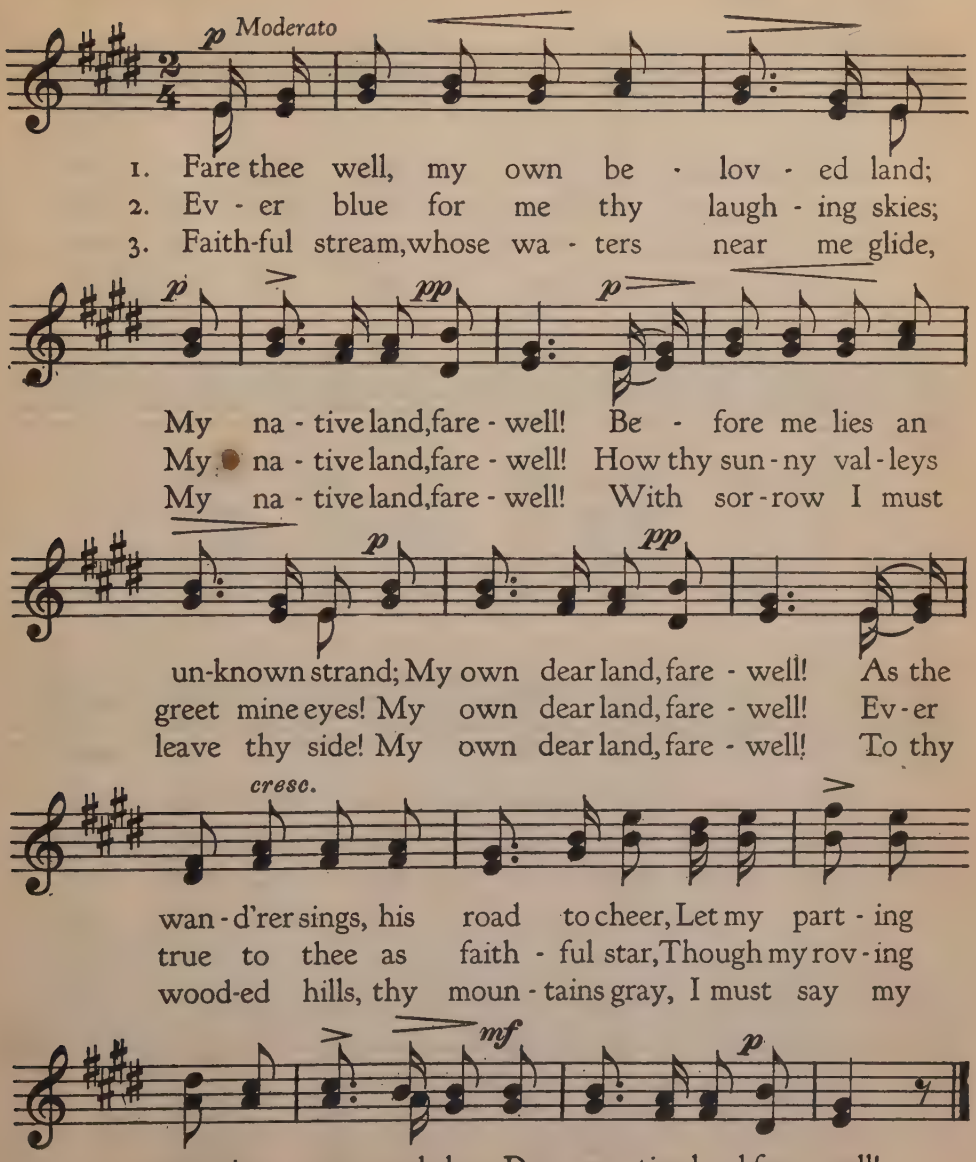


Ring - ing from leaf - y woods a - round,
Then o'er the stones it brawls a - way,
O - ver the land and sea you go,



Fill - ing the air with tune - ful sound.
Toss-ing on high its gleam - ing spray.
Tell us the se - crets that you know!

Tyrolese Folk Song

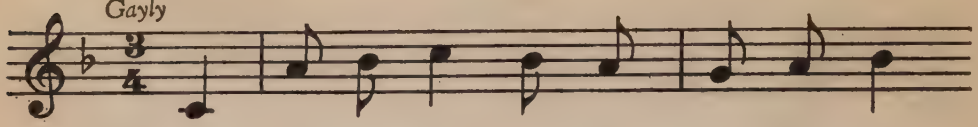


THE FOX AND THE HARE

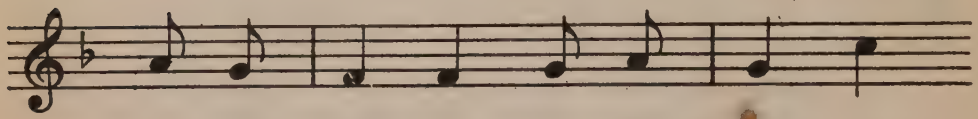
Adapted from Björnsen

Halfden Kjerulf

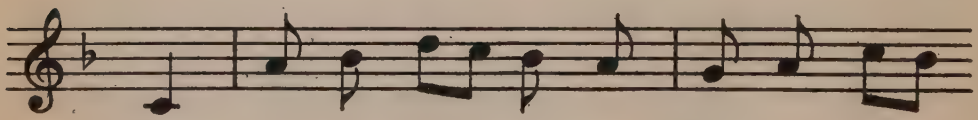
Gayly



1. The fox lay low at the birch - 's root
2. The gray fox laughed as the hare he spied
3. The fox lay low at the birch - 's root
4. "May heav'n have mer - cy—and are you here,



In the heath - er, Oh, the heath - er.
In the heath - er, Oh, the heath - er.
In the heath - er, Oh, the heath - er.
In the heath - er, Oh, the heath - er?"

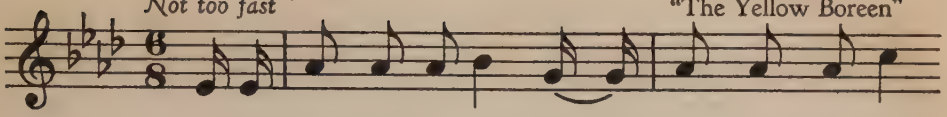


The hare came spring - ing on nim - ble foot
"How bright the day is!" the young hare cried,
The hare tripped o'er him with reck - less foot
"Why come you danc - ing so near, my dear,

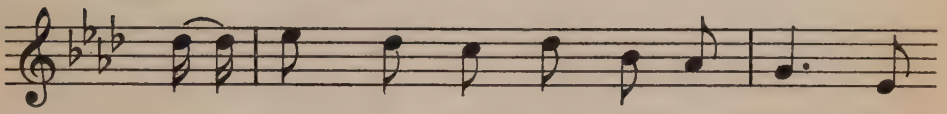
In the heath - er, Oh, the heath - er.
In the heath - er, Oh, the heath - er.
In the heath - er, Oh, the heath - er.
In the heath - er, Oh, the heath - er?"

Irish Folk Song
"The Yellow Boreen"

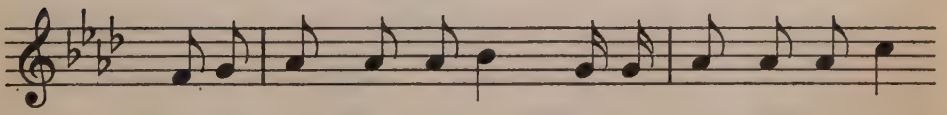
Not too fast



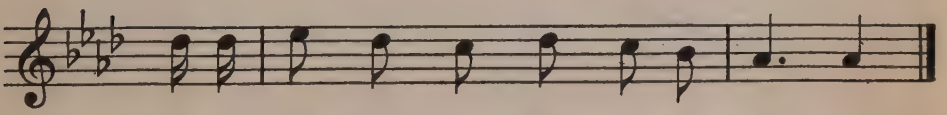
1. As I walked in a wood, Now whom should I spy
2. All on tip - toe I crept Where he stood at his ease,
3. As I seized him at last, "Quick, the purse, friend!" I cried;



But a lep - re - chaun there in the gloam - in'?
For I thought but to seize him at pleas - ure;
Yet, hark what be - fell me there - af - ter!



In his cap all of red, And his jack - et of green,
And I laughed as I dreamed Of his purse red with gold,
"It is there! Look!" he cried. As I turn'd, he was gone,



By the moon's glim - m'rin' light he was roam - in'.
And the mint and the glint of his treas - ure.
And a - far rang his ech - o - in' laugh - ter.

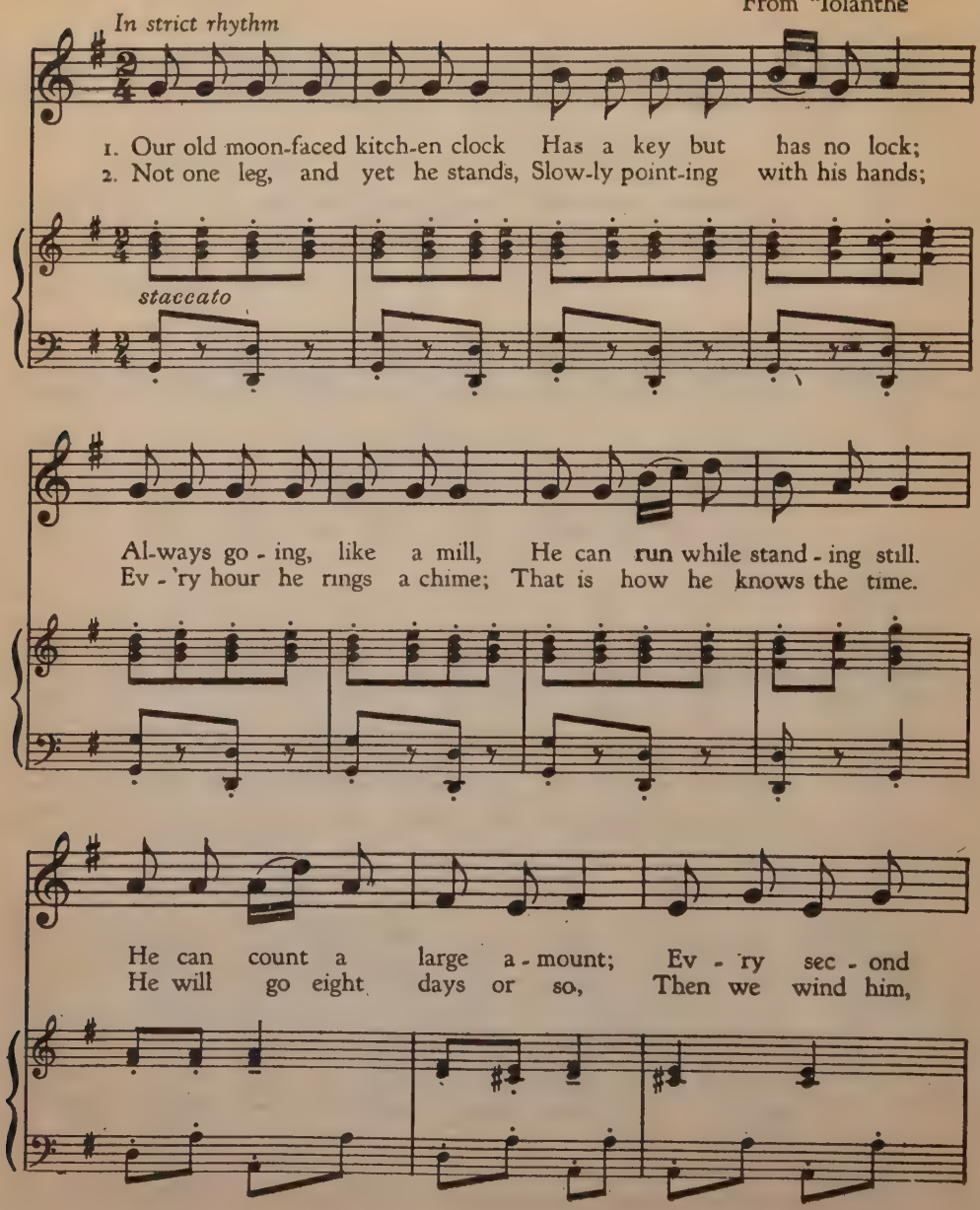
*In the Irish legends the Leprechaun is a fairy who must give his gold to the mortal who can catch and hold him; but he is full of tricks and always manages to escape, even when caught. Pronounced: lep're-kon

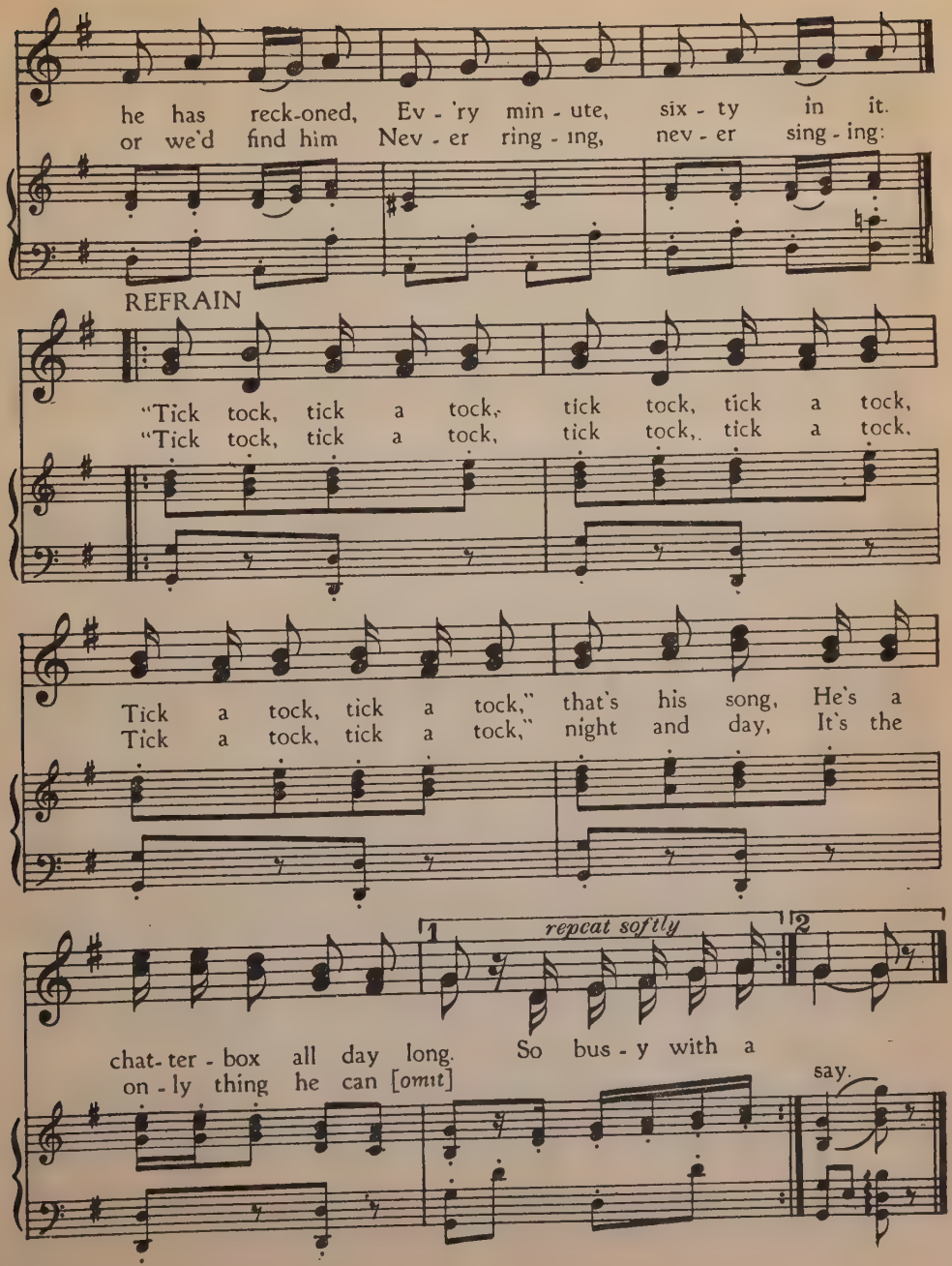
THE KITCHEN CLOCK

George W. Pennington

Sir Arthur Sullivan

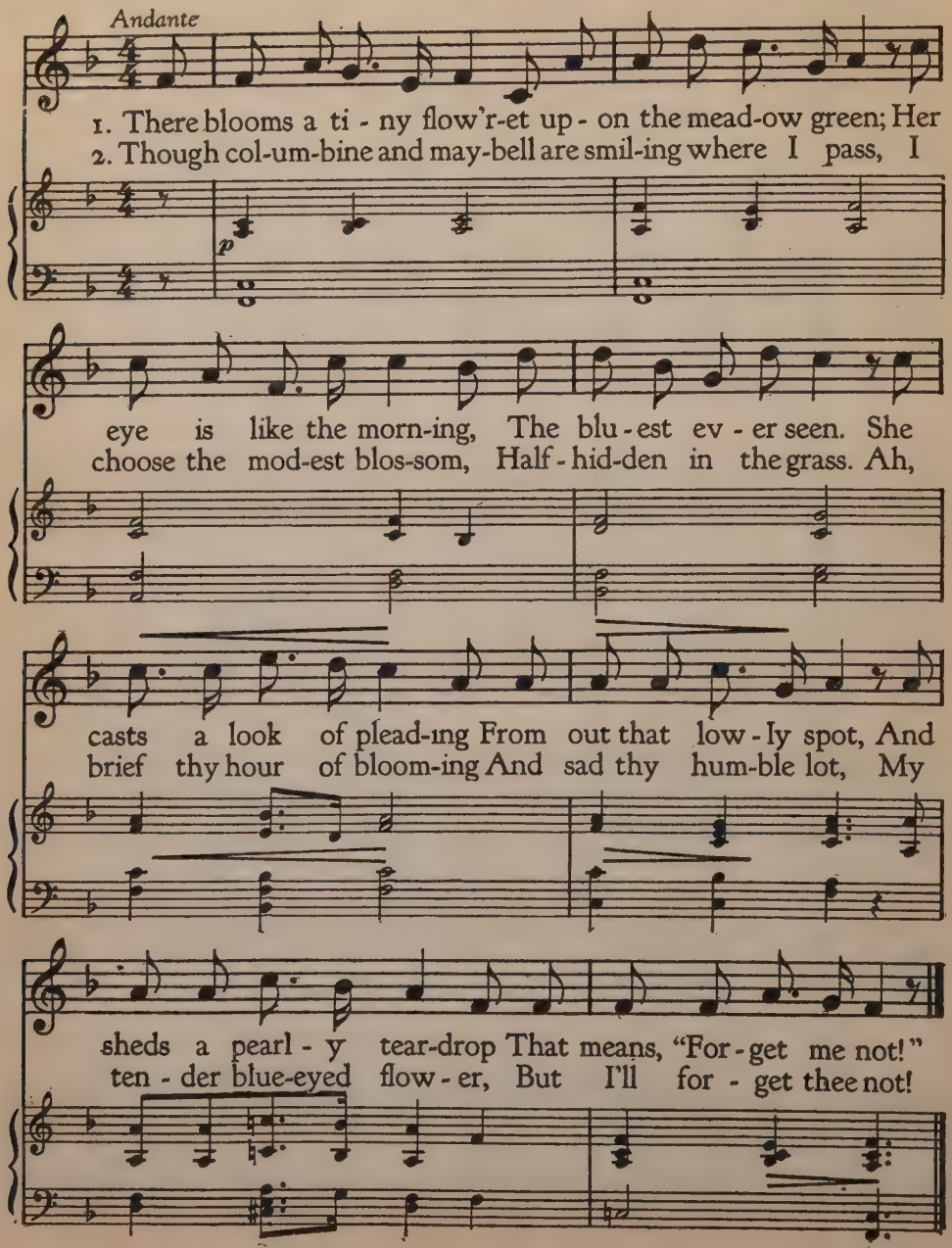
From "Iolanthe"




he has reck-oned, Ev - 'ry min - ute, six - ty in it.
or we'd find him Nev - er ring - ing, nev - er sing - ing:
REFRAIN
"Tick tock, tick a tock, tick tock, tick a tock,
"Tick tock, tick a tock, tick tock, tick a tock,
Tick a tock, tick a tock," that's his song, He's a
Tick a tock, tick a tock," night and day, It's the
1
repeat softly
2
chat - ter - box all day long. So bus - y with a
on - ly thing he can [omit]
say.

FORGET - ME - NOT

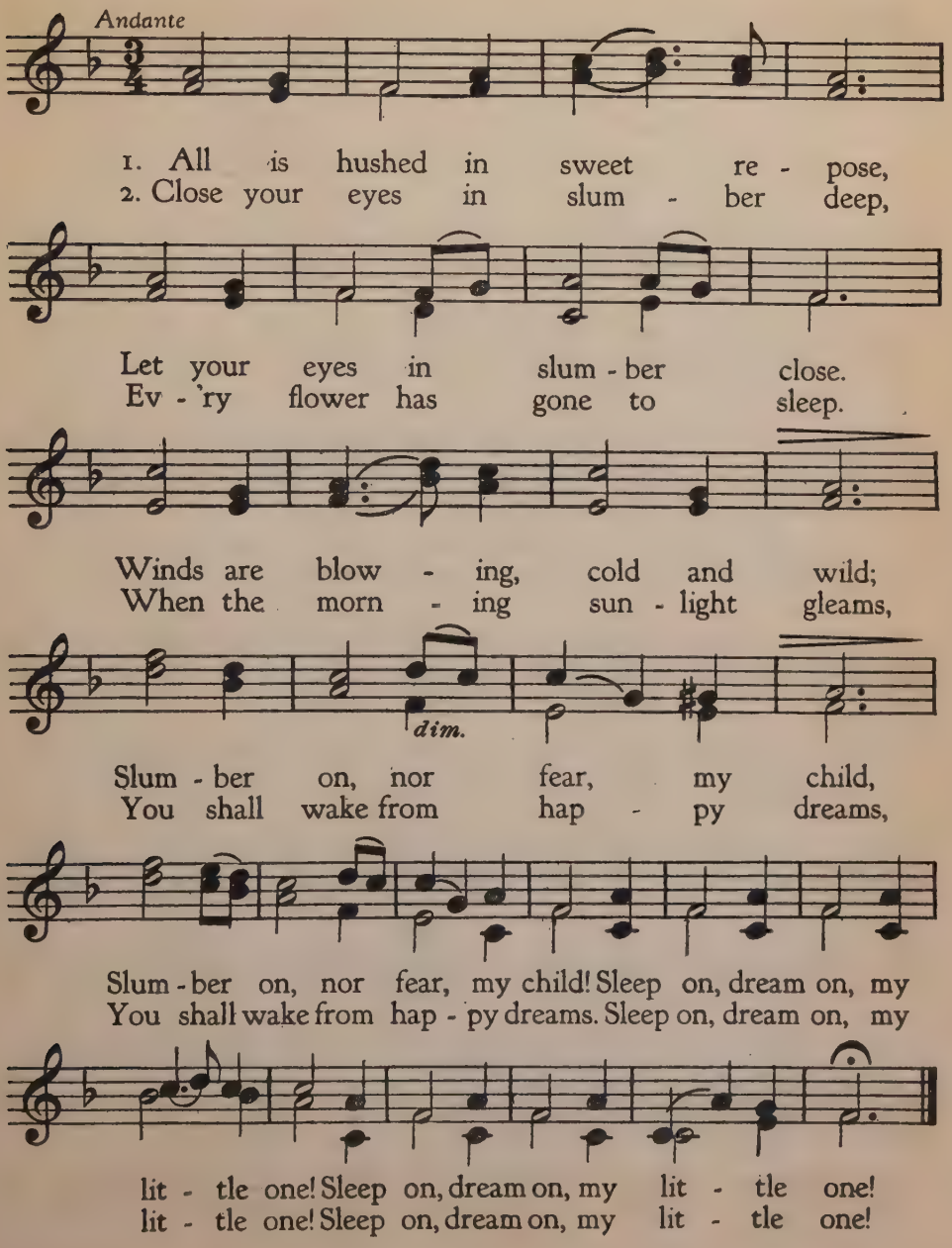
Edwin Star Belknap — Anton Rubinstein

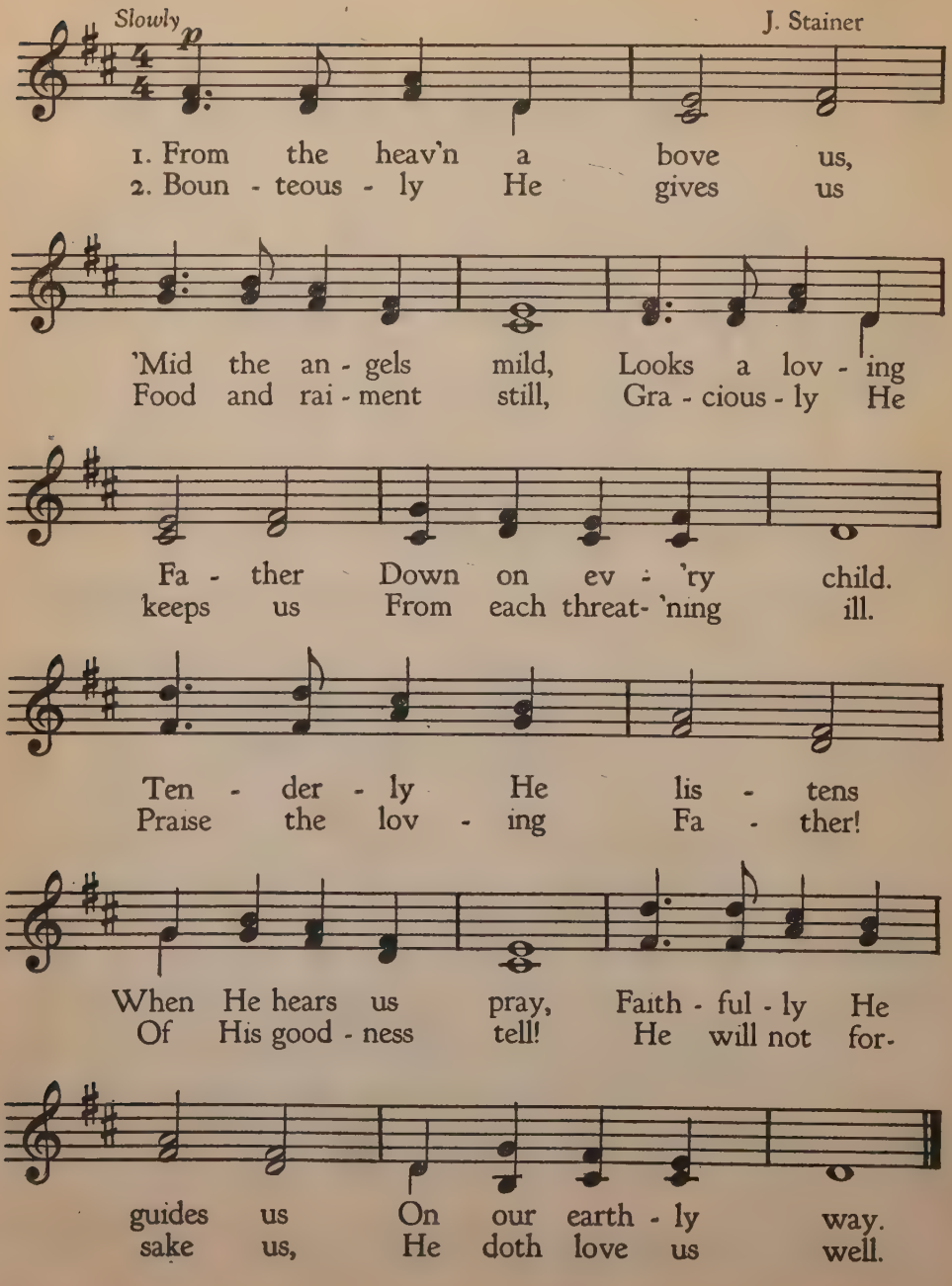


SLUMBER SONG

Translated from the German

F. Kücken

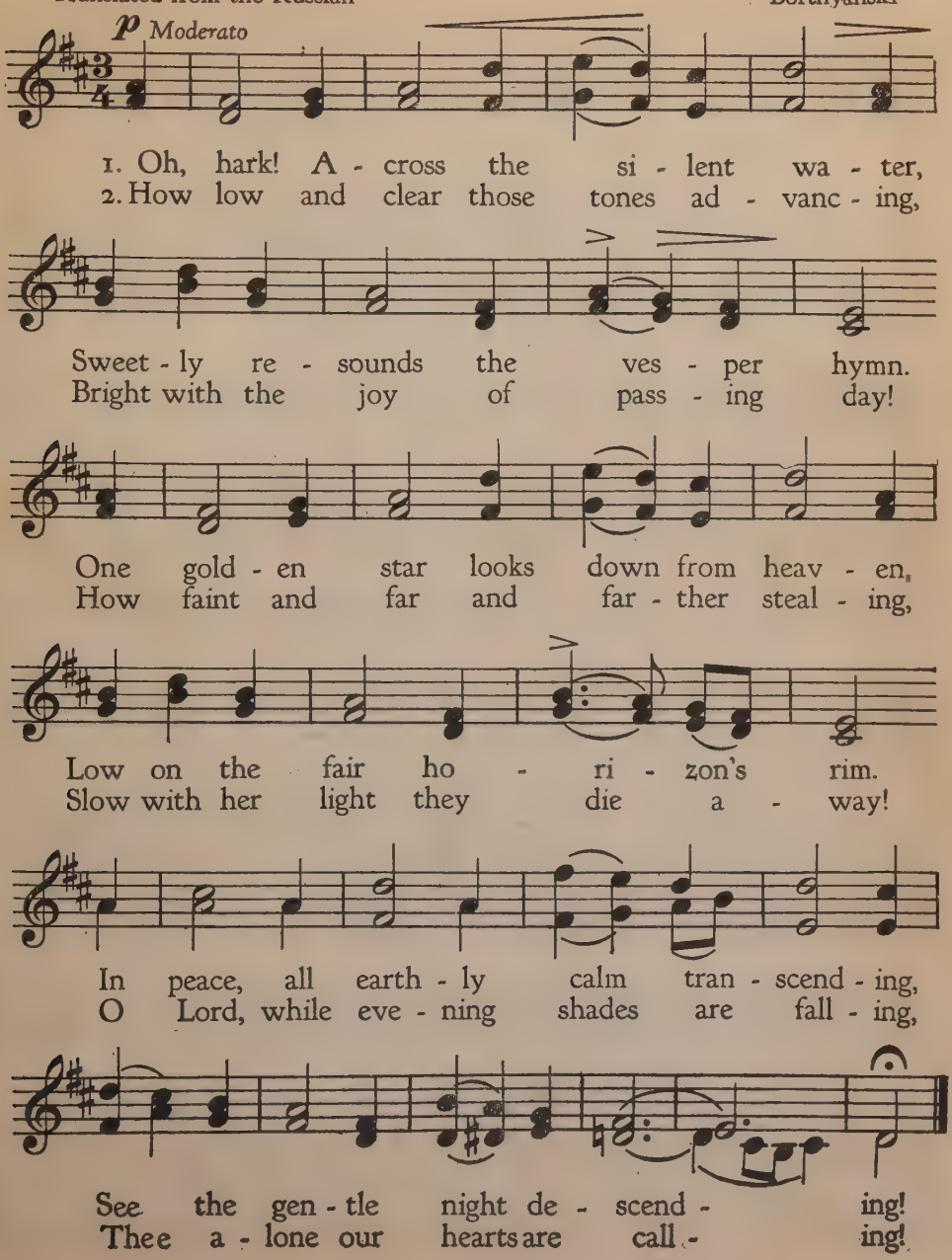


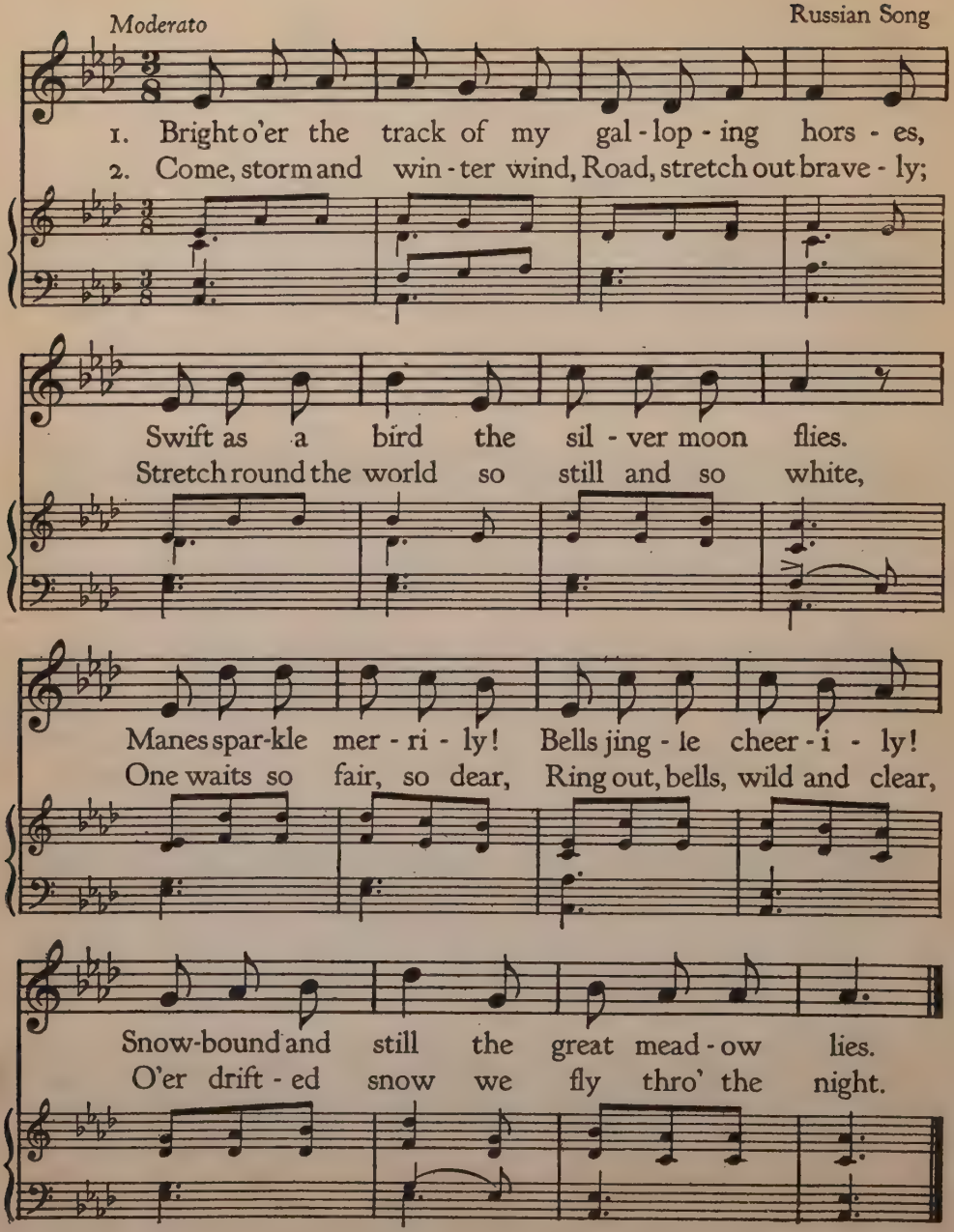

Slowly
p
J. Stainer
1. From the heav'n a bove us,
2. Boun - teous - ly He gives us
'Mid the an - gels mild, Looks a lov - ing
Food and rai - ment still, Gra - cious - ly He
Fa - ther Down on ev - 'ry child.
keeps us From each threat- 'ning ill.
Ten - der - ly He lis - tens
Praise the lov - ing Fa - ther!
When He hears us pray, Faith - ful - ly He
Of His good - ness tell! He will not for-
guides us On our earth - ly way.
sake us, He doth love us well.

VESPER HYMN

Translated from the Russian

Bortn'yanski



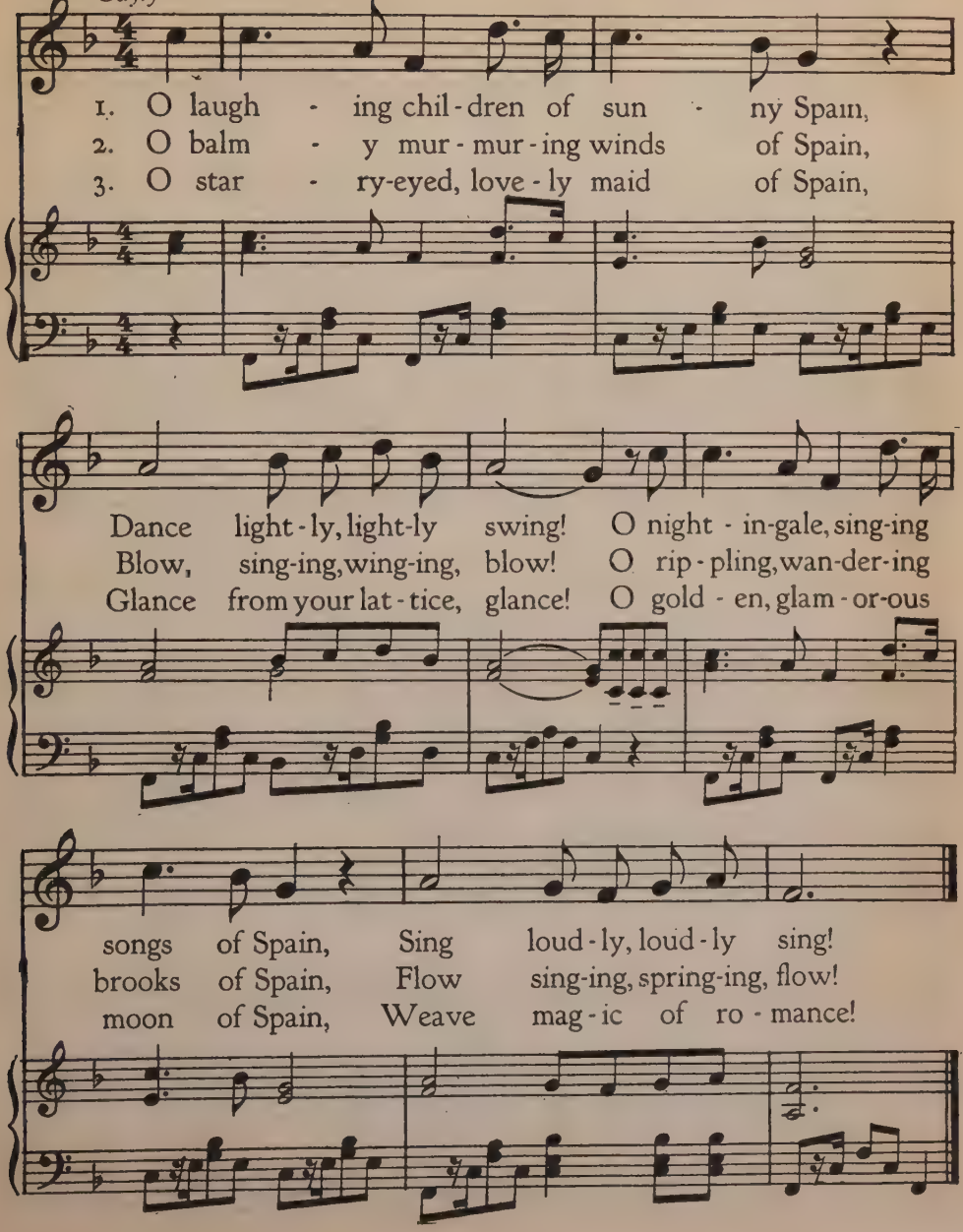

Moderato
Russian Song
1. Bright o'er the track of my gal - lop - ing hors - es,
2. Come, storm and win - ter wind, Road, stretch out brave - ly;
Swift as a bird the sil - ver moon flies.
Stretch round the world so still and so white,
Manes spar-kle mer - ri - ly! Bells jing - le cheer - i - ly!
One waits so fair, so dear, Ring out, bells, wild and clear,
Snow-bound and still the great mead - ow lies.
O'er drift - ed snow we fly thro' the night.

MUSIC OF SPAIN

Clare Giffin

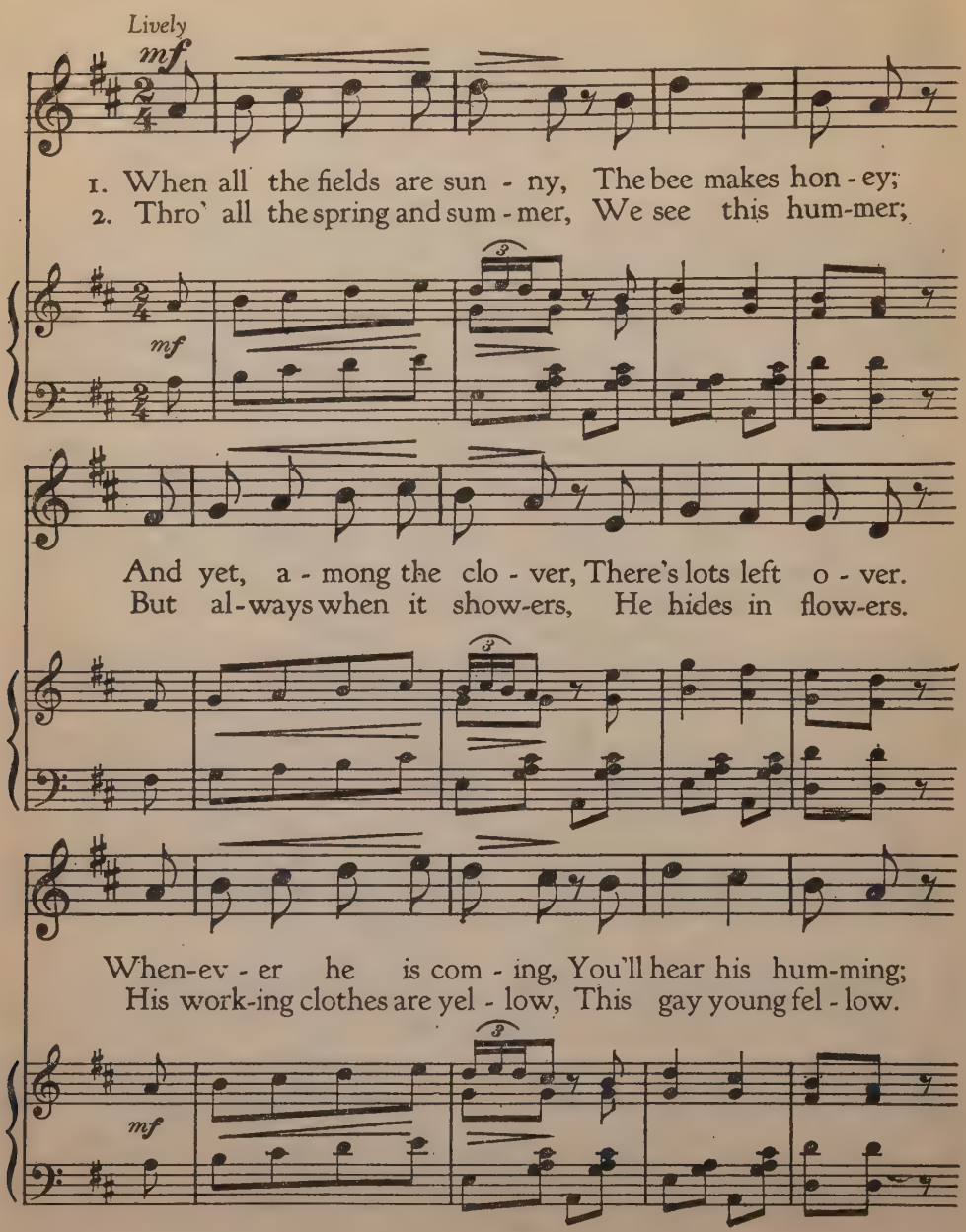
Gayly

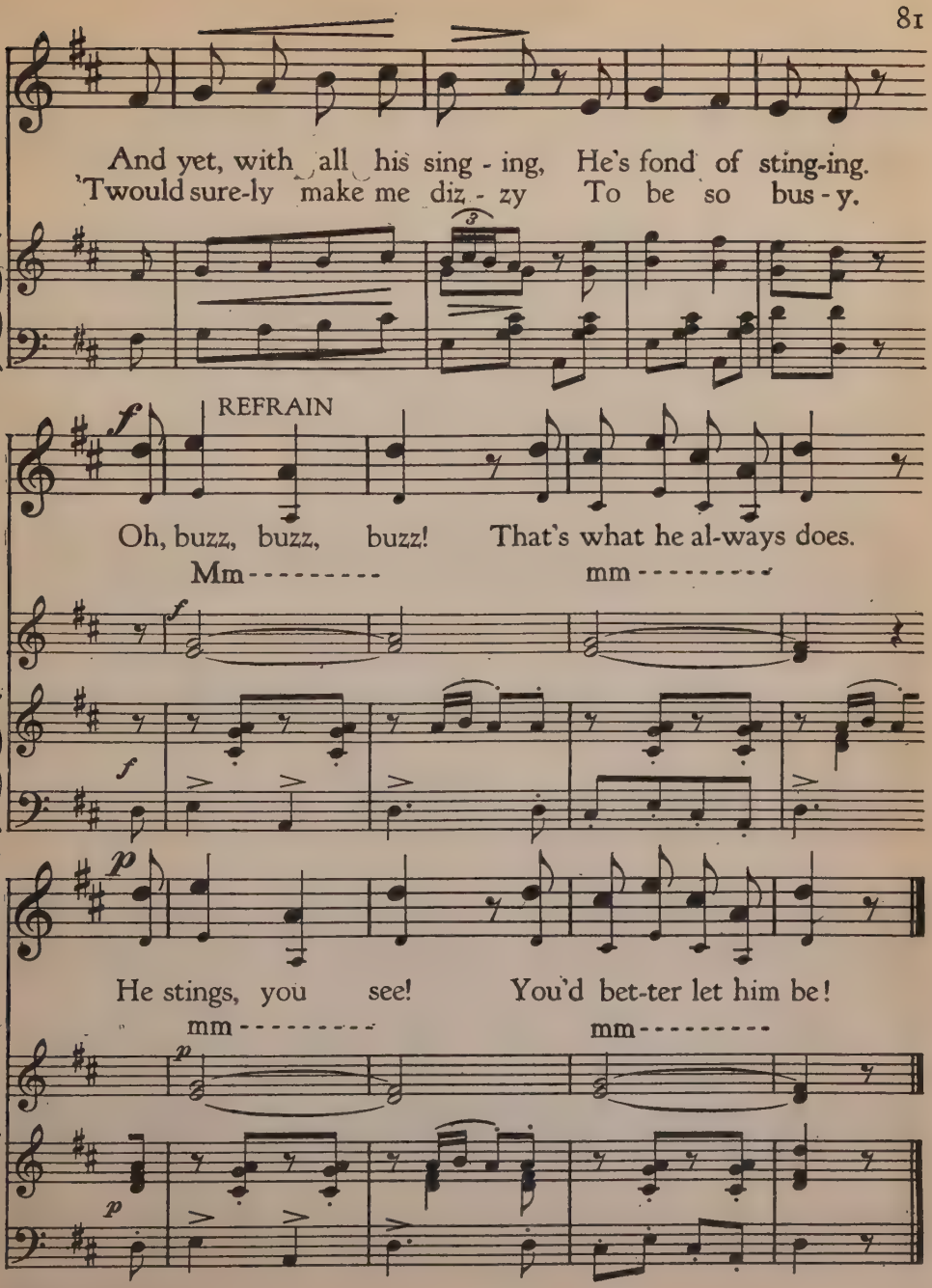
Spanish Folk Song



THE BUMBLEBEE

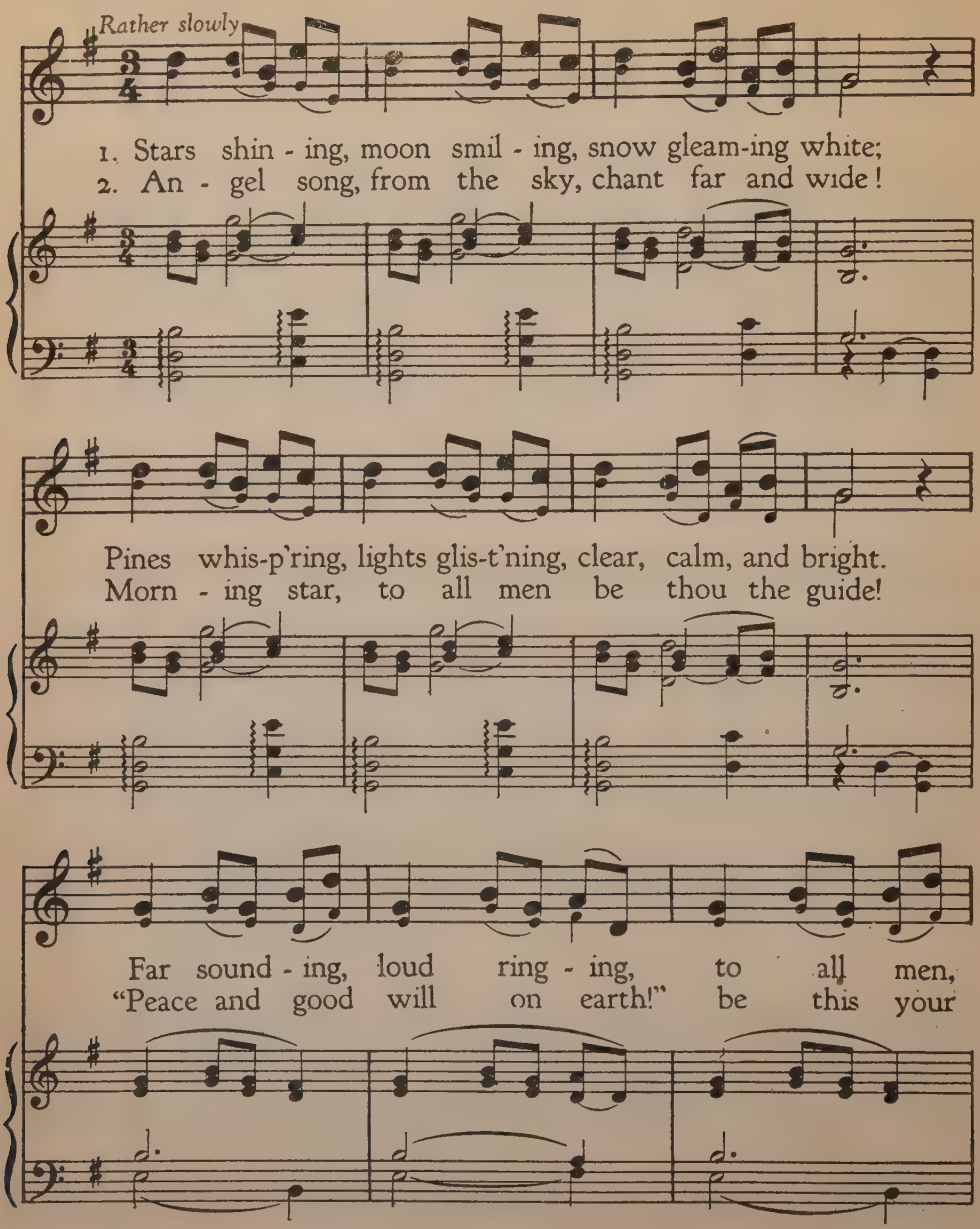
Harvey Worthington Loomis — Spanish Folk Tune

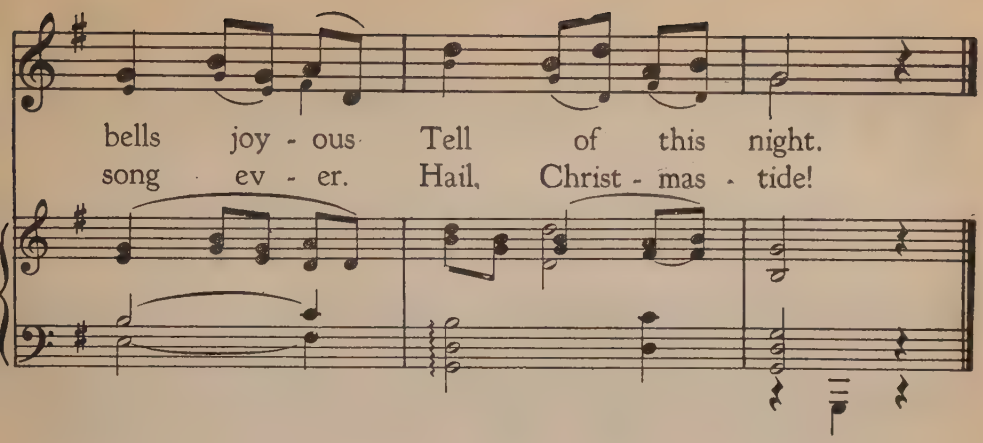



And yet, with all his sing - ing, He's fond of sting-ing.
'Twould sure-ly make me diz - zy To be so bus - y.
REFRAIN
Oh, buzz, buzz, buzz! That's what he al-ways does.
Mm - - - - - - - - - mm - - - - - - - - -
He stings, you see! You'd bet-ter let him be!
mm - - - - - - - - - mm - - - - - - - - -

YULETIDE NIGHT

Sigmund Spaeth — Old Bohemian Carol

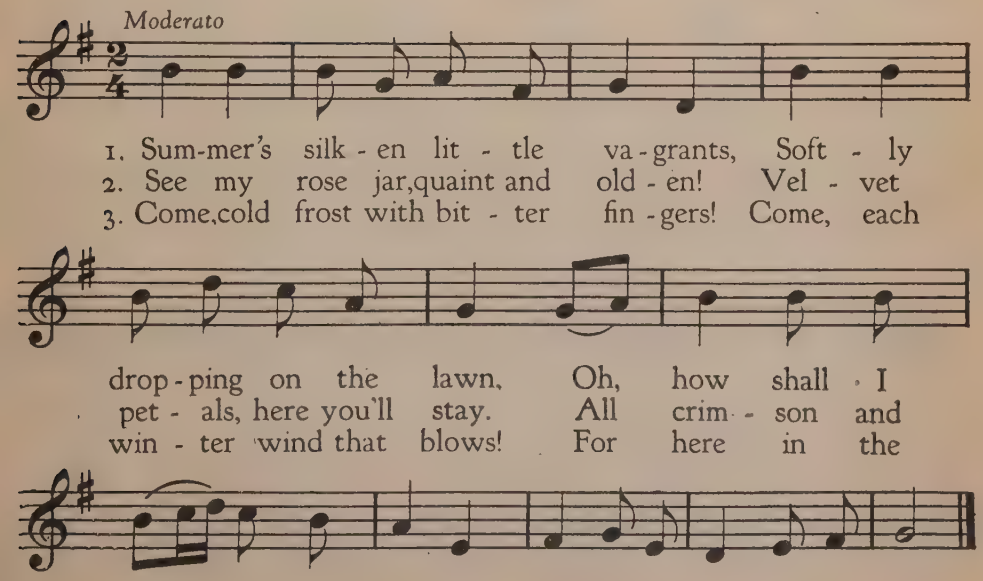




THE ROSE JAR

Kate Forman — Russian Folk Song

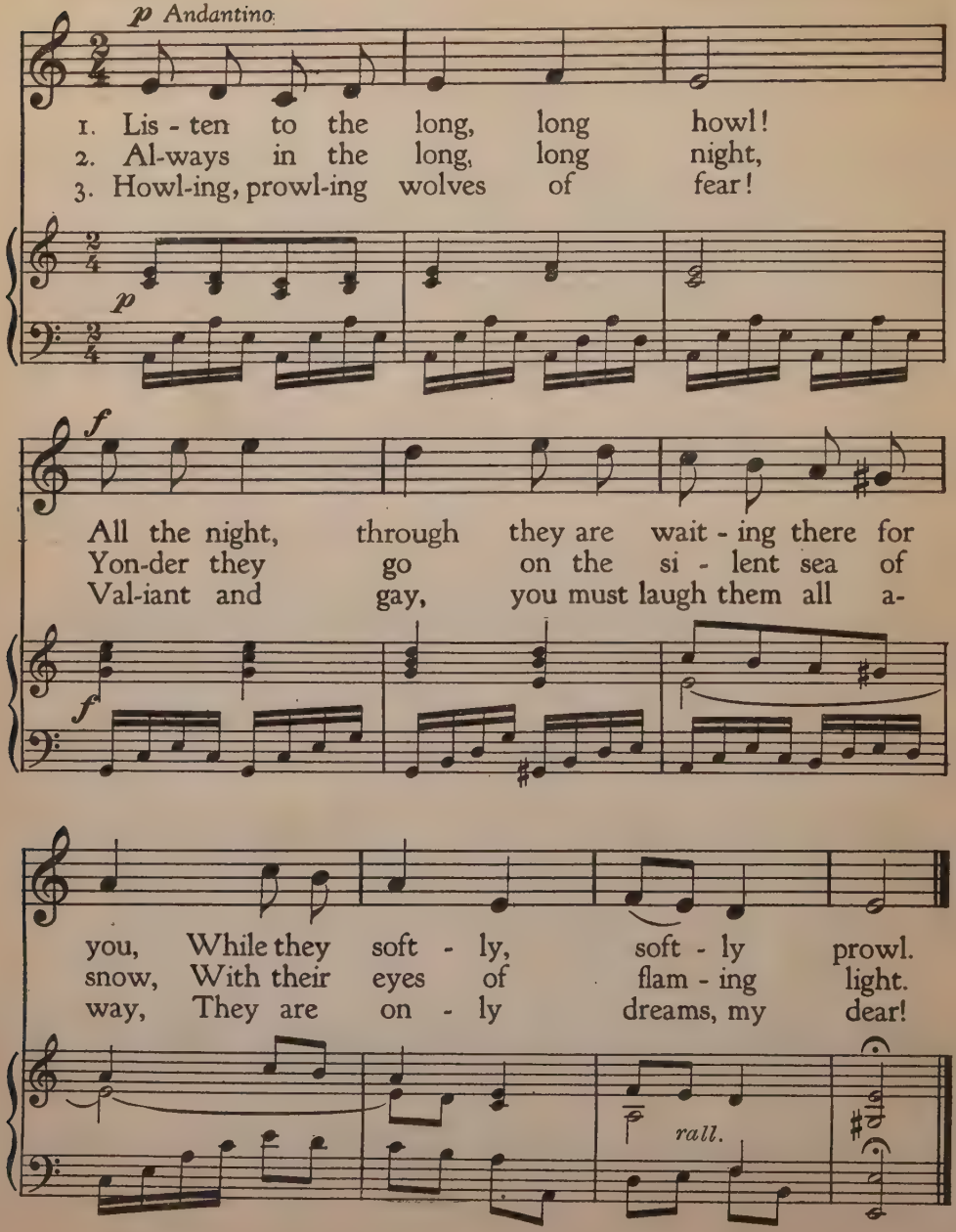
Moderato



WOLVES

Kate Forman

Old Russian Folk Song

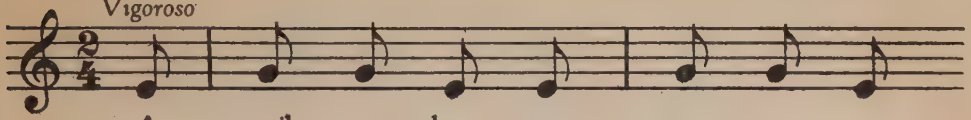


HEAVE HO, MY LADDIE!

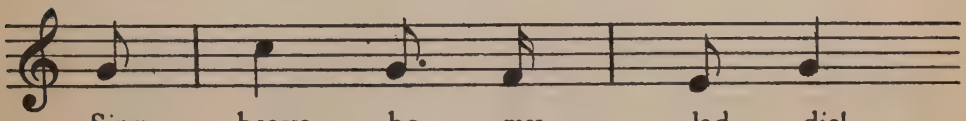
Nonsense Jingle

English Folk Song (adapted)

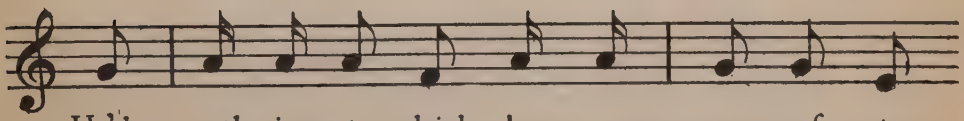
Vigoroso



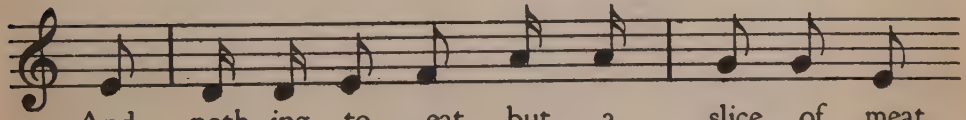
1. A sail - or boy once went to sea,
2. He sailed the seas, and sailed right well,
3. And when he'd crossed the o - cean blue,



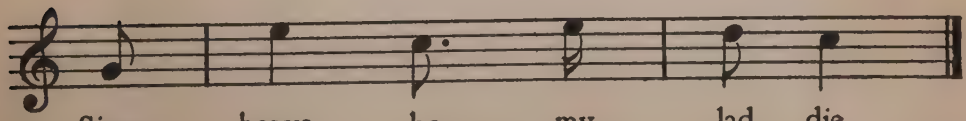
Sing heave ho, my lad - die!
Sing heave ho, my lad - die!
Sing heave ho, my lad - die!



He'd noth - ing to drink but a cup of tea,
His ves - sel was made of a pea - nut shell,
With pleas - ure he ate, what I say is true,



And noth - ing to eat but a slice of meat,
The rud - der he took was a but - ton - hook,
Three pic - kled pig - tails and a keg of nails,

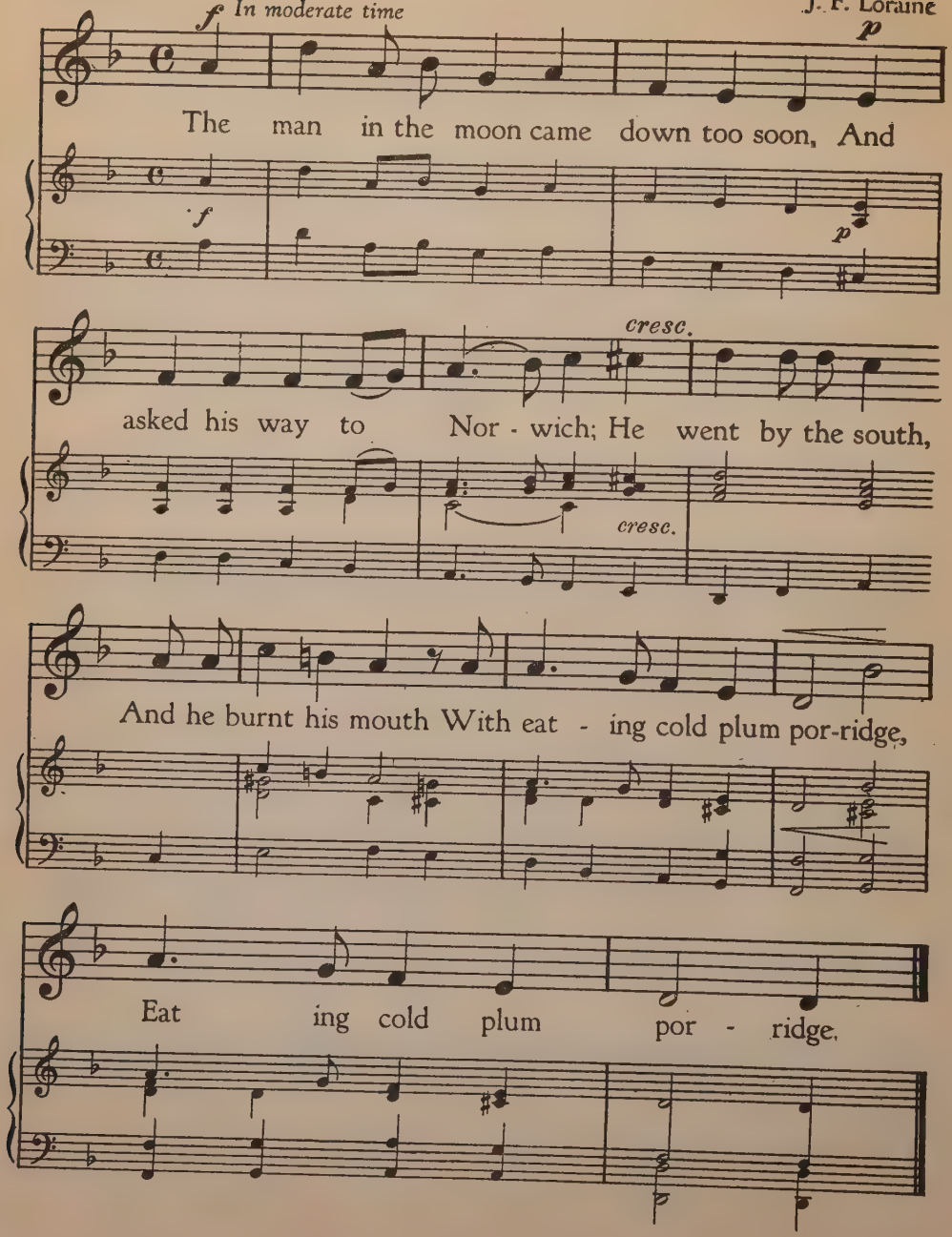


Sing heave ho, my lad - die.
Sing heave ho, my lad - die!
Sing heave ho, my lad - die!

THE MAN IN THE MOON.

Mother Goose

J. F. Loraine



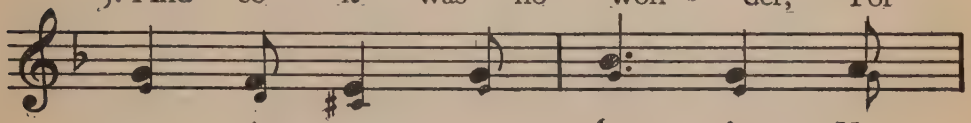
THE FAIR SNOW-WHITE

From an old Folk Story

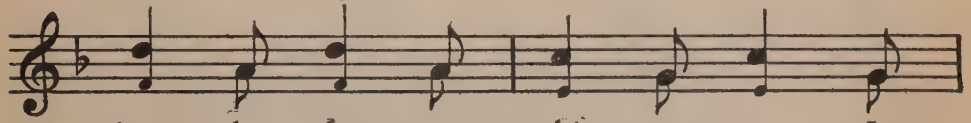
R. Graner

Contemplatively

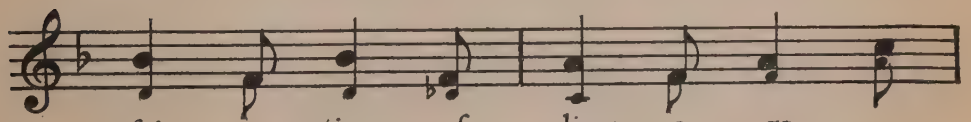
1. A lit - tle prin - cess maid - en Was
2. A - mid the for - est dark - ling, She
3. So faith - ful and so fer - vent, This
4. Their hum - ble ven - son past - y, The
5. And so it was no won - der, For



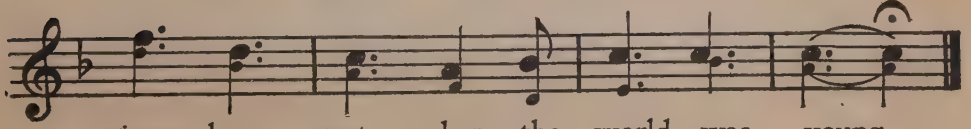
roam - ing, sor - row la - den; Her
found a fire - side spar - kling, And
lit - tle prin - cess ser - vant, She
maid - en made so tast - y, A
prin - ces could not blun - der, He



love - ly face was white as snow, In
sev'n wee men who bade her stay; She
scrubbed the house so shin - ing bright, The
roy - al prince who wan - dered there, De
wed the maid - en, white as snow, In



fair - y times of long a - go,
vowed to serve them day by day,
wee men ca - pered with de - light, In
clared it tru - ly roy - al fare,
fair - y times of long a - go,

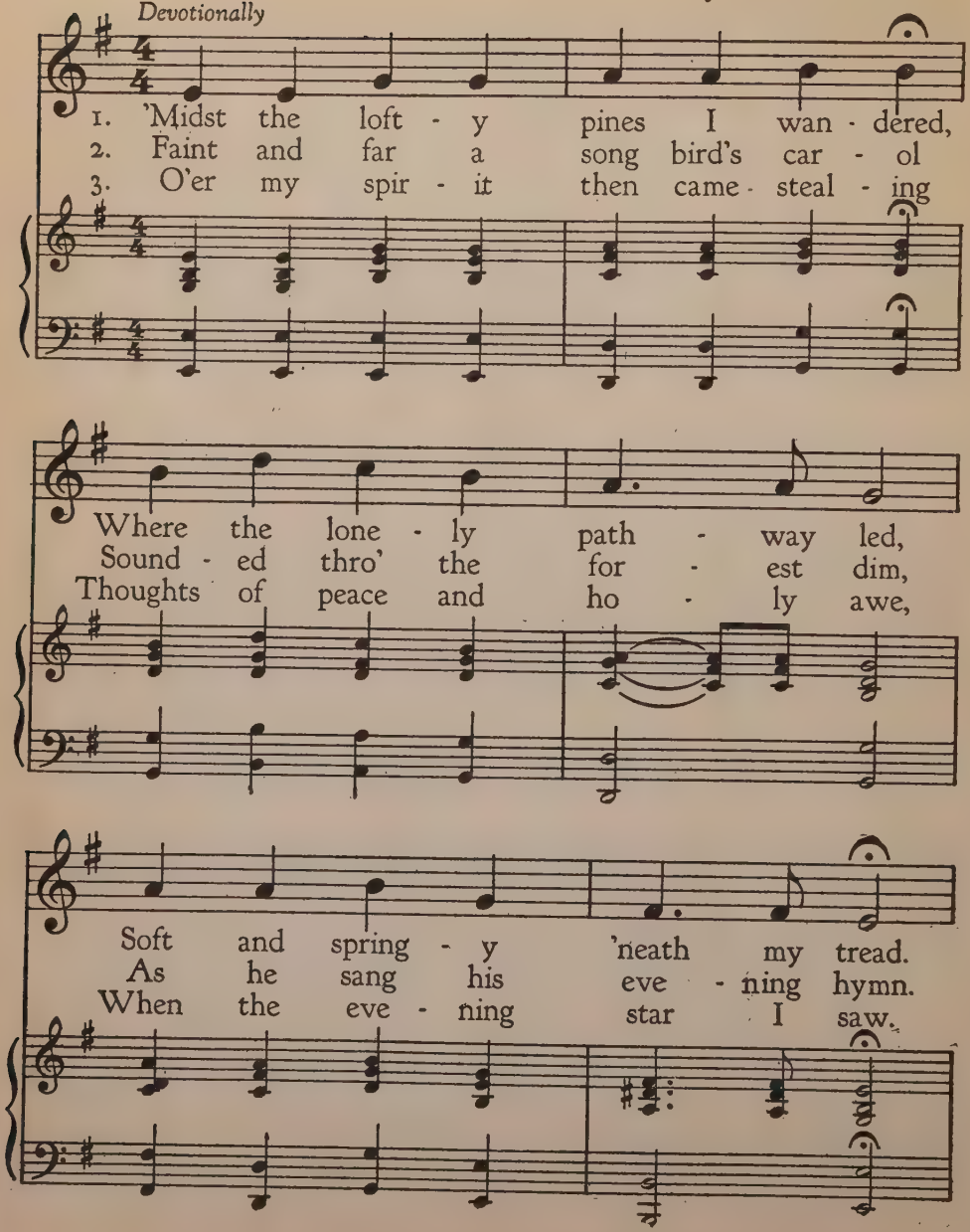


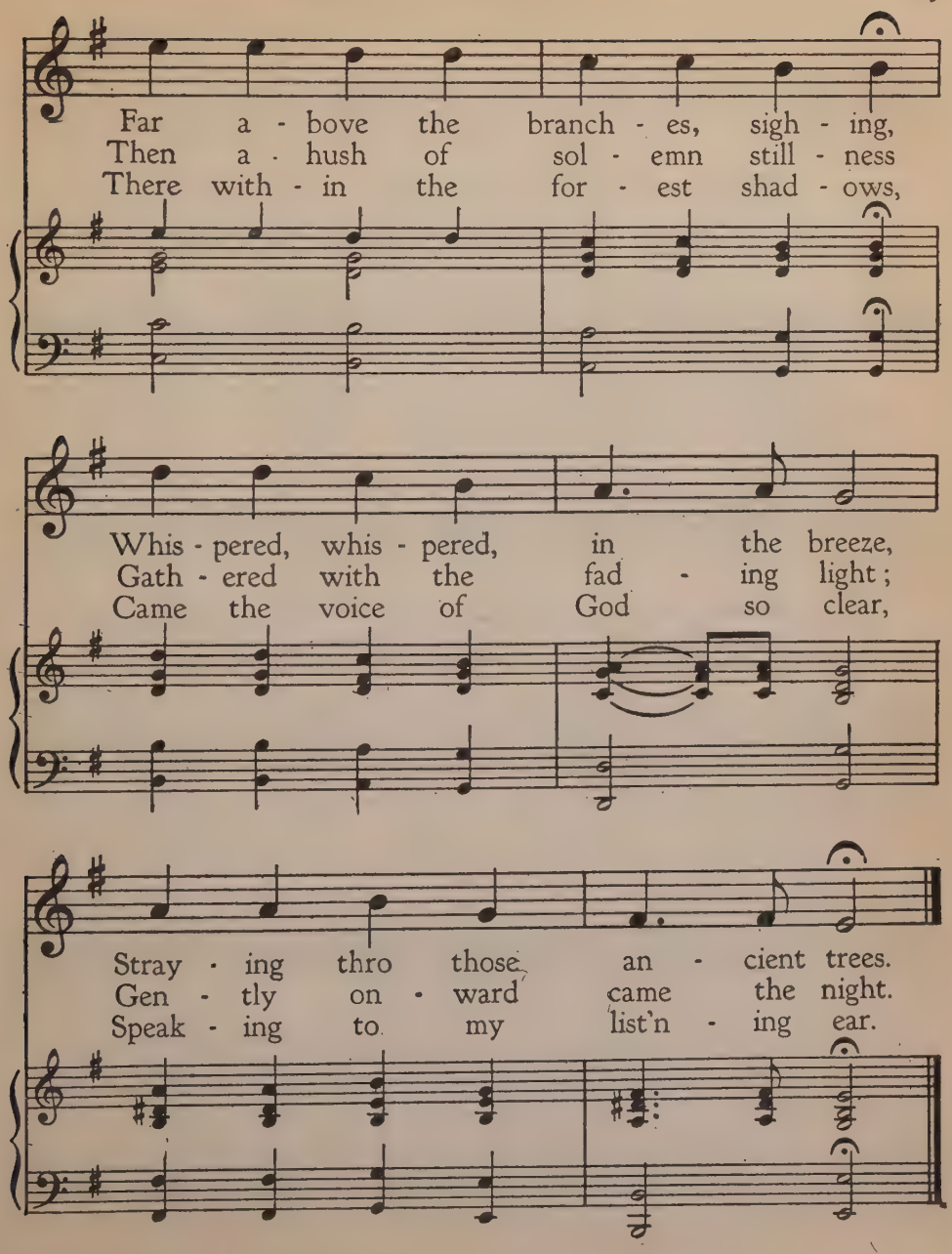
times long past, when the world was young.

IN GOD'S FIRST TEMPLE

Johann Sebastian Bach

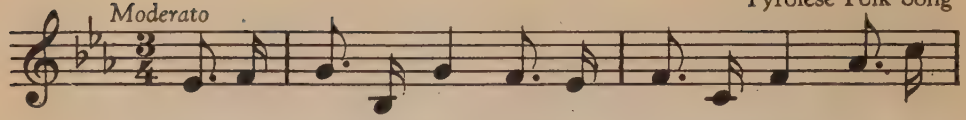
Devotionally



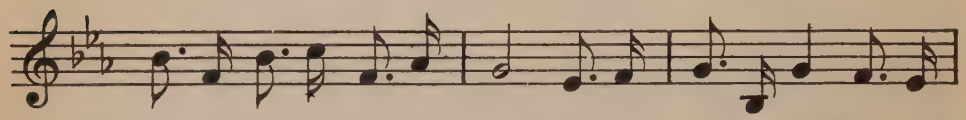

Far a - bove the branch - es, sigh - ing,
Then a - hush of sol - emn still - ness
There with - in the for - est shad - ows,
Whis - pered, whis - pered, in the breeze,
Gath - ered with the fad - ing light;
Came the voice of God so clear,
Stray - ing thro those an - cient trees.
Gen - tly on - ward came the night.
Speak - ing to my list'n - ing ear.

MY NATIVE LAND

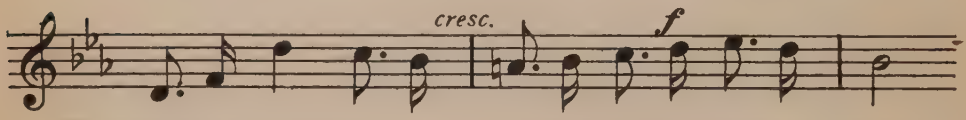
Tyrolese Folk Song



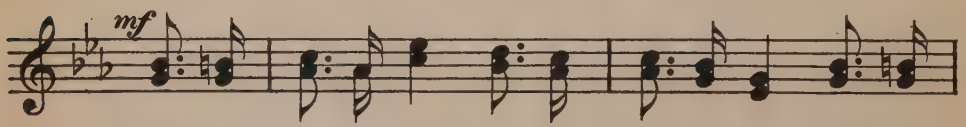
1. From thy vine-clad hills, 'neath thy sun-ny skies, To the
2. O my na-tive shore, where true joys are found, Loy-al



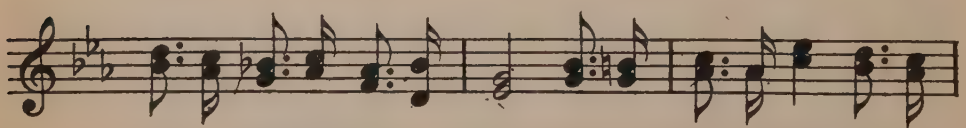
noi th-land where thy riv-ers rise; How my bos-om thrills at the
hearts with love and friendship crowned, Faithful ev-er-more, be thy



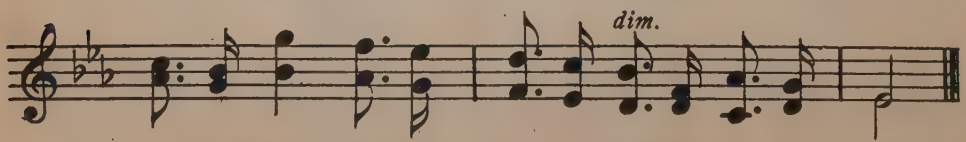
thought of thee, Dear-est moun-tain land be-yond the sea!
fu - ture bright, Ev - er blest with free-dom's ho-ly light!



Hail, thou fair-est land! O be-lov-ed strand! Hail, for-
Hail, thou fair-est land! O be-lov-ed strand! Hail, for-



ev-er hail, dear na-tive land! Hail, thou fair-est land, O be-
ev-er hail, dear na-tive land! Hail, thou fair-est land, O be-

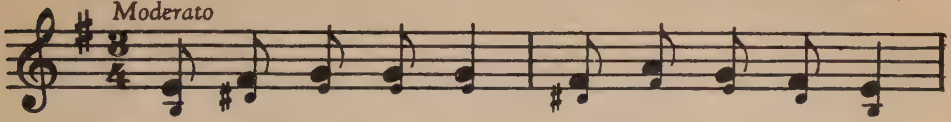


lov-ed strand! Hail, for-ev-er hail, dear na-tive land!
lov-ed strand! Hail, for-ev-er hail, dear na-tive land!

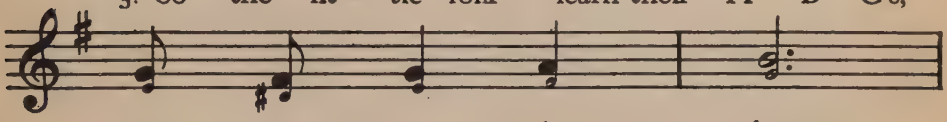
Adapted from the Hebrew

Traditional Hebrew Melody

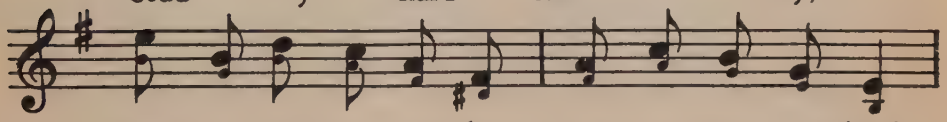
Moderato



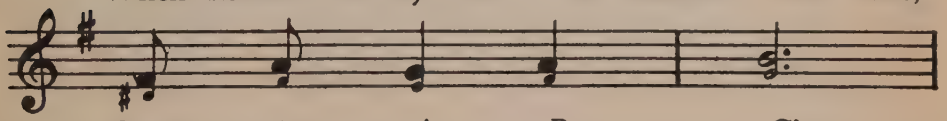
1. By the bright fire - side sits a moth - er dear,
2. Here's an Ap - ple red for the let - ter A,
3. So the lit - tle folk learn their A B C's,



Chil - dren on her knees,
And a Boy for B;
Stud - y hard each day;

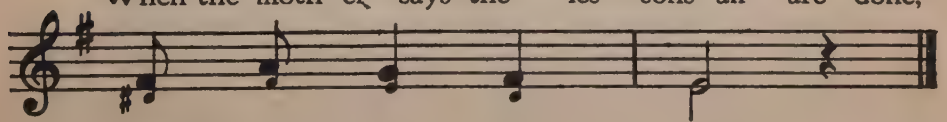


Eyes in - tent up - on the pret - ty pic - ture book,
Here's a gen - tle Cow, knee deep in clo - ver sweet,
When the moth - er says the les - sons all are done,



Learn - ing A B C's,
For the let - ter C,
Then they'll run and play,

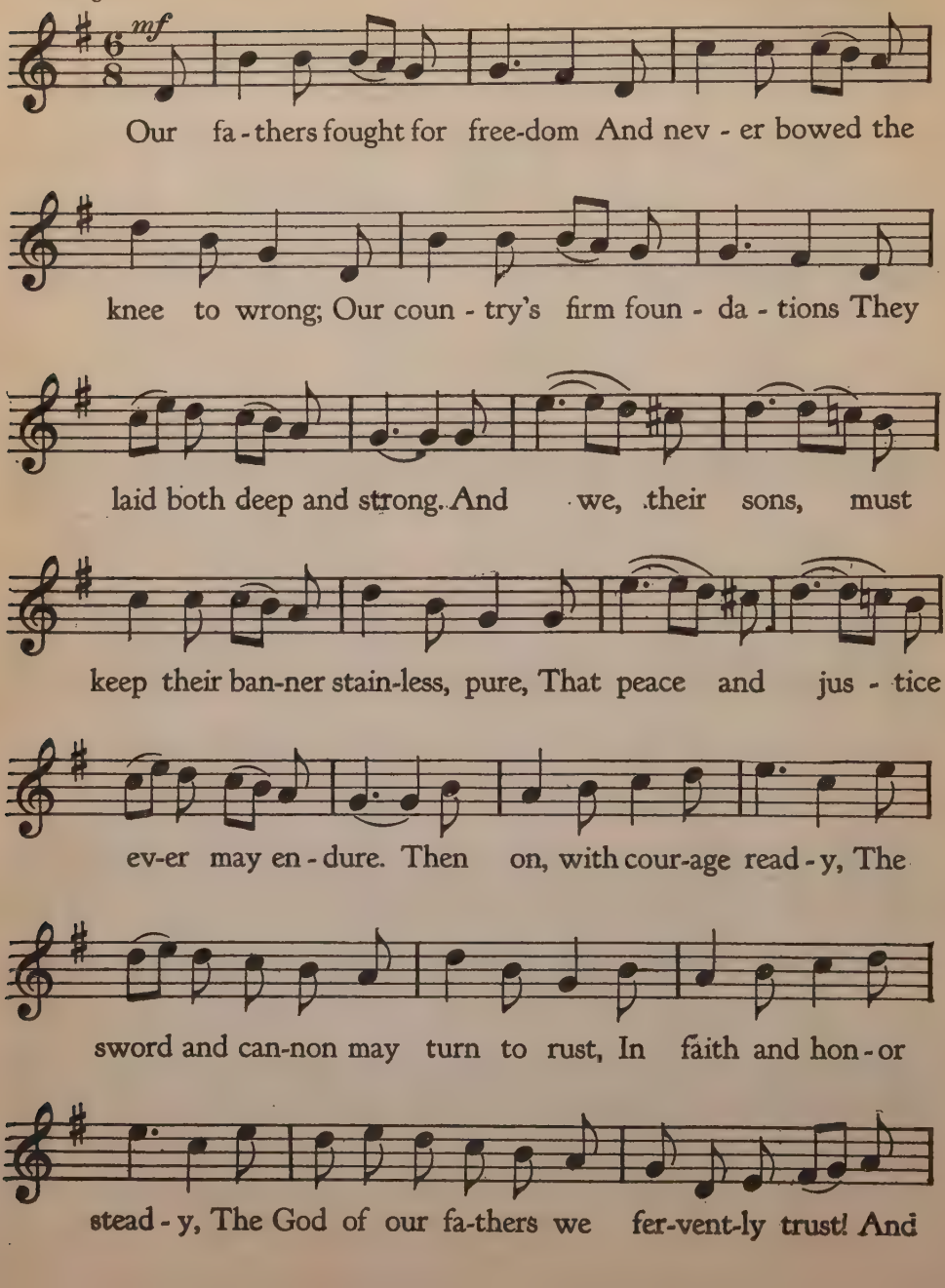
Eyes in - tent up - on the pret - ty pic - ture book,
Here's a gen - tle Cow, knee deep in clo - ver sweet,
When the moth - er says the les - sons all are done,

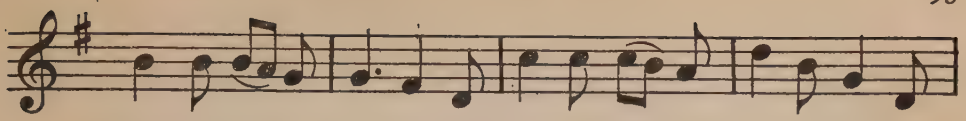


Learn - ing A B C's.
For the let - ter C.
Then they'll run and play.

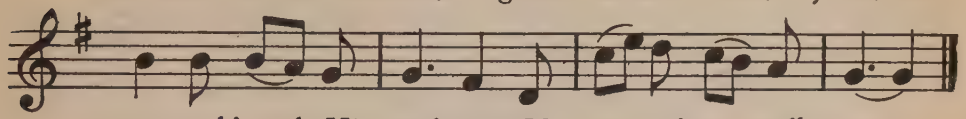
A SONG OF FREEDOM

Allegro Spanish Folk Song



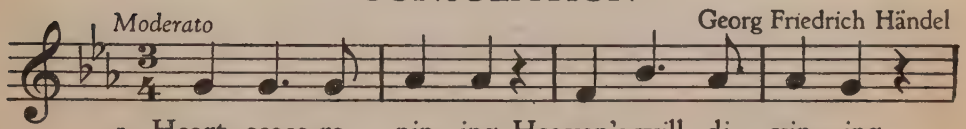


He shall be our bul-wark, To guard our land from ev'-ry foe, And

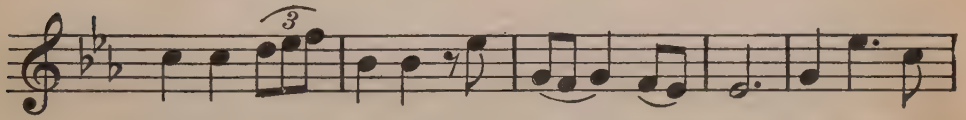


on-ward,'neath His guid-ance, U ni-ted we will go!

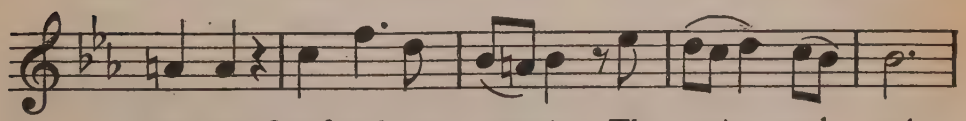
CONSOLATION



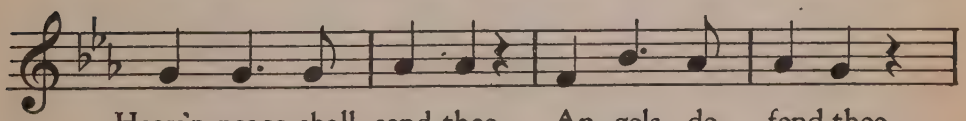
1. Heart, cease re - pin - ing, Heaven's will di - vin - ing,
2. Wrong shall be right - ed, True faith re - quit - ed,



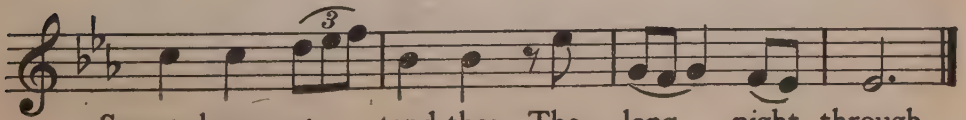
See hope's star shin-ing The long night through; Sor-row for -
Fond hearts u - nit - ed, Tho' sev - ered here. Then ban-ish



get-ting, Grief and re - gret-ting, Thy pain and rue!
sad-ness, Sing, heart, for glad-ness, The day is near!



Heav'n peace shall send thee, An - gels de - fend thee,
Heav'n peace shall send thee, An - gels de - fend thee,

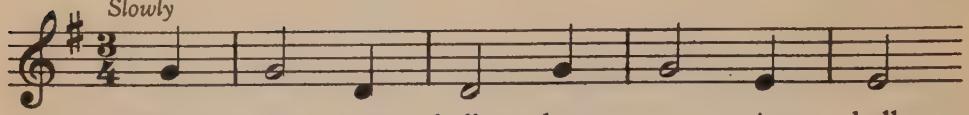


Sweet dreams at - tend thee, The long night through.
Sweet dreams at - tend thee, Till dawn break-eth clear.

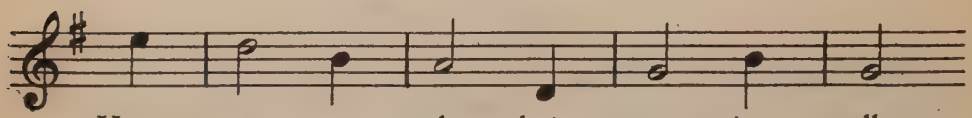
THOSE EVENING BELLS

Thomas Moore — Old Tune

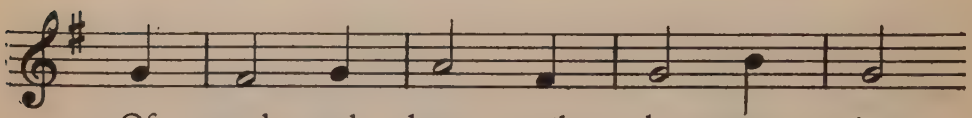
Slowly



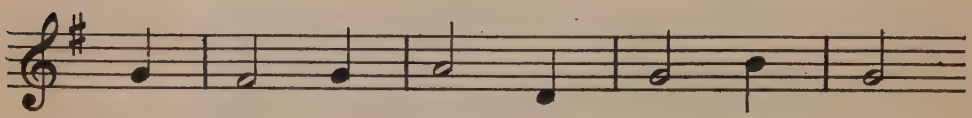
1. Those eve - ning bells, those eve - ning bells,
2. Those joy - ous hours are passed a - way,
3. And so 'twill be when I am gone,



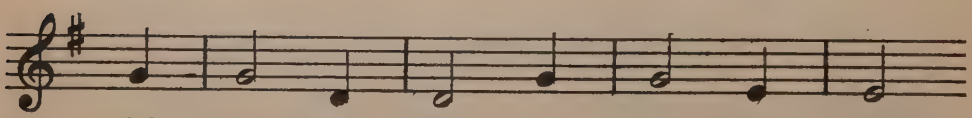
How man - y a tale their mu - sic tells,
And man - y a heart that then was gay
That tune - ful peal will still ring on,



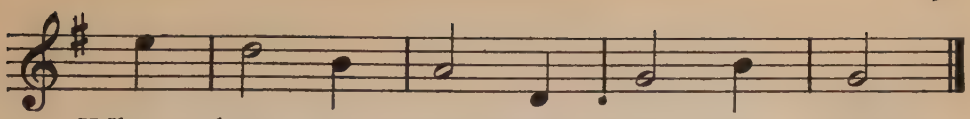
Of youth and home and that sweet time,
With - in the tomb now dark - ly dwells
While oth - er bards shall walk these dells



When last I heard their sooth - ing chime!
And hears no more those eve - ning bells!
And sing your praise, sweet eve - ning bells!



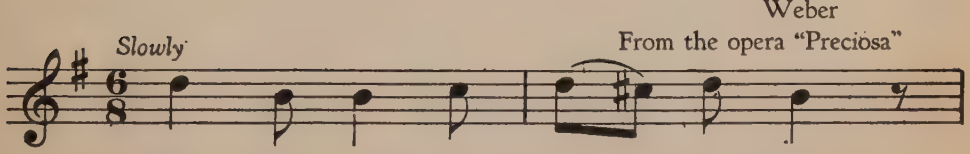
Of youth and home and that sweet time,
With - in the tomb now dark - ly dwells,
While oth - er bards shall walk these dells



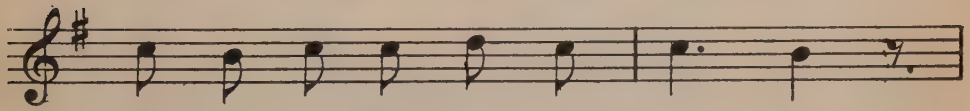
When last I heard their sooth - ing chime!
And hears no more those eve - ning bells!
And sing your praise, sweet eve - ning bells!

THE BELLS

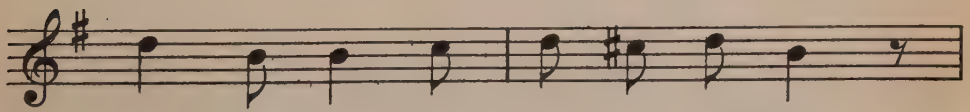
Weber
From the opera "Preciosa"



1. Ring! Ye mer - ry Christ - mas bells!
2. Crash! O nois - y New Year's bells!
3. Ring! Ye sol - emn Sab - bath bells!



Tell us of Beth - le hem's sto - ry,
Hail to the year that is com - ing!
Stead - y and slow in your peal - ing!

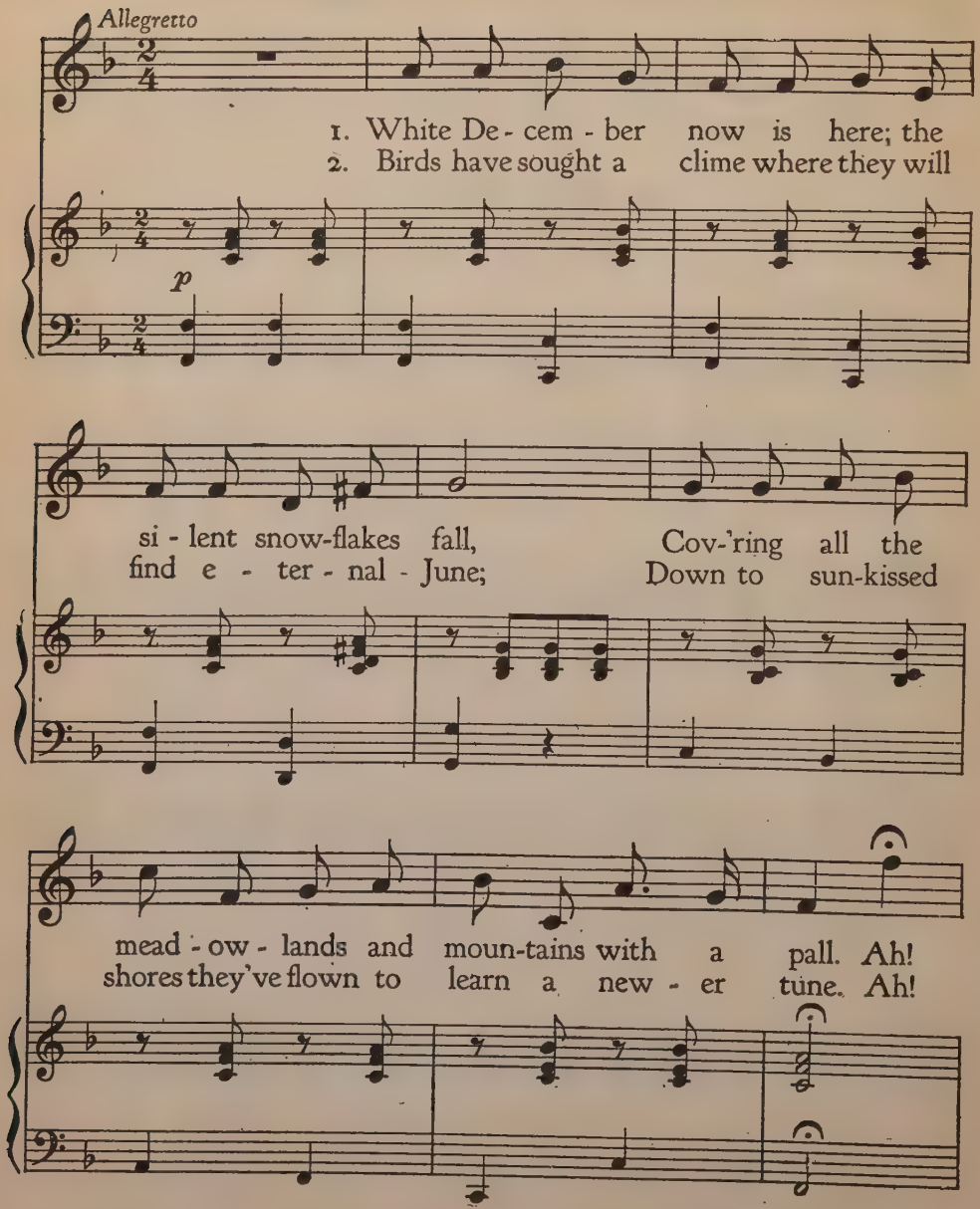


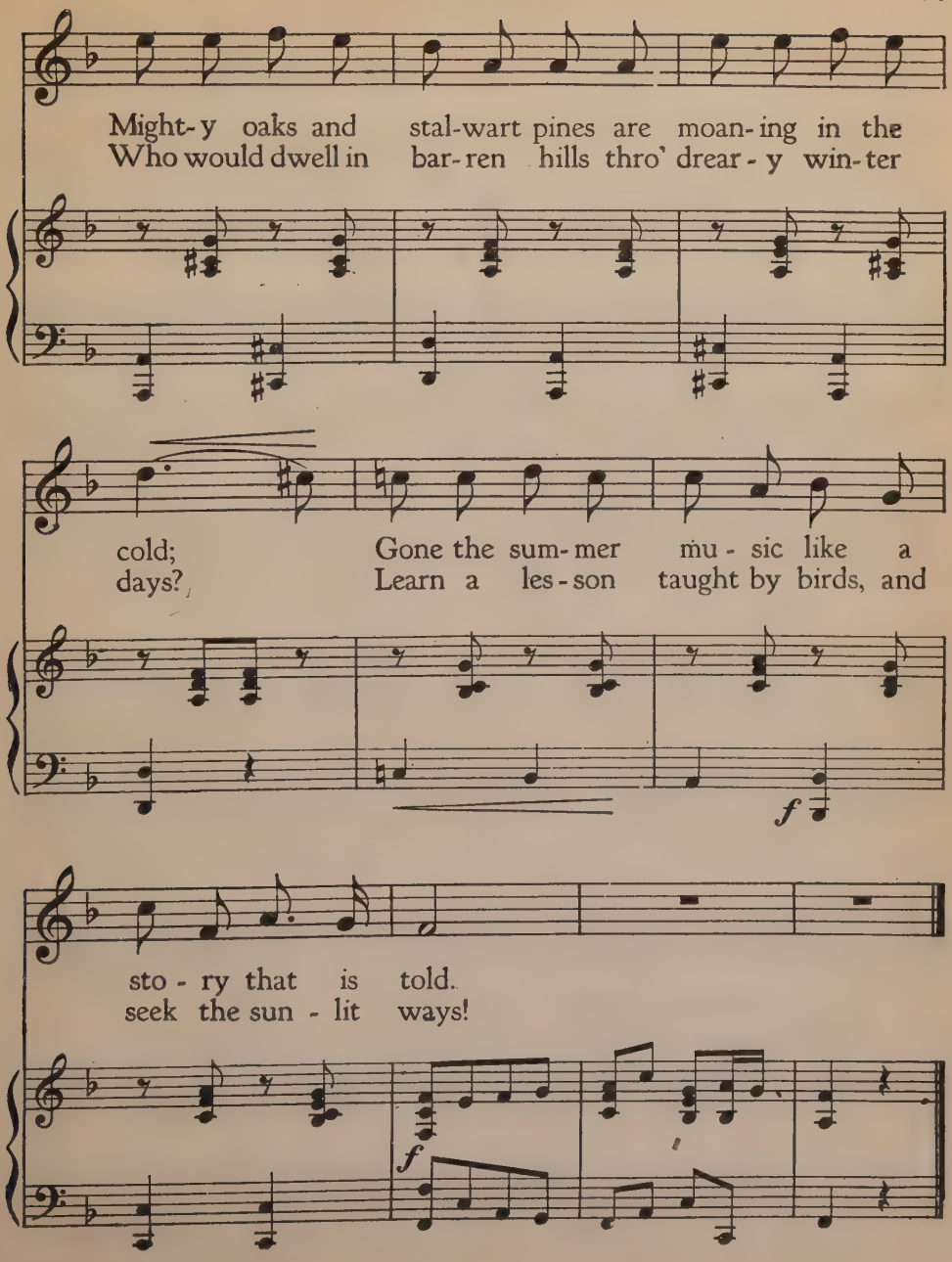
Now your ho - ly mel - o - dy swells,
Now your bra - zen clan - gor still wells,
With your mu - sic har - mo - ny dwells,

Mes - sage of Heav - en's own light.
Clear thro' the dark - ness of night.
Tell - ing of truth and of right.

Russian Folk Song

Edwin Star Belknap




Might-y oaks and stal-wart pines are moan-ing in the
Who would dwell in bar-ren hills thro' drear-y win-ter
cold;
days?
Gone the sum-mer mu-sic like a
Learn a les-son taught by birds, and
f
sto-ry that is told.
seek the sun-lit ways!
f

MINUET

Adapted from the French

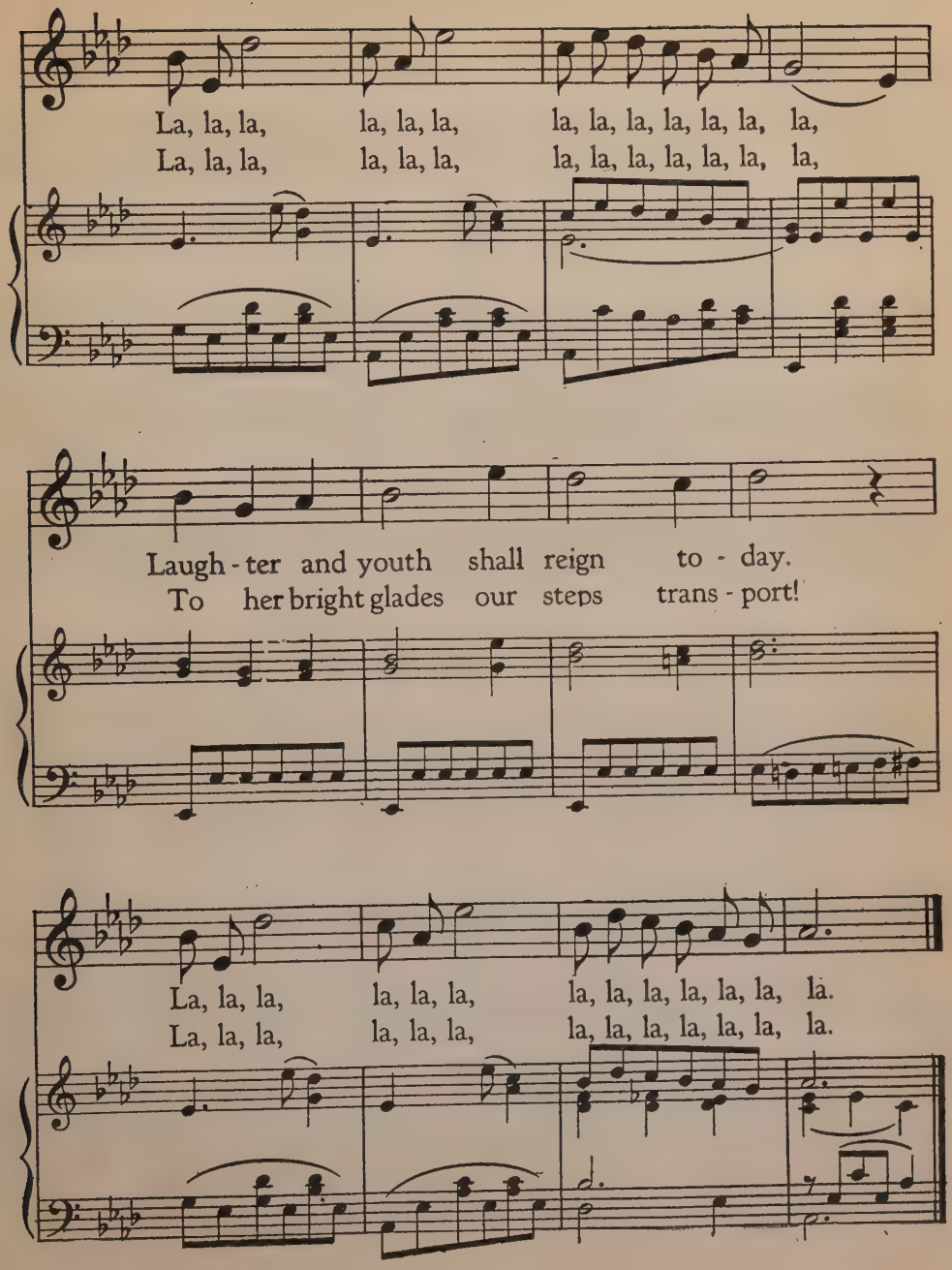
J. P. Rameau
From "Les Fêtes d'Hébé"

Minuet

1. Zeph-yr, with thee would we stray, Ah, Zeph - yr!
2. Thro' flow'-ry groves we would sport, Ah, Zeph - yr!

La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.
La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.

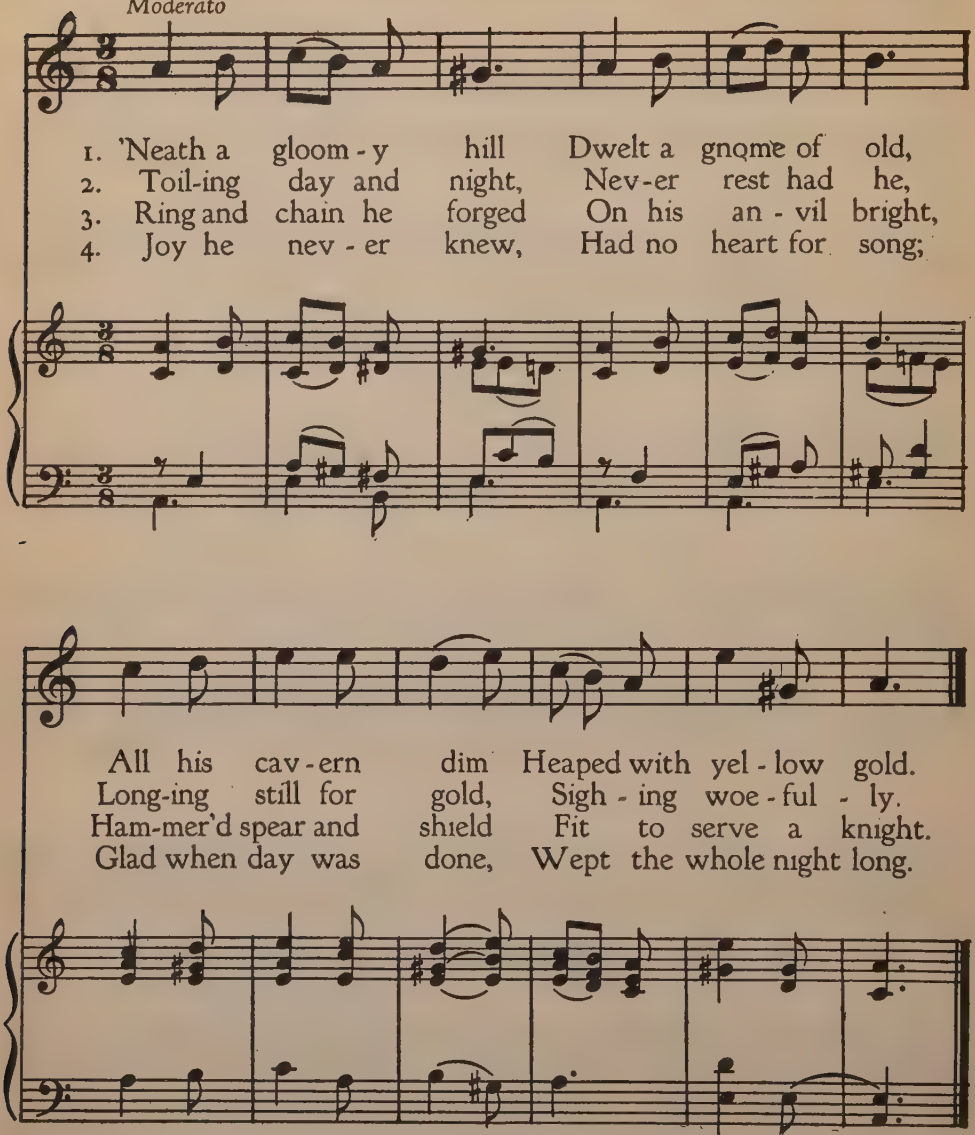
On thy light wing, a - way, a - way.
Bear us where Flo - ra holds her court,


La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,
La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,
Laugh - ter and youth shall reign to - day.
To her bright glades our steps trans - port!
La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.
La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.

THE GNOME

Adapted from the Russian — Russian Folk Song

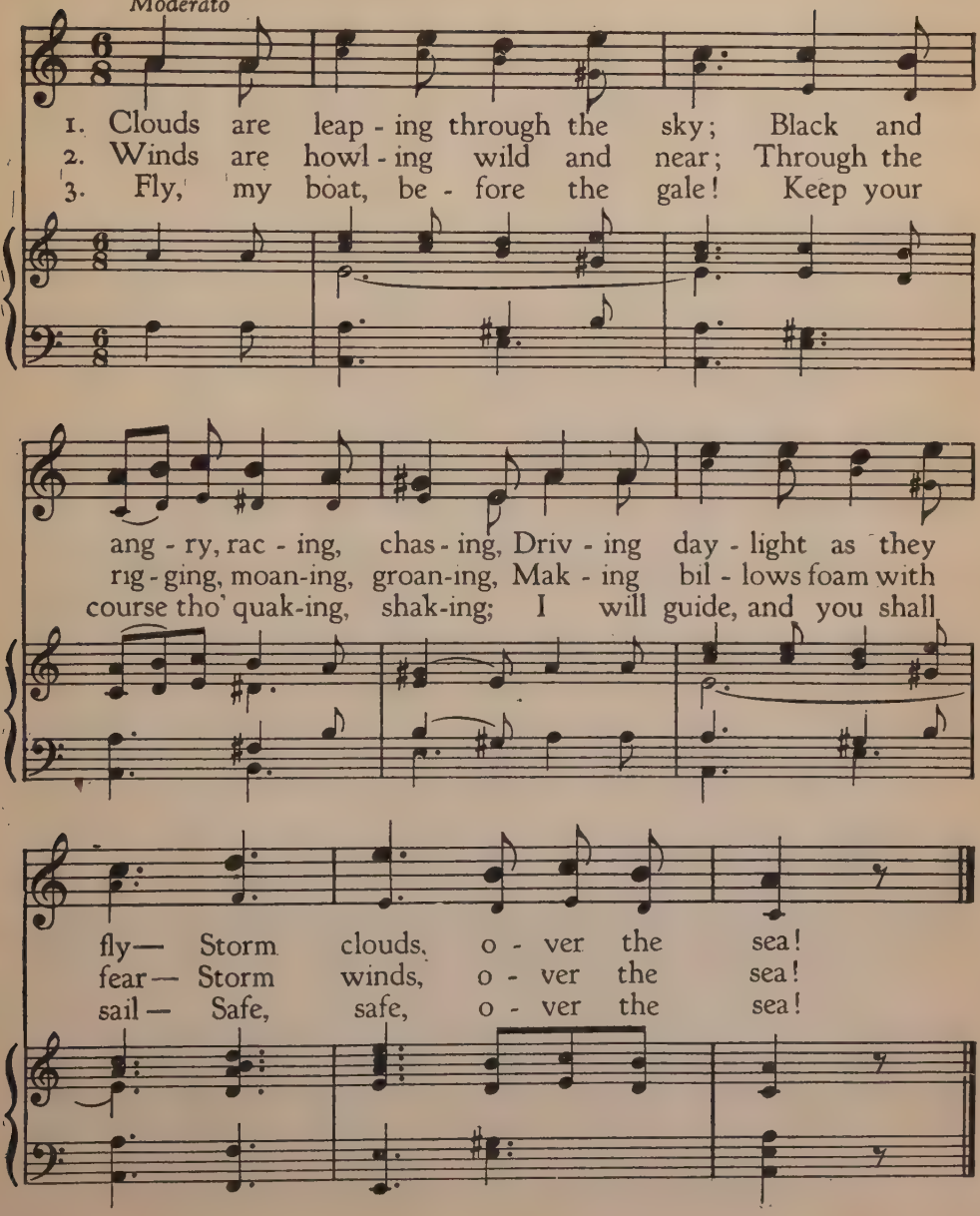
Moderato



Translated from the French

French Tune

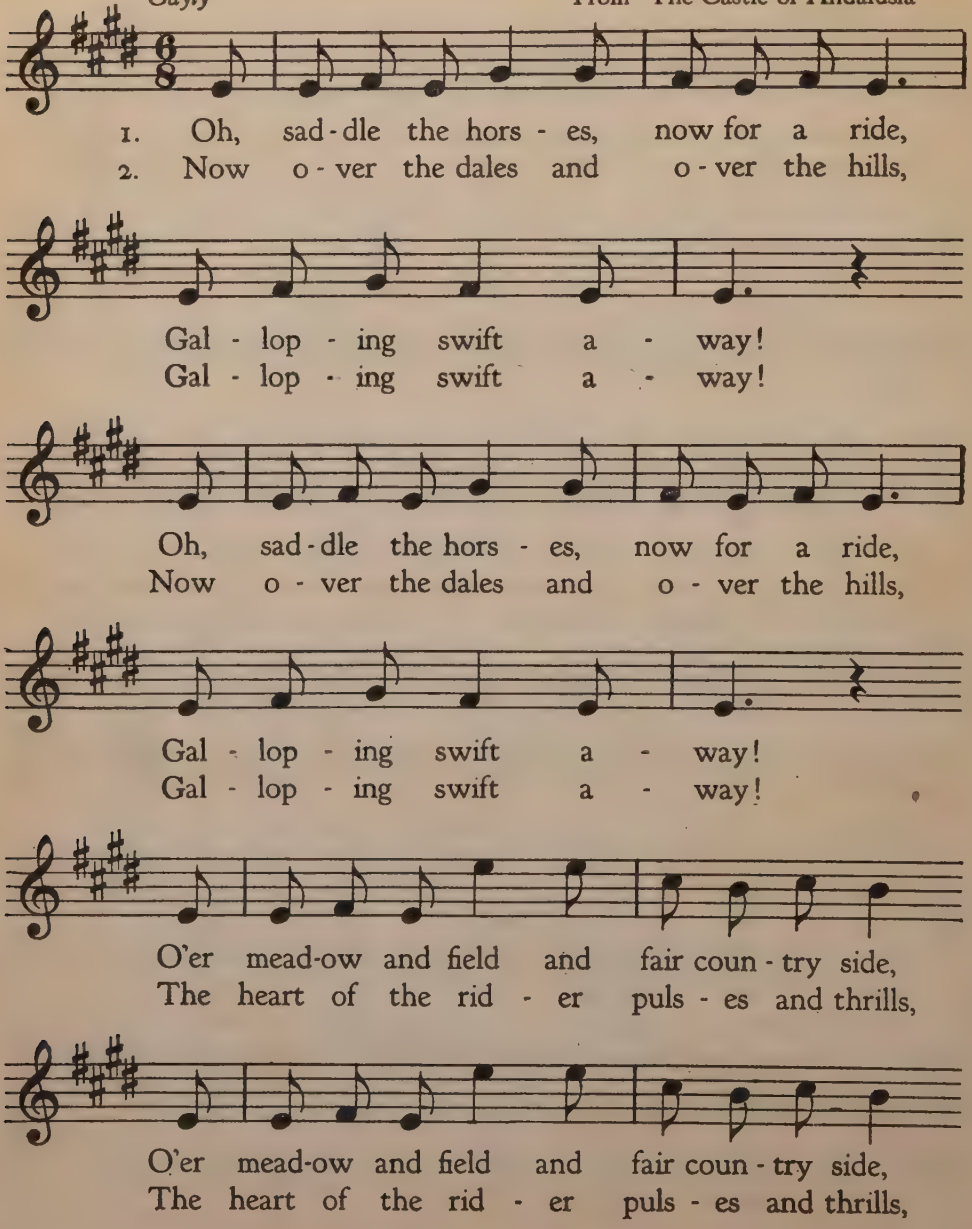
Moderato

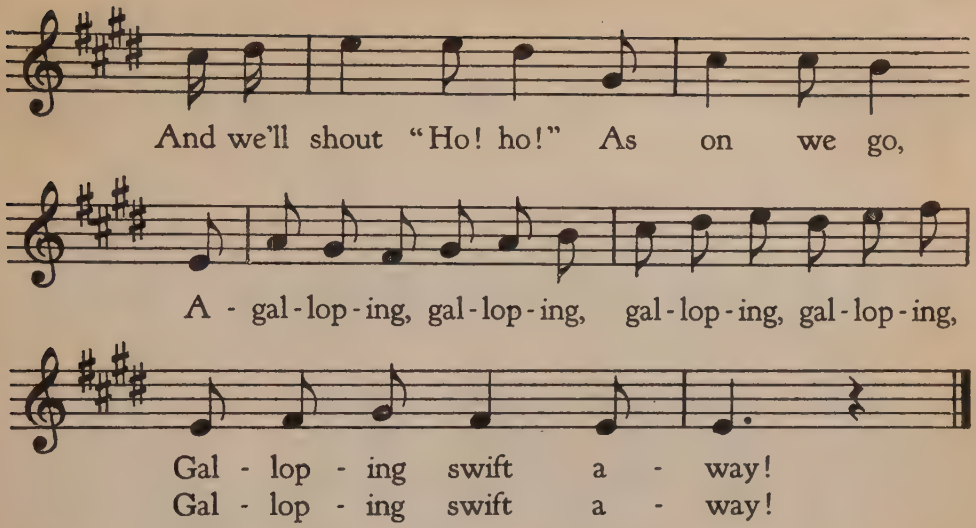


THE HORSEBACK RIDE

Adapted from the Old English
Gayly

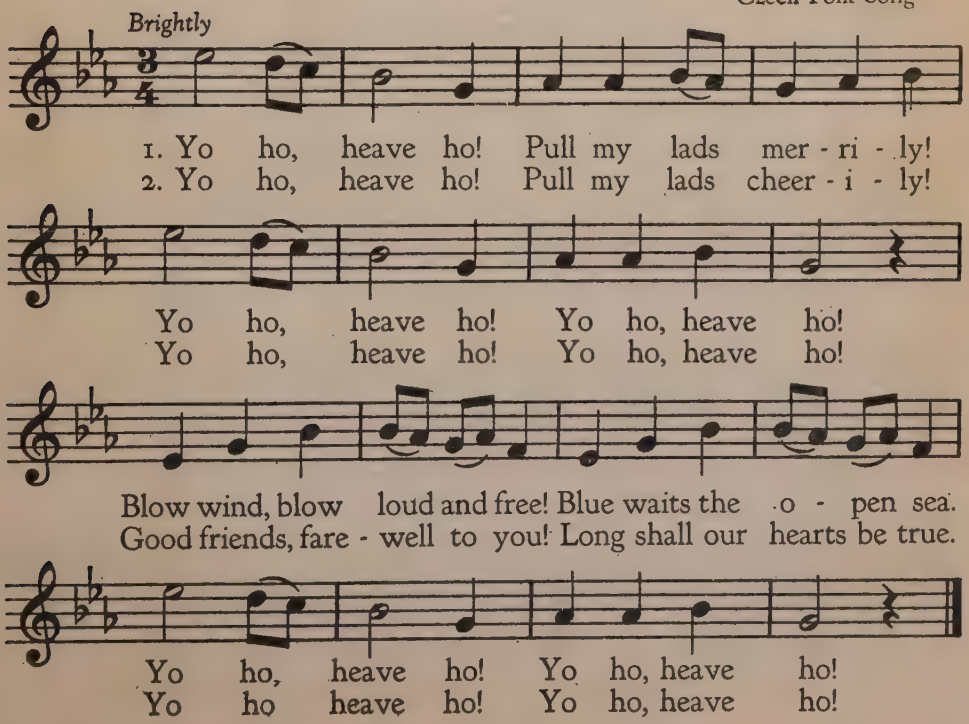
Dr. Samuel Arnold
From "The Castle of Andalusia"





SAILOR'S SONG

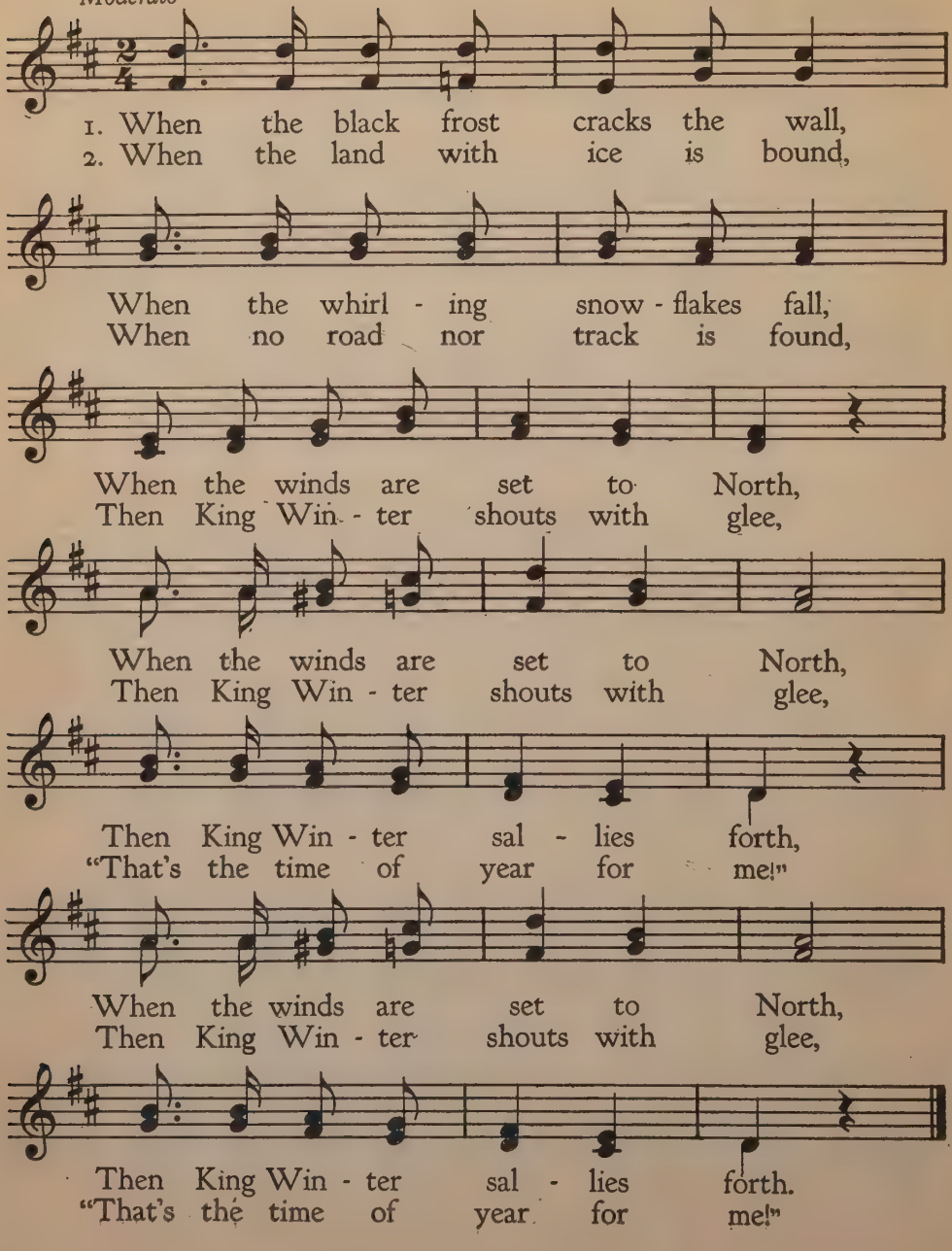
Czech Folk Song



KING WINTER

Hungarian Folk Song

Moderato

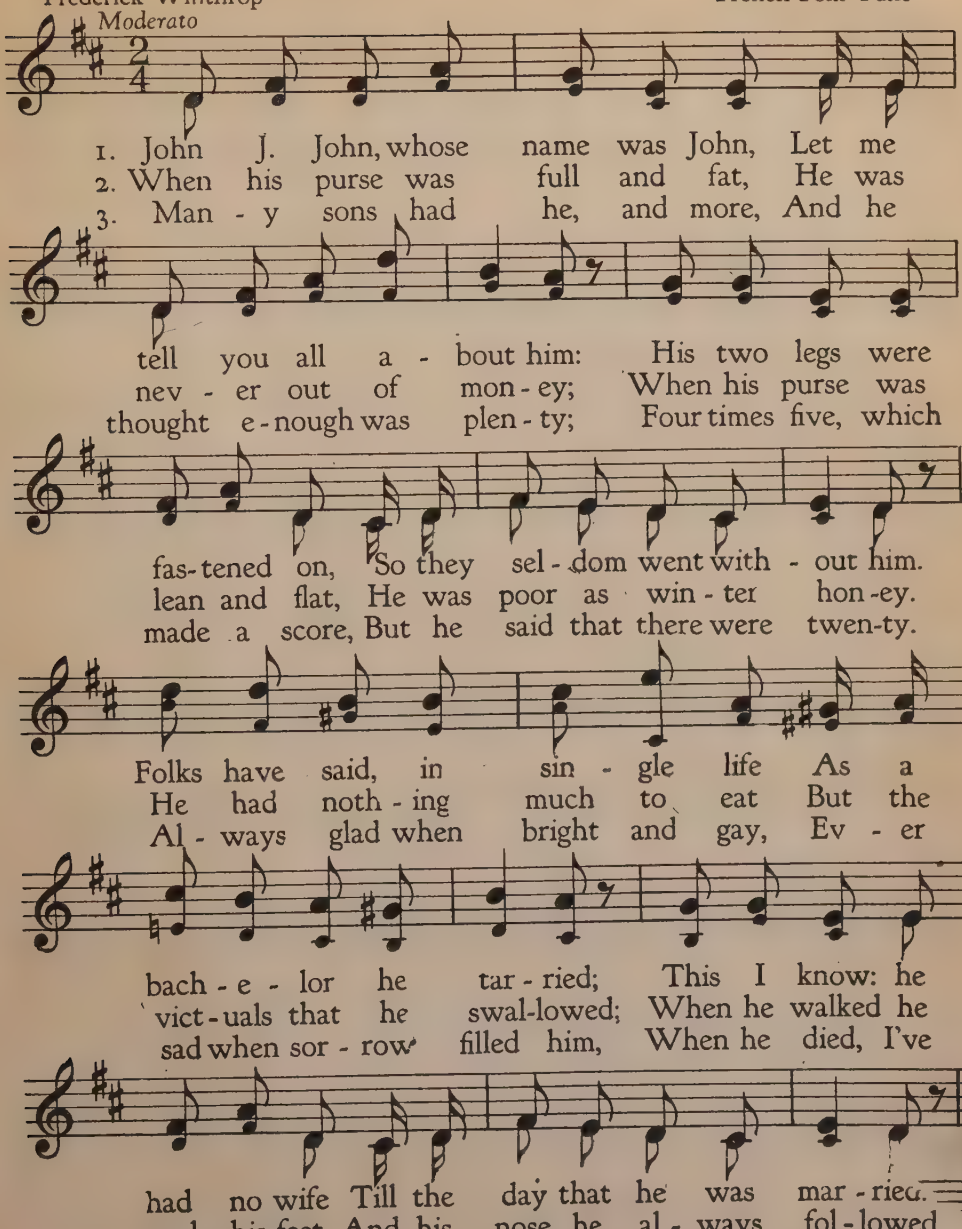


TRUE FACTS

Frederick Winthrop

French Folk Tune

Moderato

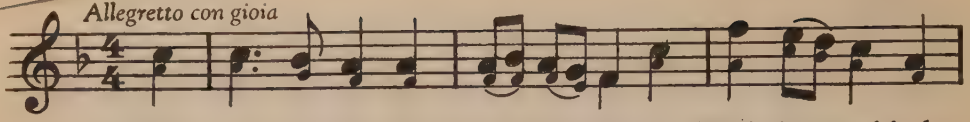


SPRING

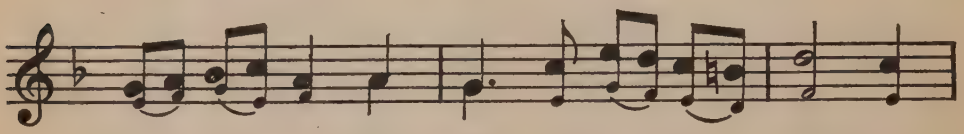
Kate Forman

Harder

Allegretto con gioia



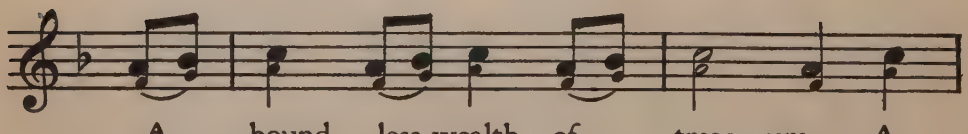
1. Come, ev - 'ry-one, to dance and sing, And tell the world the
2, The skies are blue, the sun shines clear, The birds are sing-ing



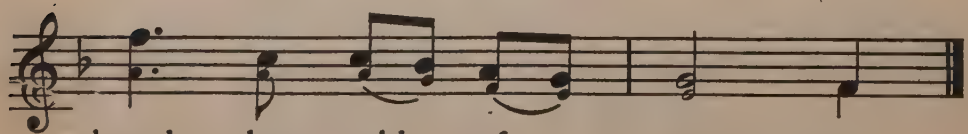
joys of spring, The time of ev - 'ry pleas - ure.
far and near, They know not rime nor rea - son,

The leaves are green, each bud - ding flow'r
Yet ev - 'ry sound com - bines to sing

Un - folds the work of Na - ture's pow'r,
The prais - es of im - mor - tal spring,

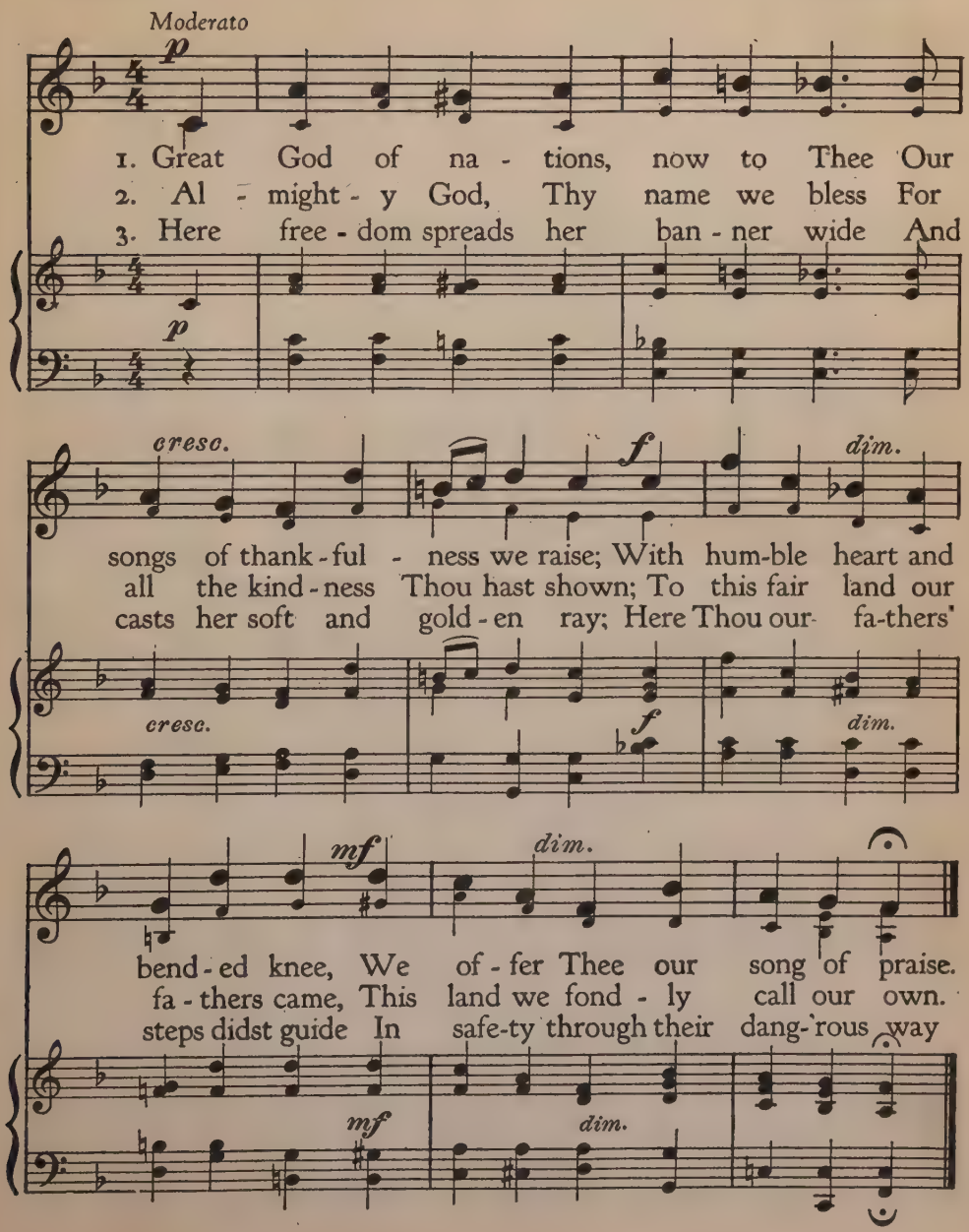


A bound - less wealth of treas - ure, A
The year's most wel - come sea - son, The



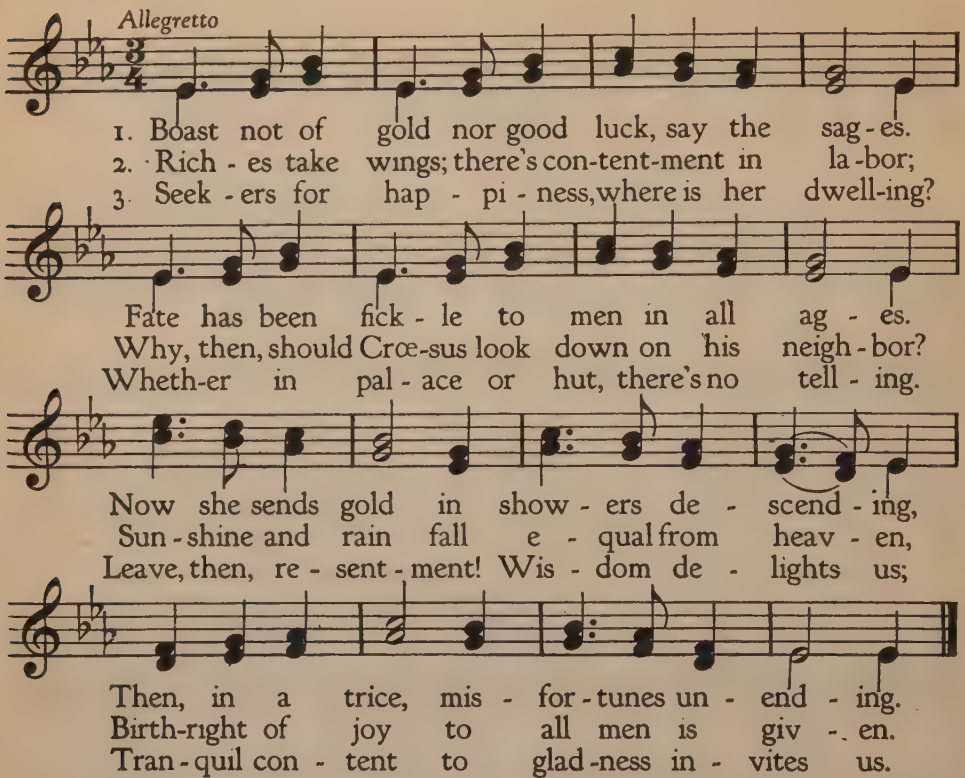
bound - less wealth of treas - ure.
year's most wel - come sea - son.

Watts Baumfelder

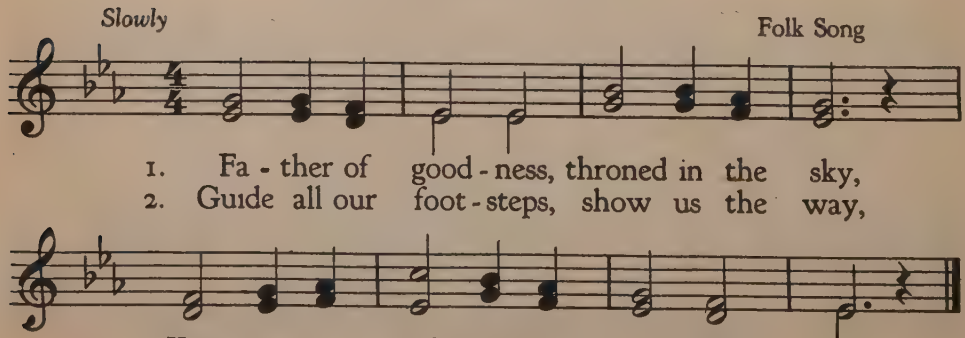


SEEKERS OF HAPPINESS

Adapted from Old English — Russian Tune



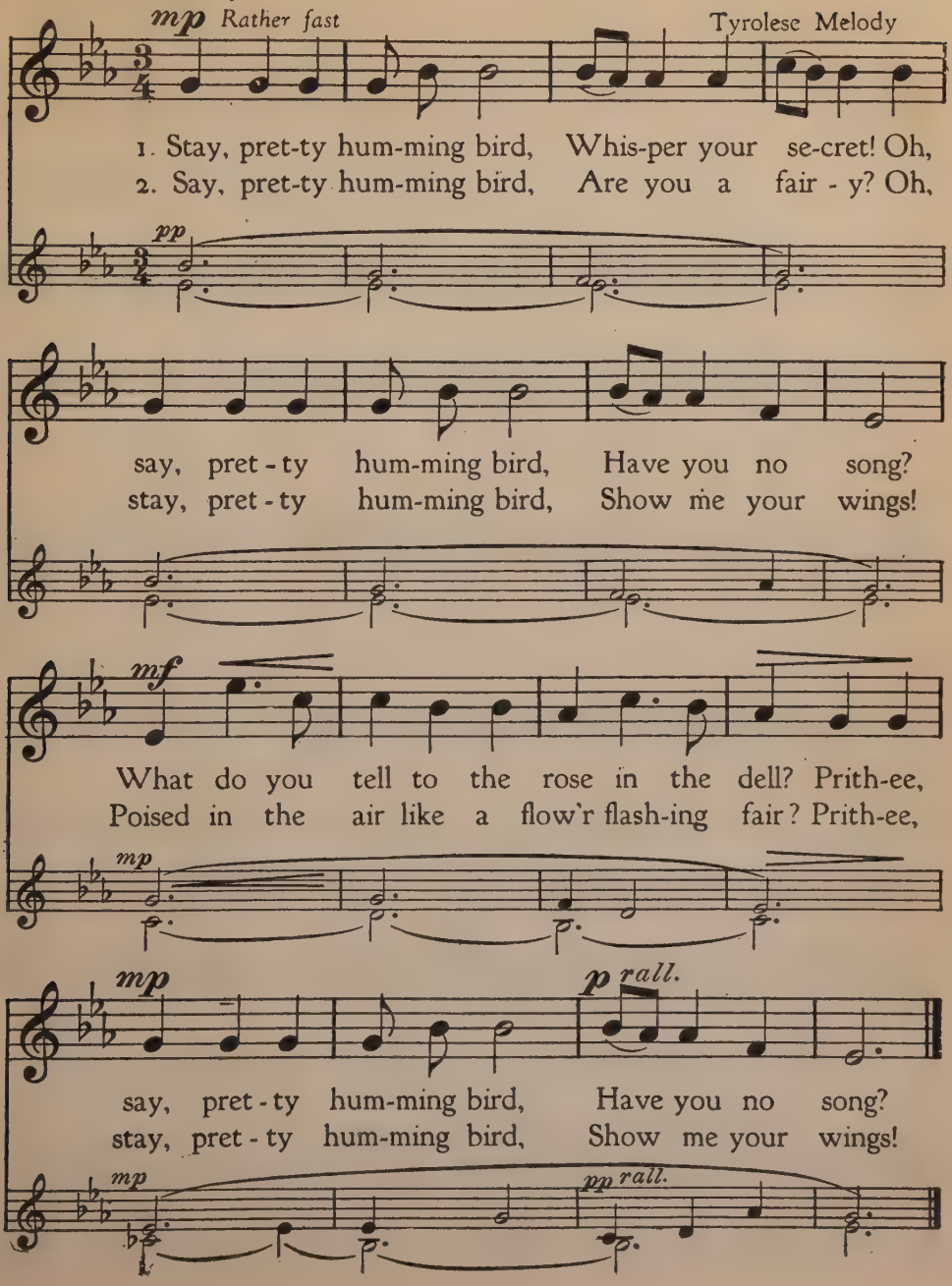
EVENING SONG



THE HUMMING BIRD

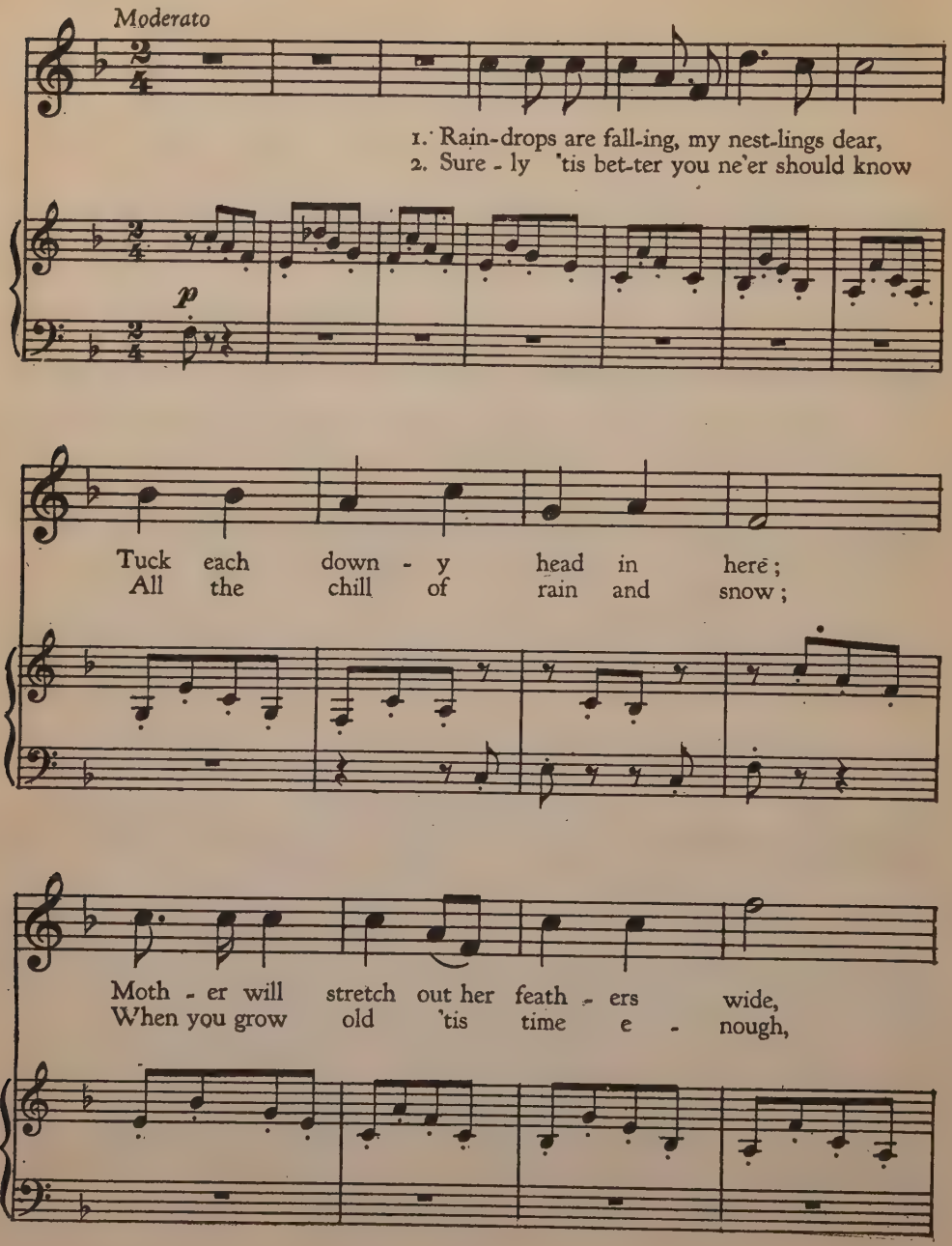
Edwin Star Belknap

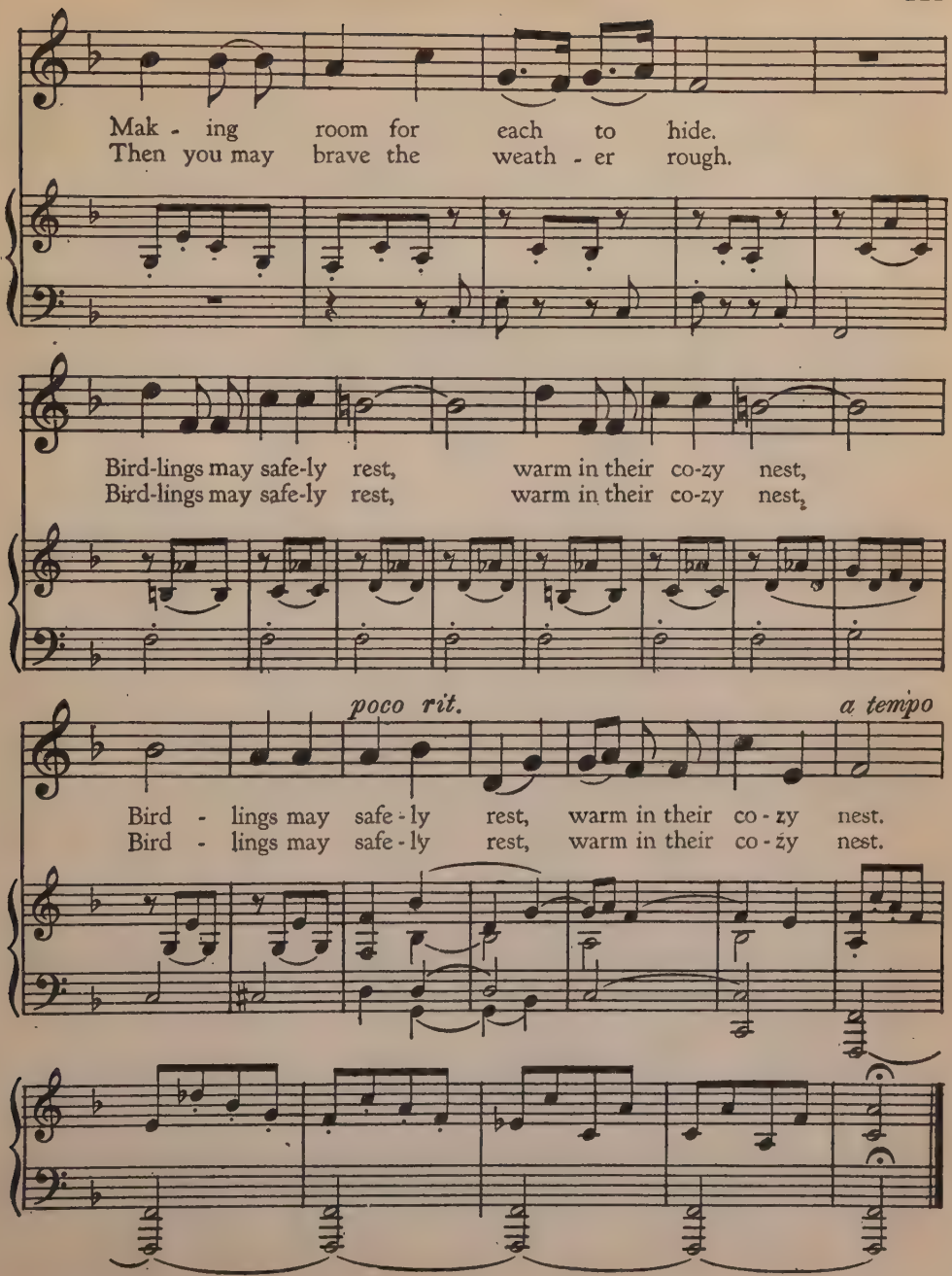
Tyrolese Melody



BIRDS IN THE RAIN

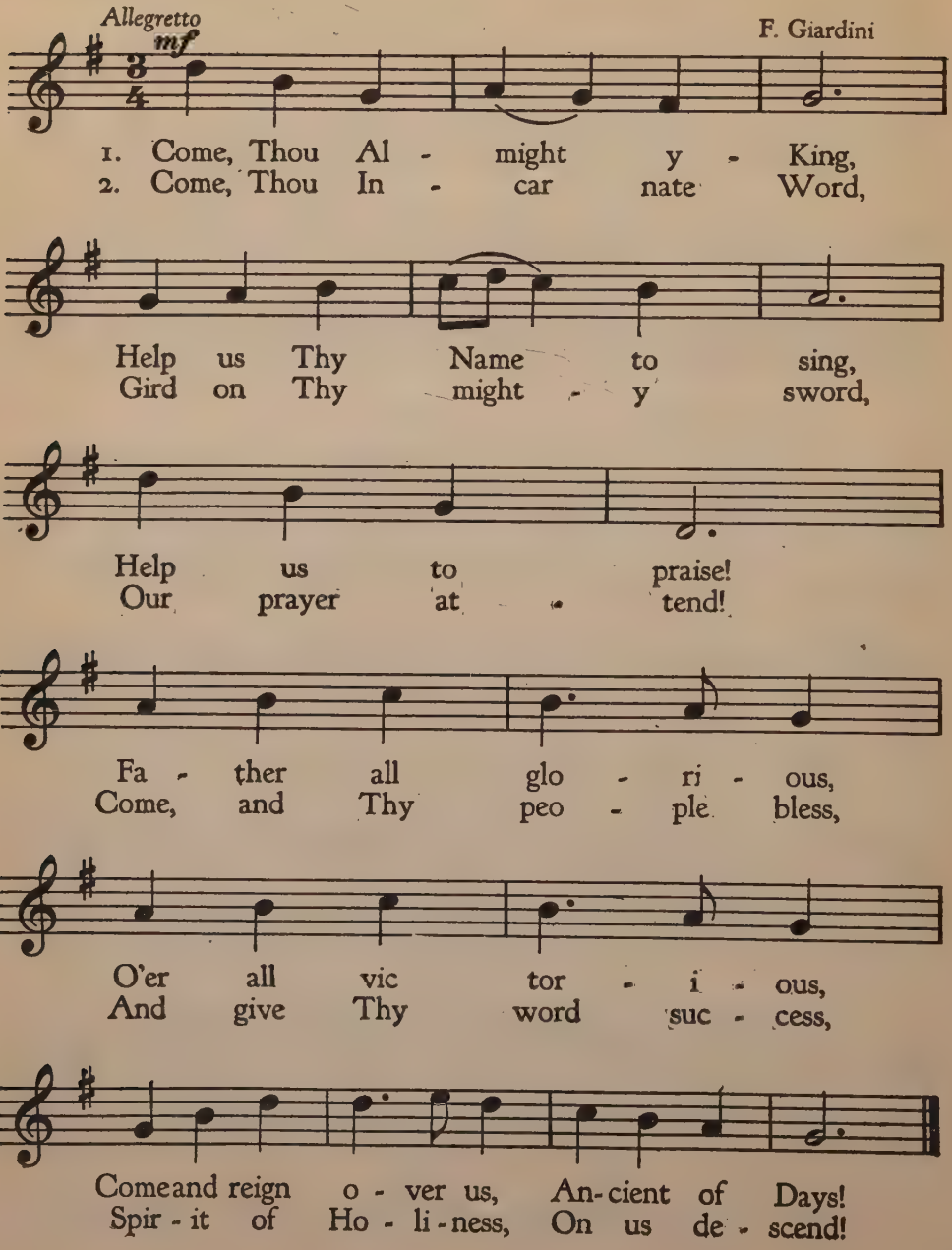
Edwin Star Belknap — W. Taubert




Mak - ing room for each to hide.
Then you may brave the weath - er rough.
Bird-lings may safe-ly rest, warm in their co-zy nest,
Bird-lings may safe-ly rest, warm in their co-zy nest.
poco rit.
a tempo
Bird - lings may safe - ly rest, warm in their co - zy nest.
Bird - lings may safe - ly rest, warm in their co - zy nest.

COME, THOU ALMIGHTY KING

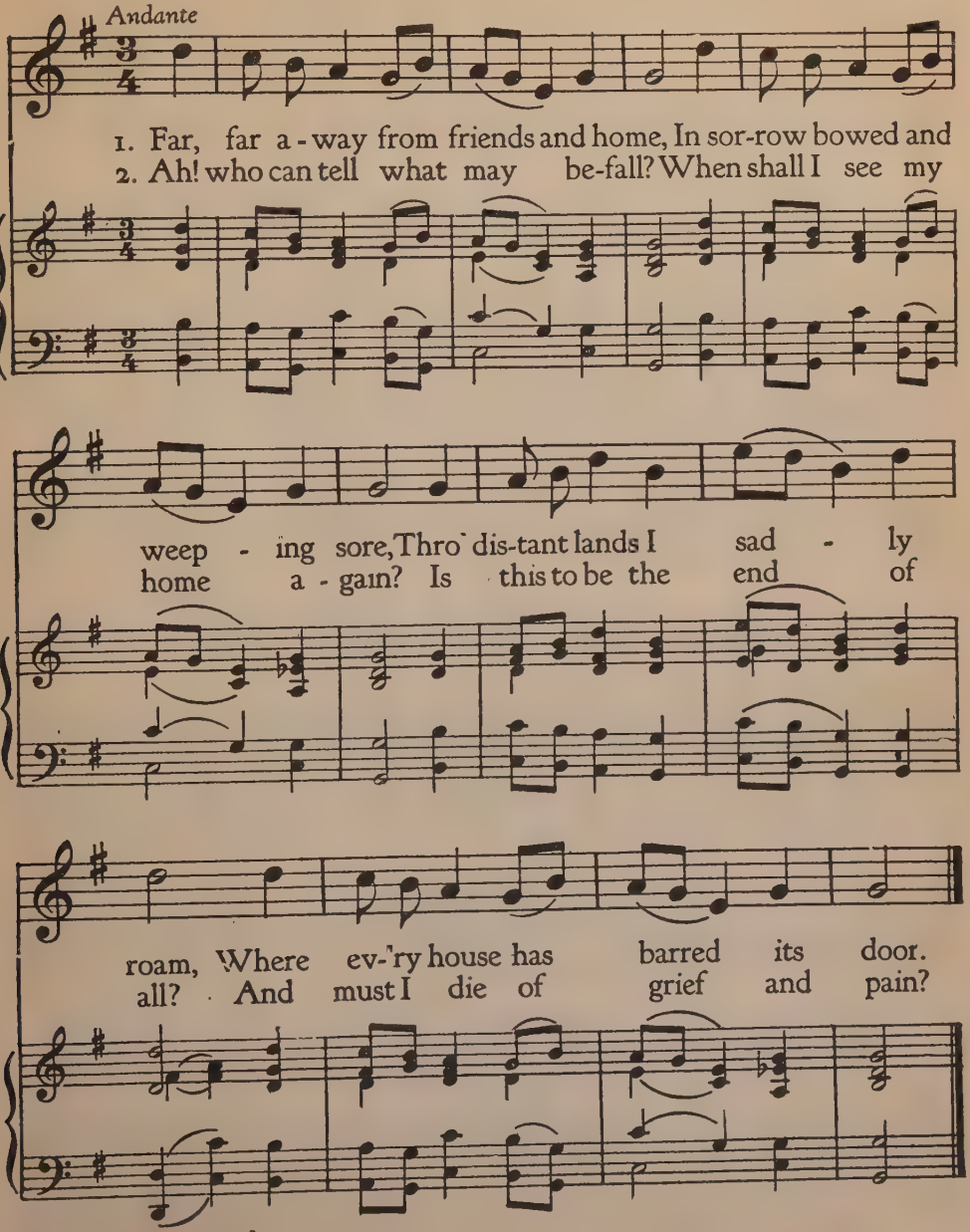
Charles Wesley



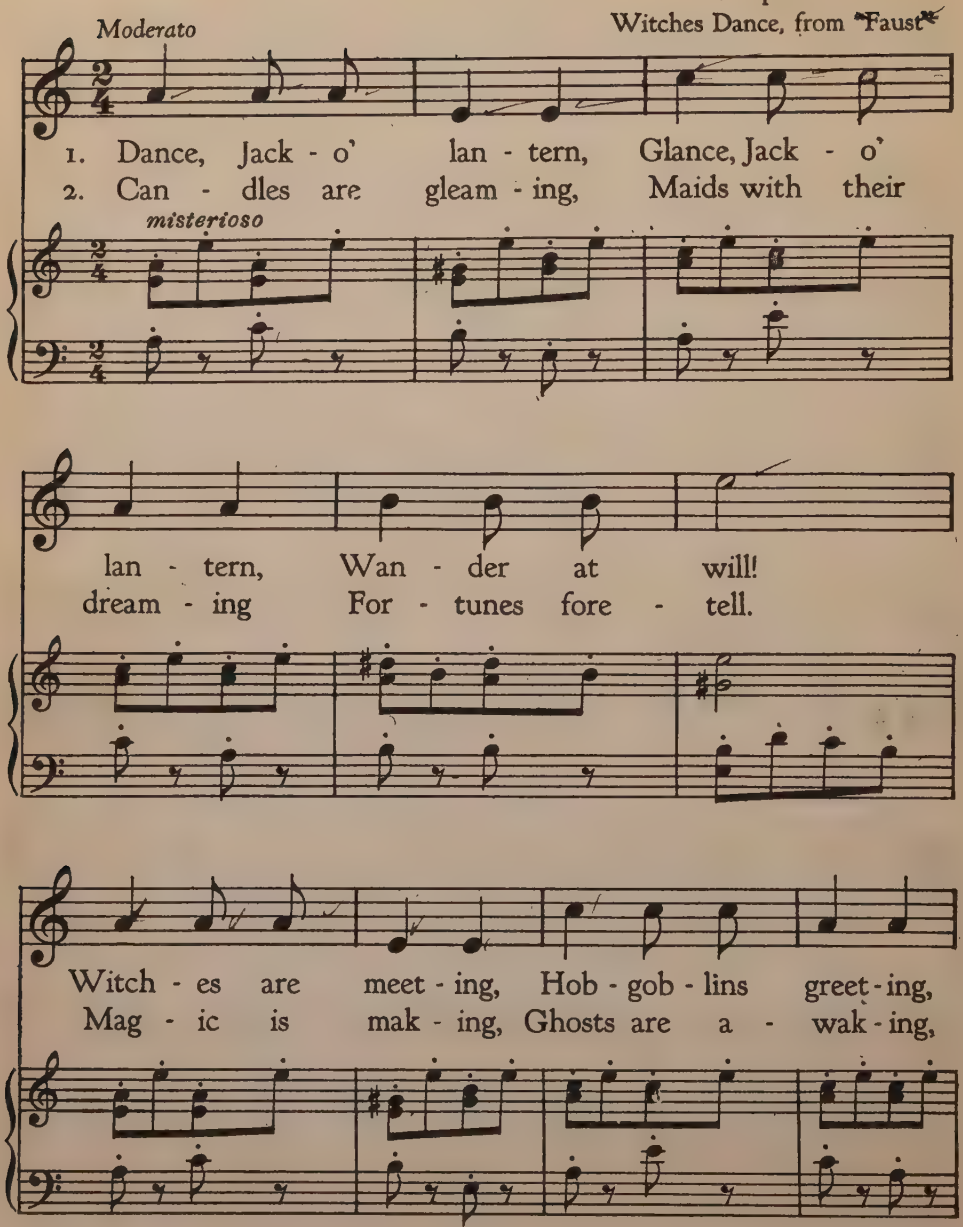
SONG OF THE EXILE

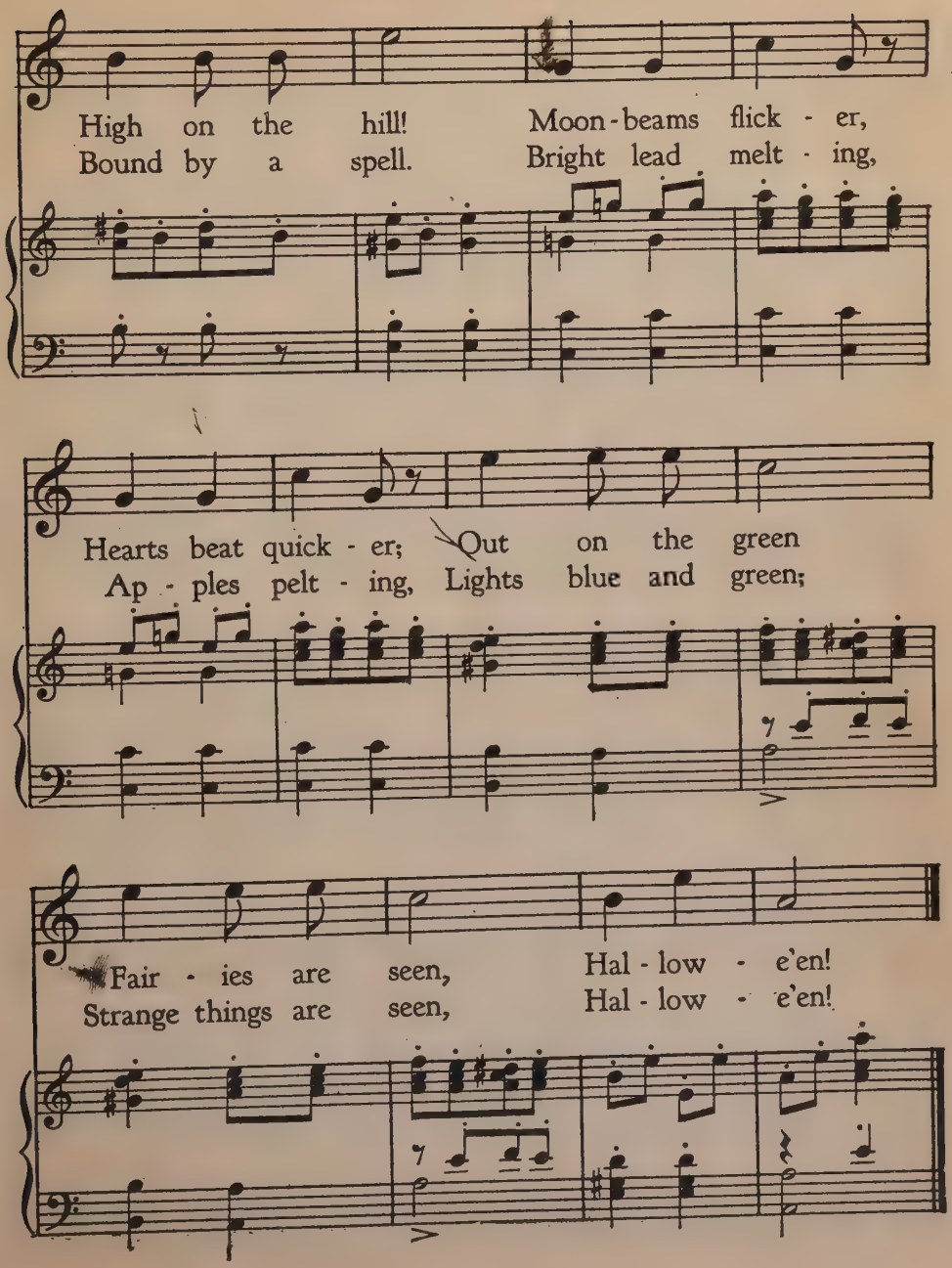
Adapted from O'Connor's Lament — Old Irish Folk Song

Andante



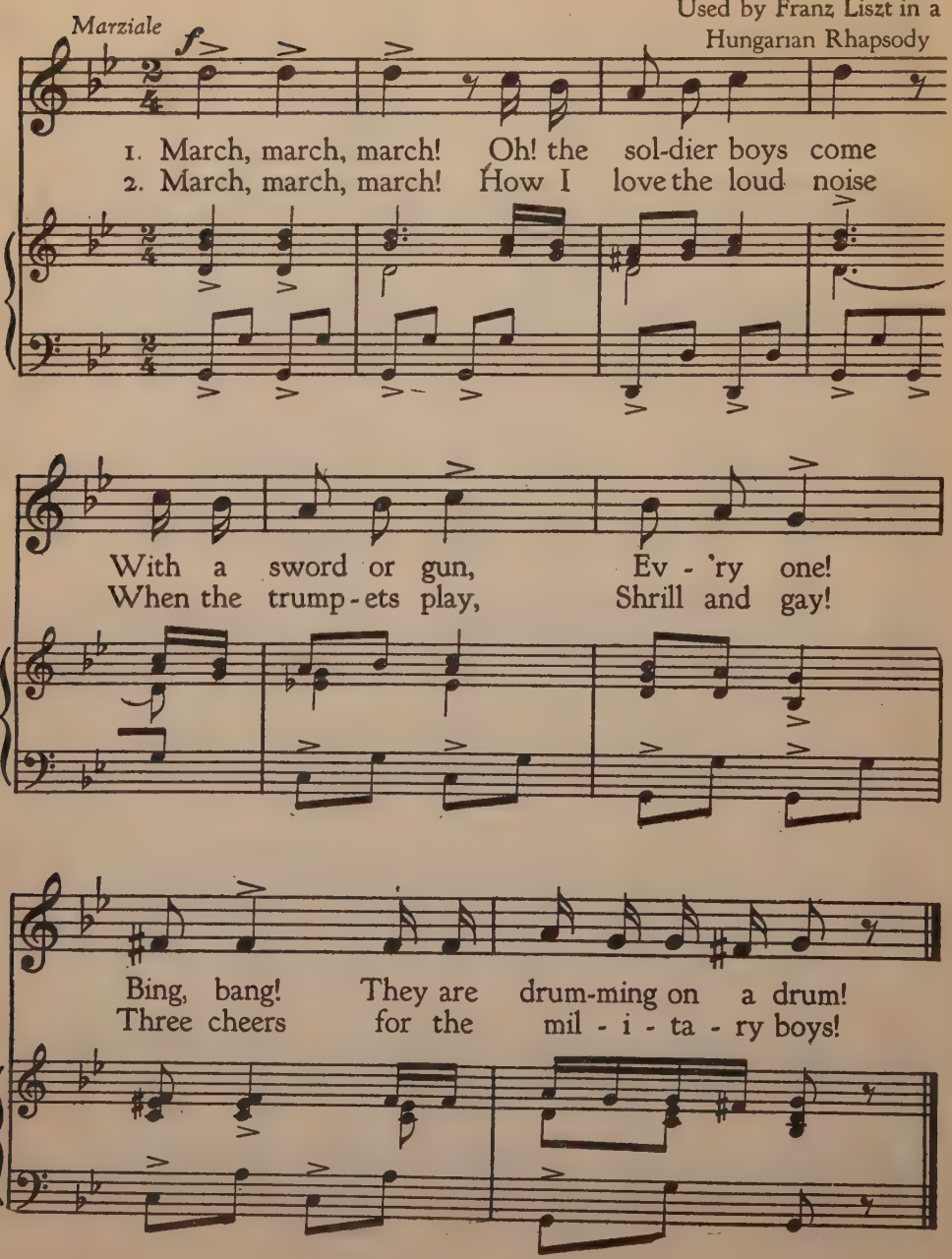
L. Spohr
Witches Dance, from "Faust"




High on the hill! Moon-beams flick - er,
Bound by a spell. Bright lead melt - ing,
Hearts beat quick - er; Out on the green
Ap - ples pelt - ing, Lights blue and green;
Fair - ies are seen, Hal - low - e'en!
Strange things are seen, Hal - low - e'en!

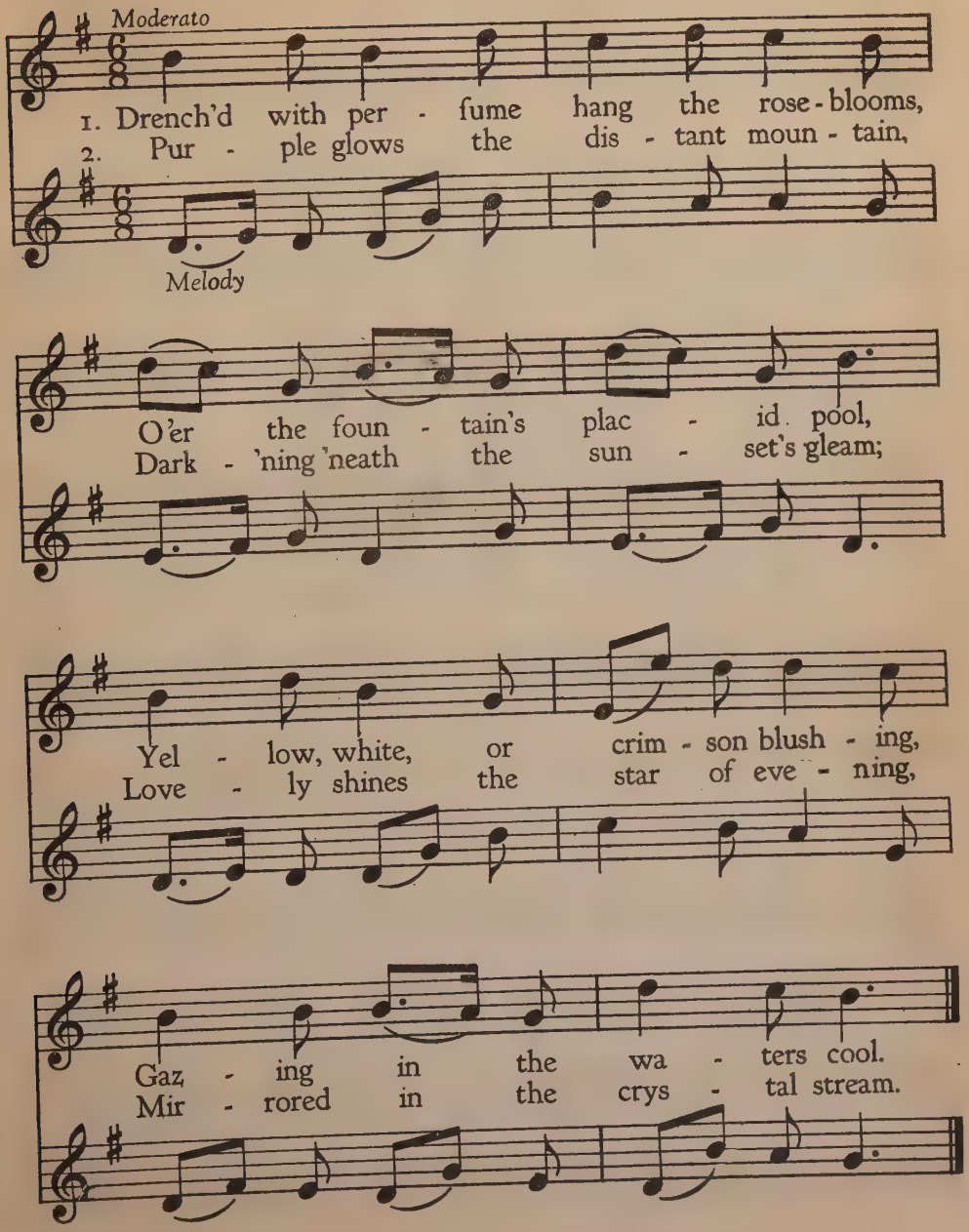
MARCH, MARCH, MARCH

Hungarian Air
Used by Franz Liszt in a
Hungarian Rhapsody



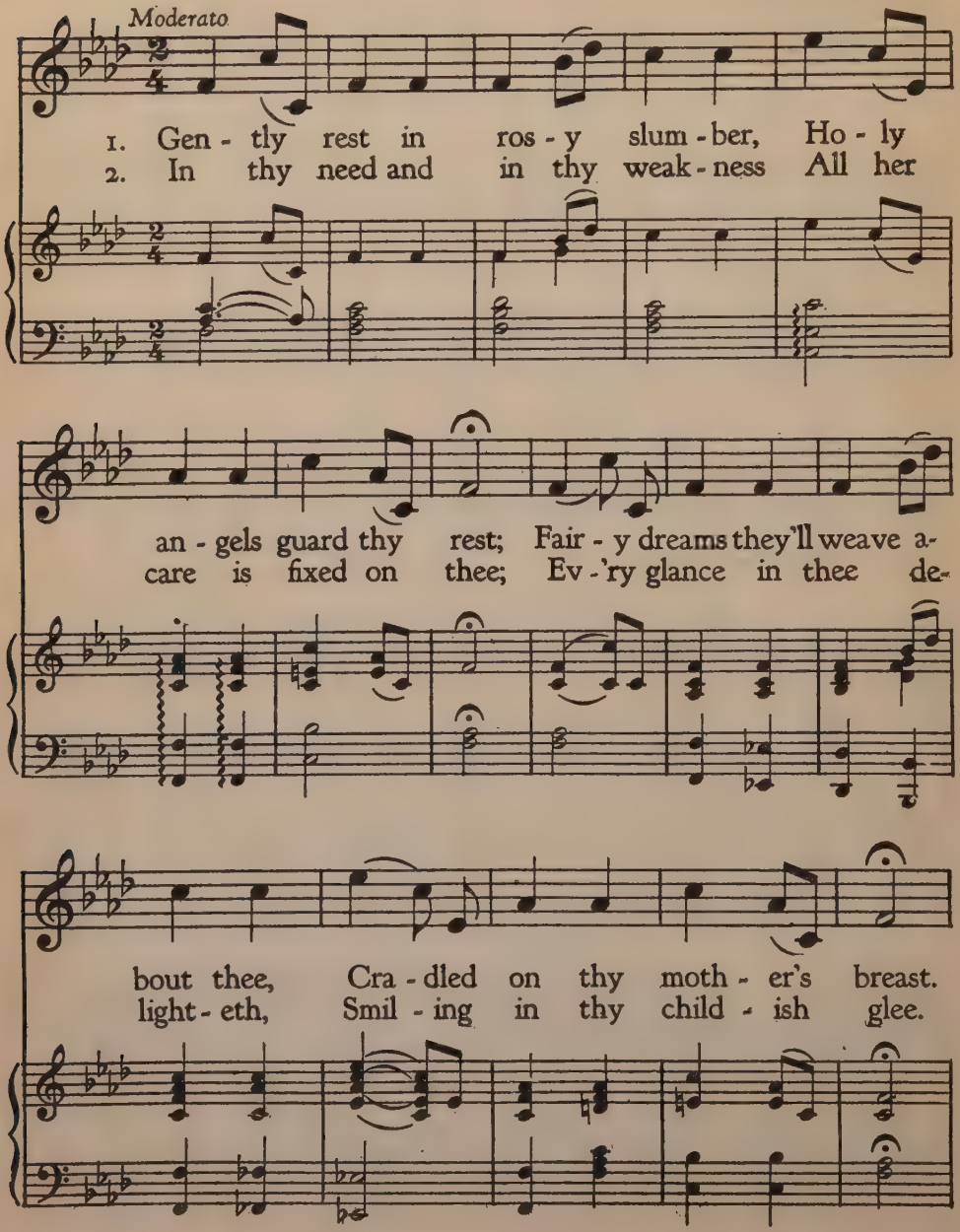
REFLECTIONS

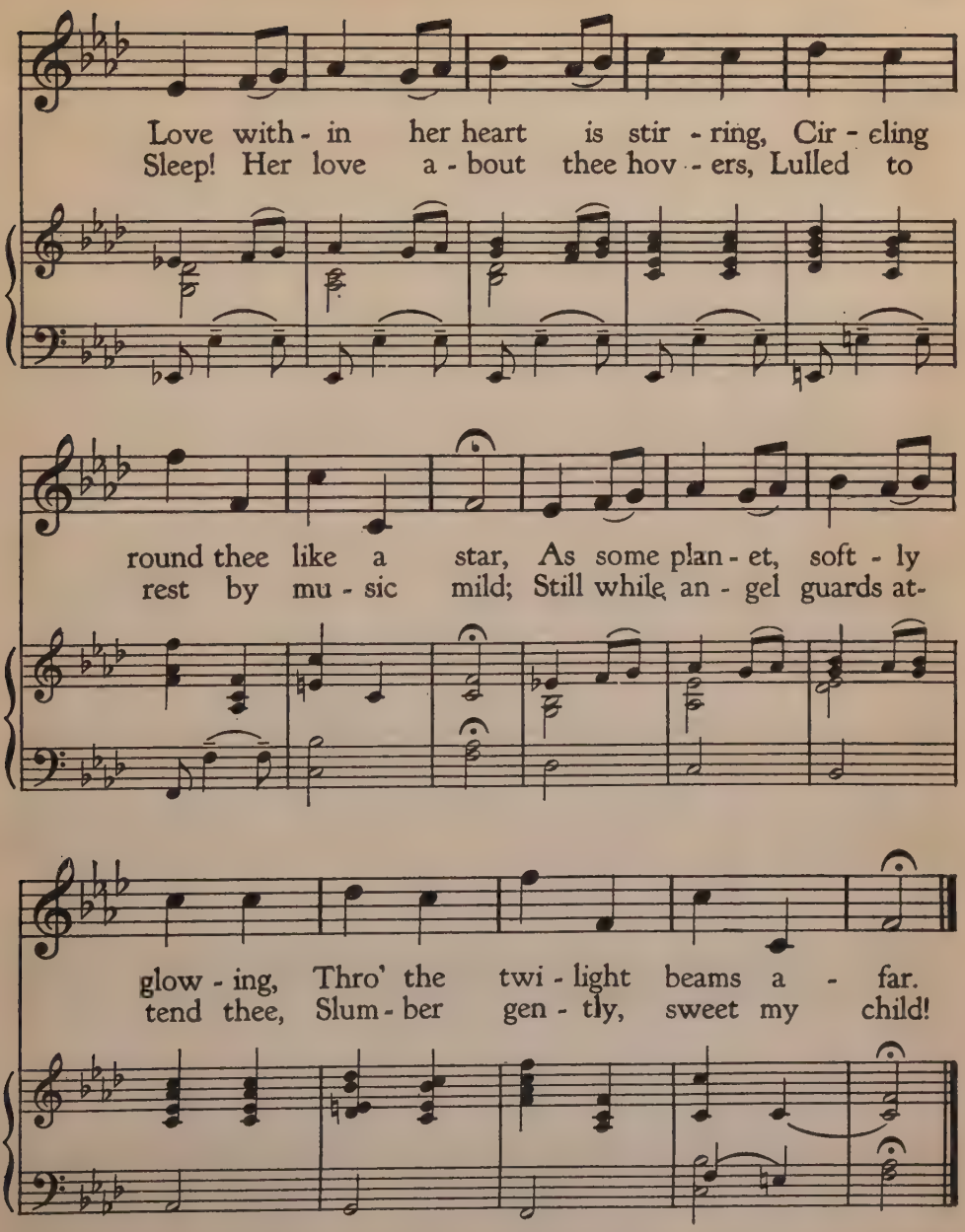
W. W. Gilchrist



CRADLE SONG

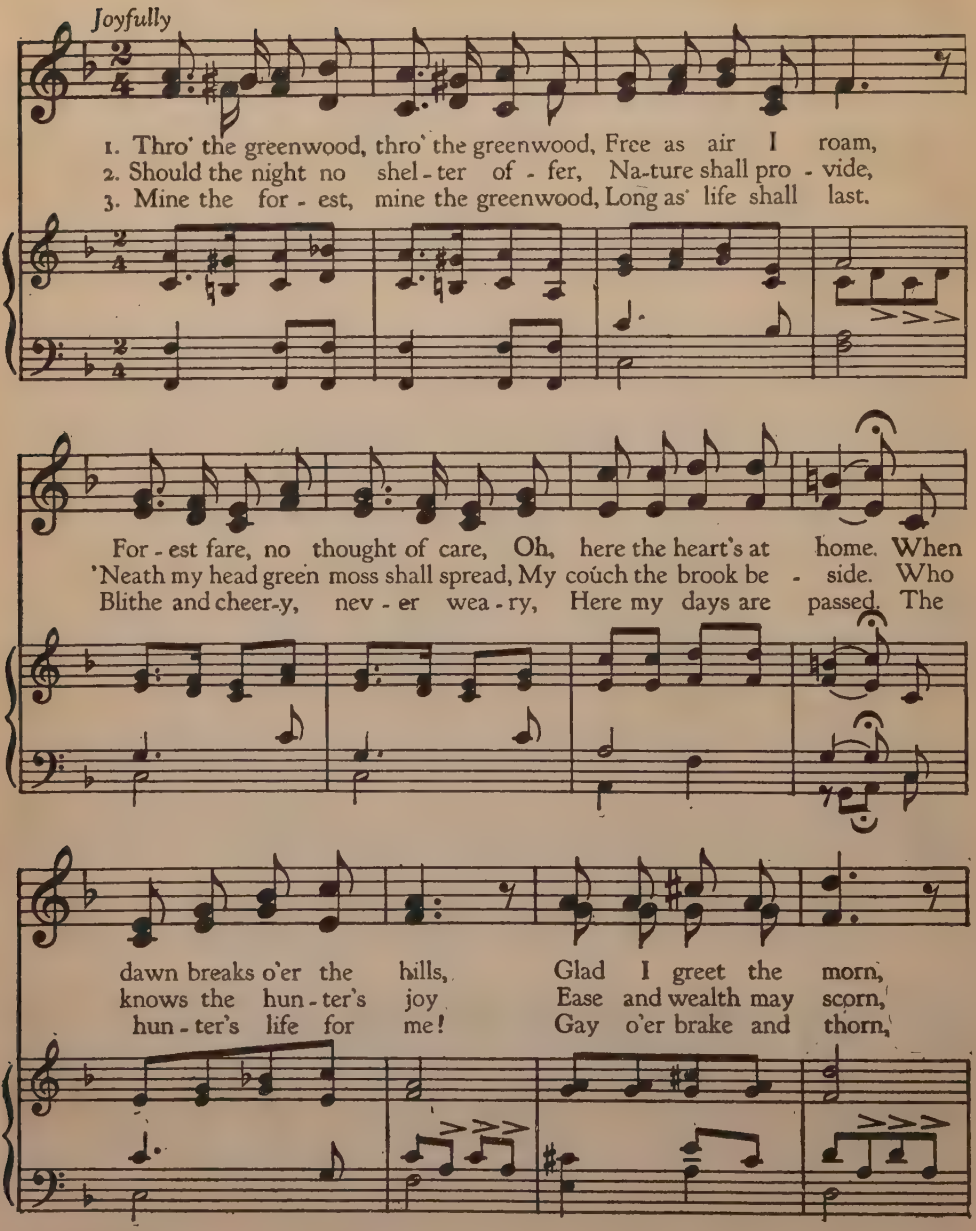
Cecil Cowdrey — Swedish Folk Song

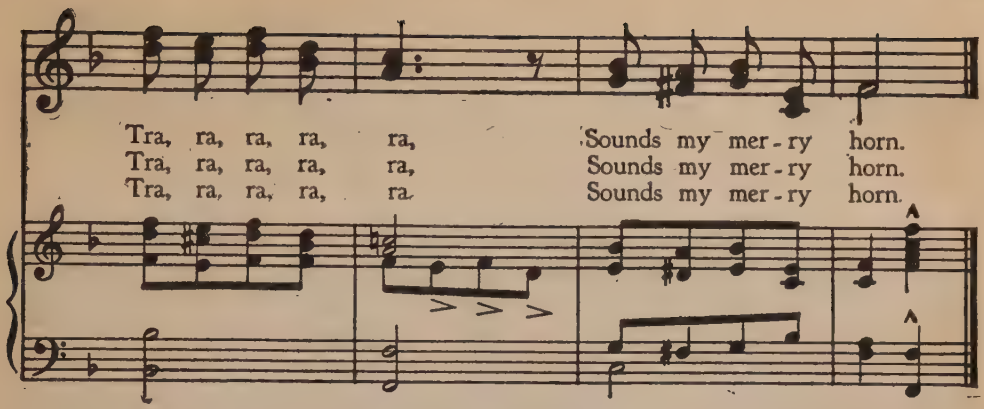



Love with - in her heart is stir - ring, Cir - cling
round thee like a star, As some plan - et, soft - ly
glow - ing, Thro' the twi - light beams a - far.
Sleep! Her love a - bout thee hov - ers, Lulled to
rest by mu - sic mild; Still while an - gel guards at-
tend thee, Slum - ber gen - tly, sweet my child!

THROUGH THE GREENWOOD

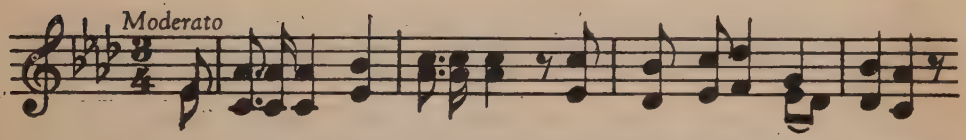
German Folk Song

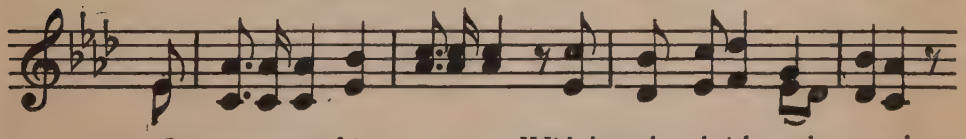


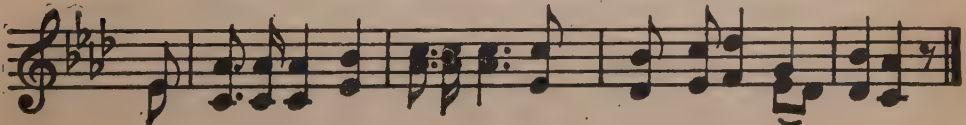


THE EVERGREEN

German Folk Tune

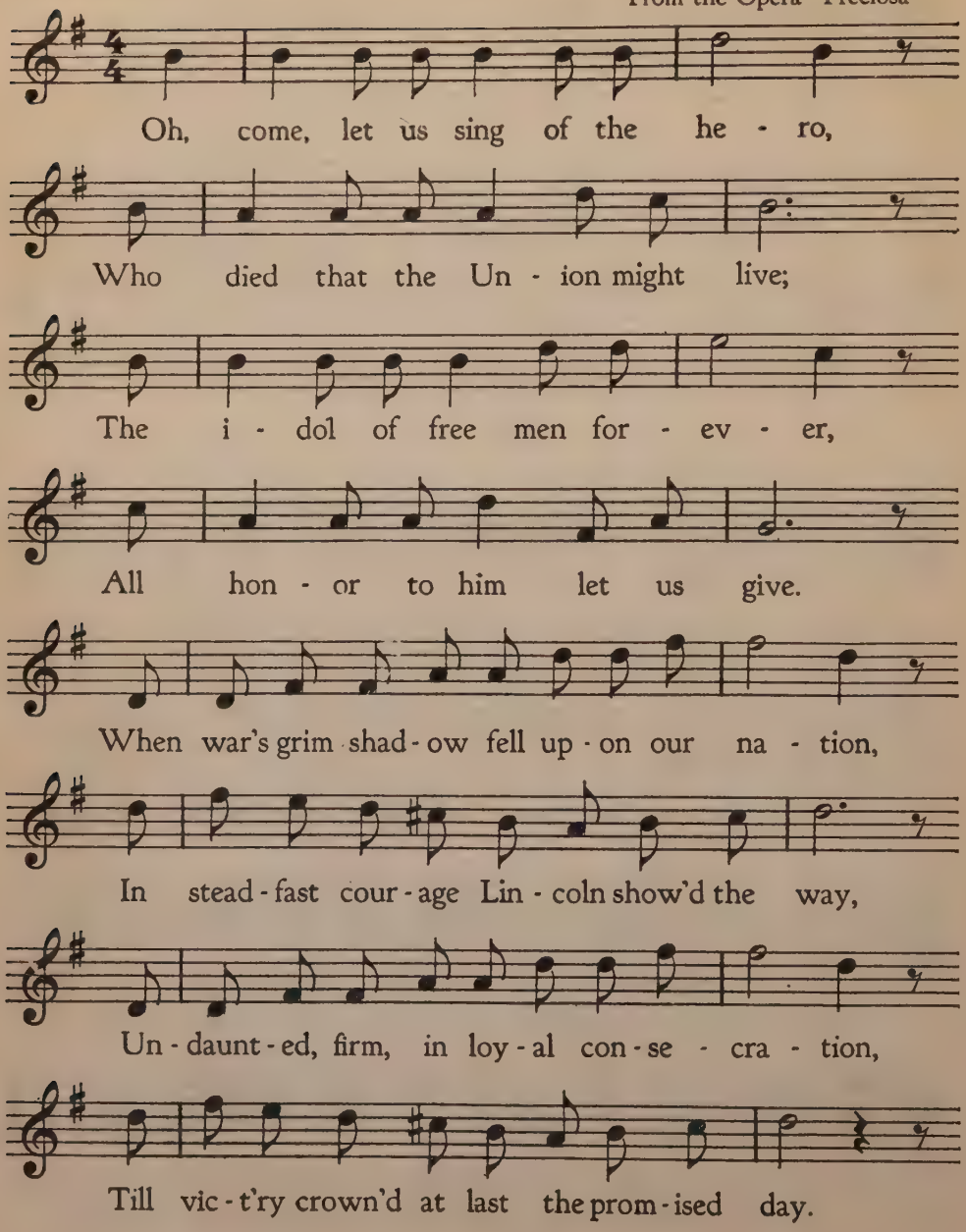


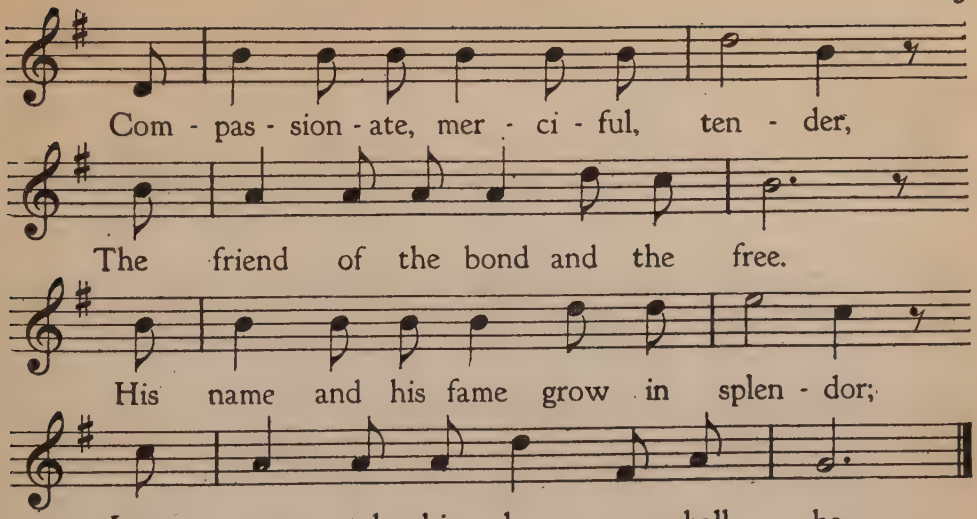




LINCOLN

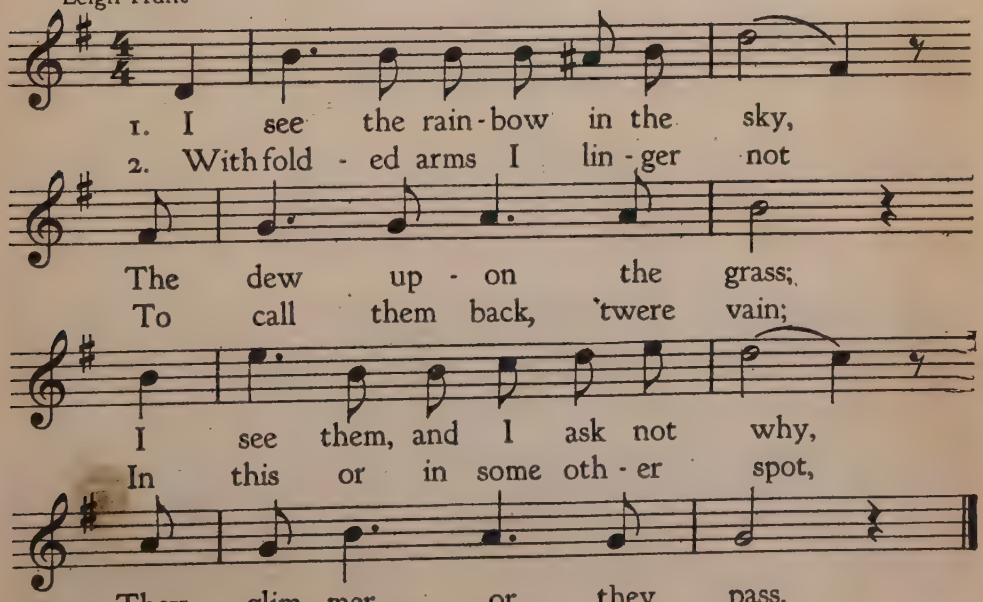
Carl Maria von Weber
From the Opera "Preciosa"





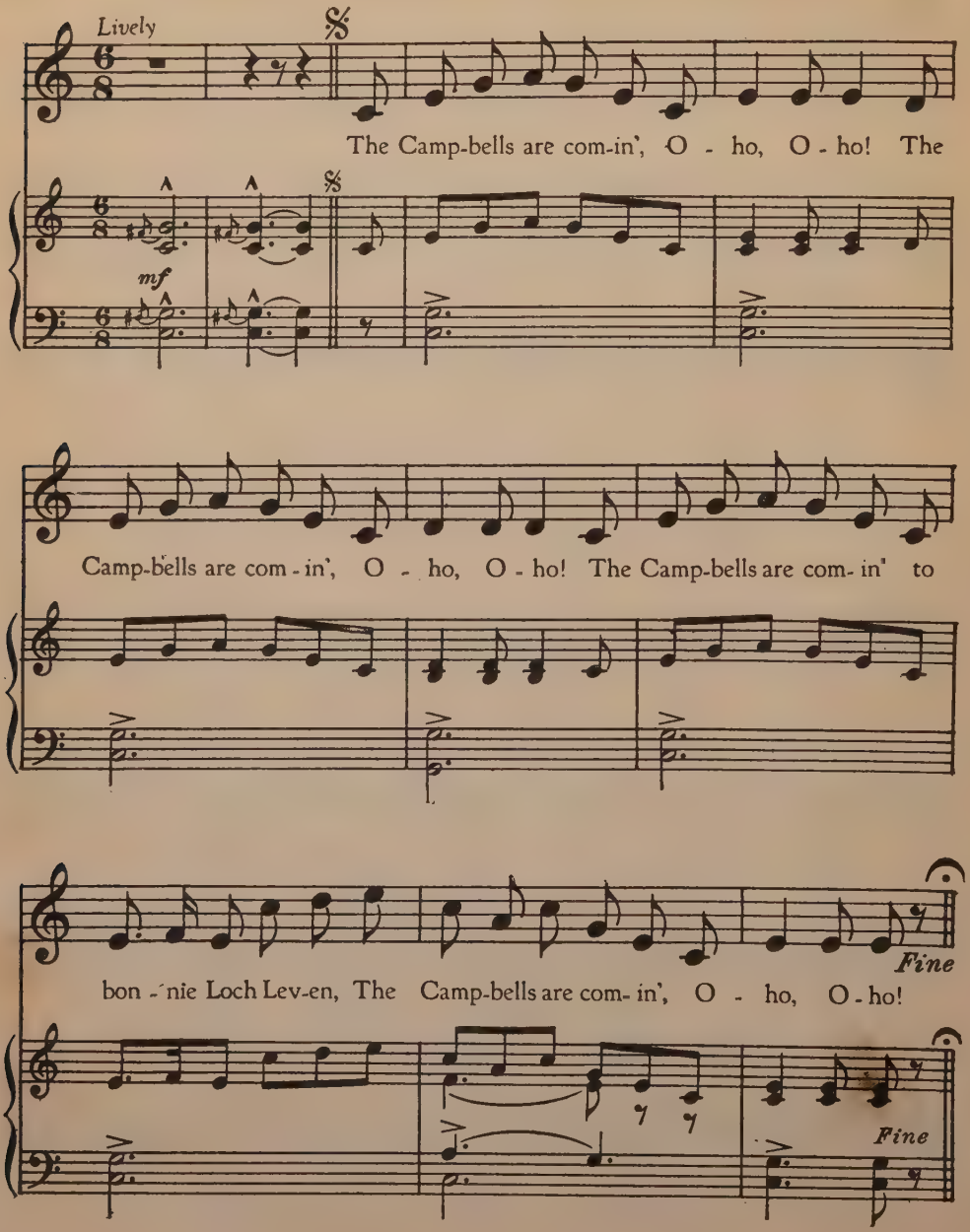
I SEE THE RAINBOW IN THE SKY

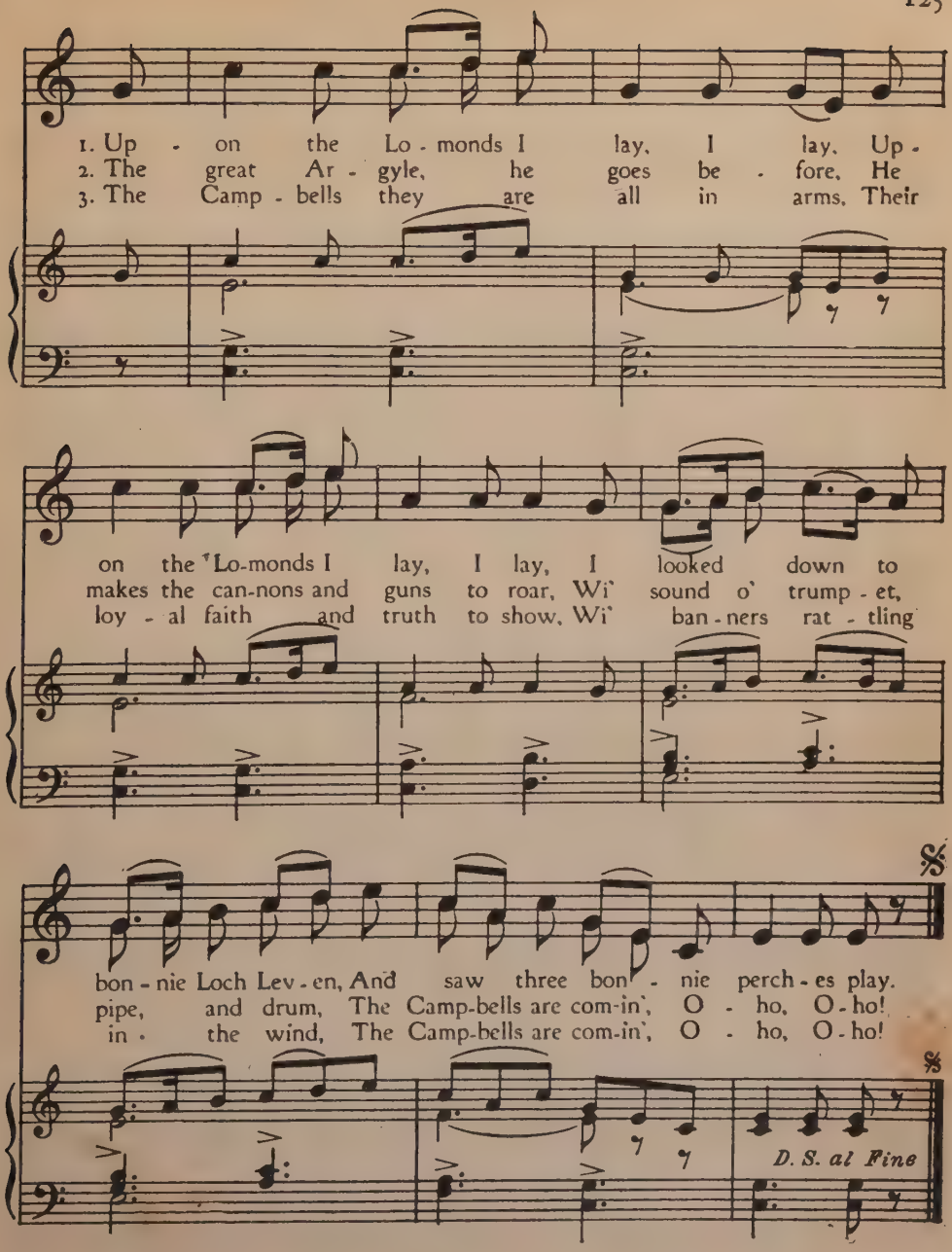
Leigh Hunt



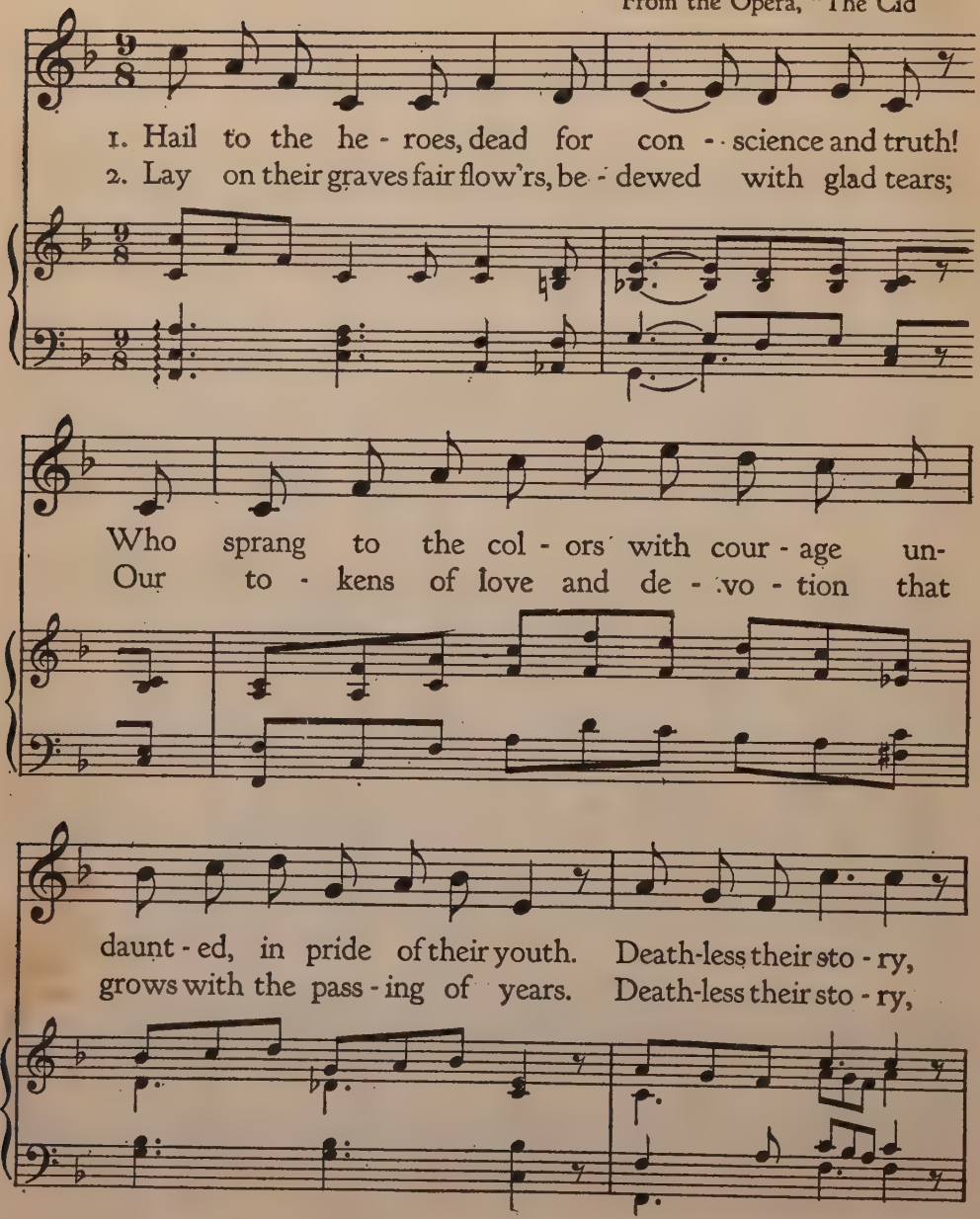
THE CAMPBELLS ARE COMIN'

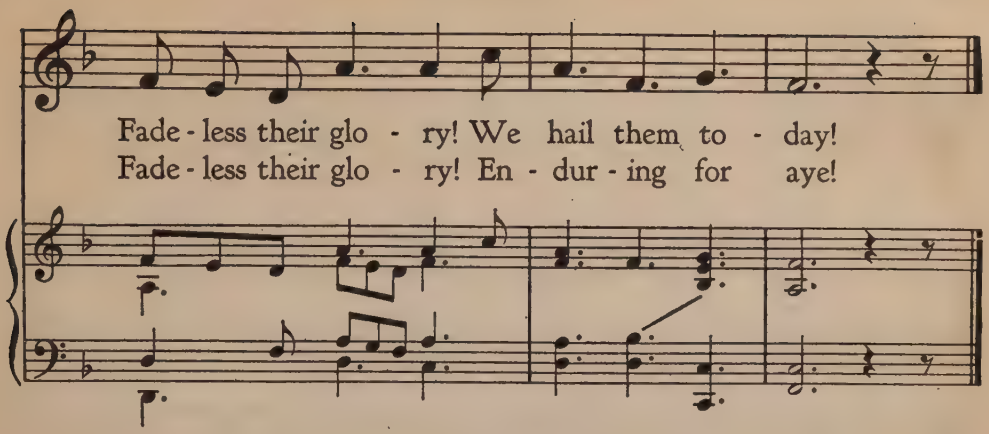
Verses written in 1715 — Old Melody




1. Up - on the Lo - monds I lay, I lay, Up -
2. The great Ar - gyle, he goes be - fore, He
3. The Camp - bells they are all in arms, Their
on the Lo-monds I lay, I lay, I looked down to
makes the can-nons and guns to roar, Wi' sound o' trump - et,
loy - al faith and truth to show, Wi' ban - ners rat - tling
bon - nie Loch Lev - en, And saw three bon - nie perch - es play.
pipe, and drum, The Camp-bells are com-in', O - ho, O - ho!
in - the wind, The Camp-bells are com-in', O - ho, O - ho!
D. S. al Fine

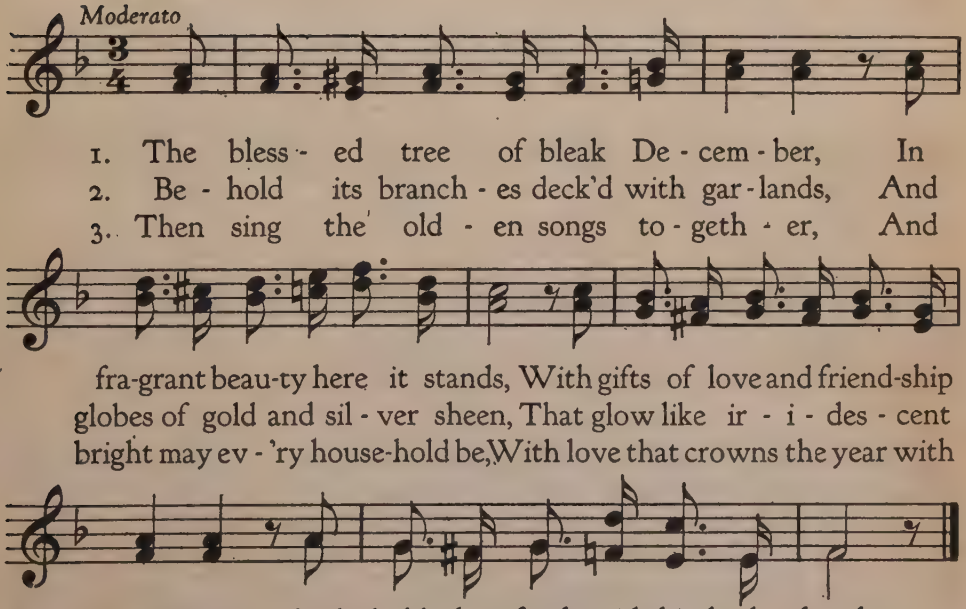
Jules Massenet
From the Opera, "The Cid"





THE CHRISTMAS TREE

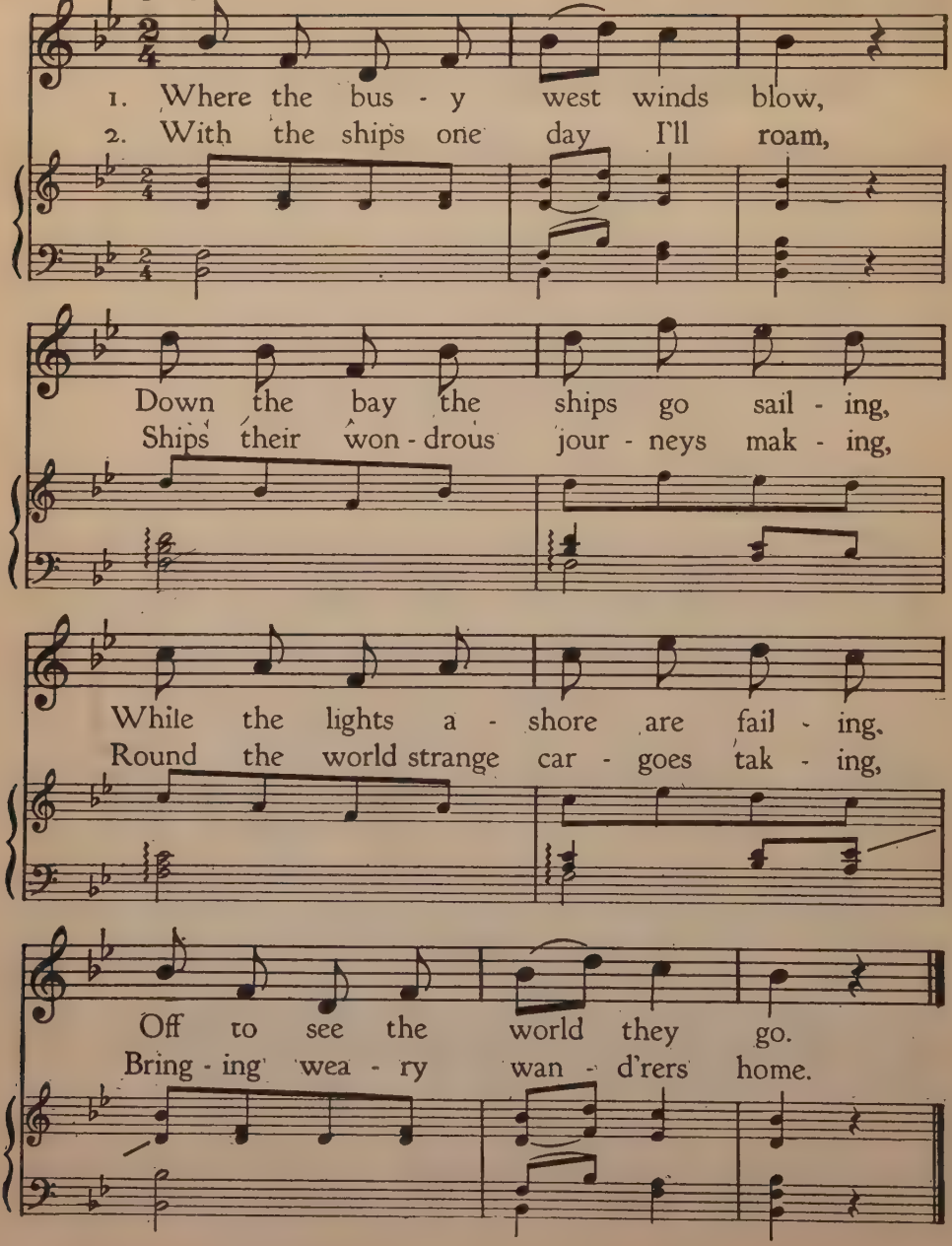
Leopold Strassman

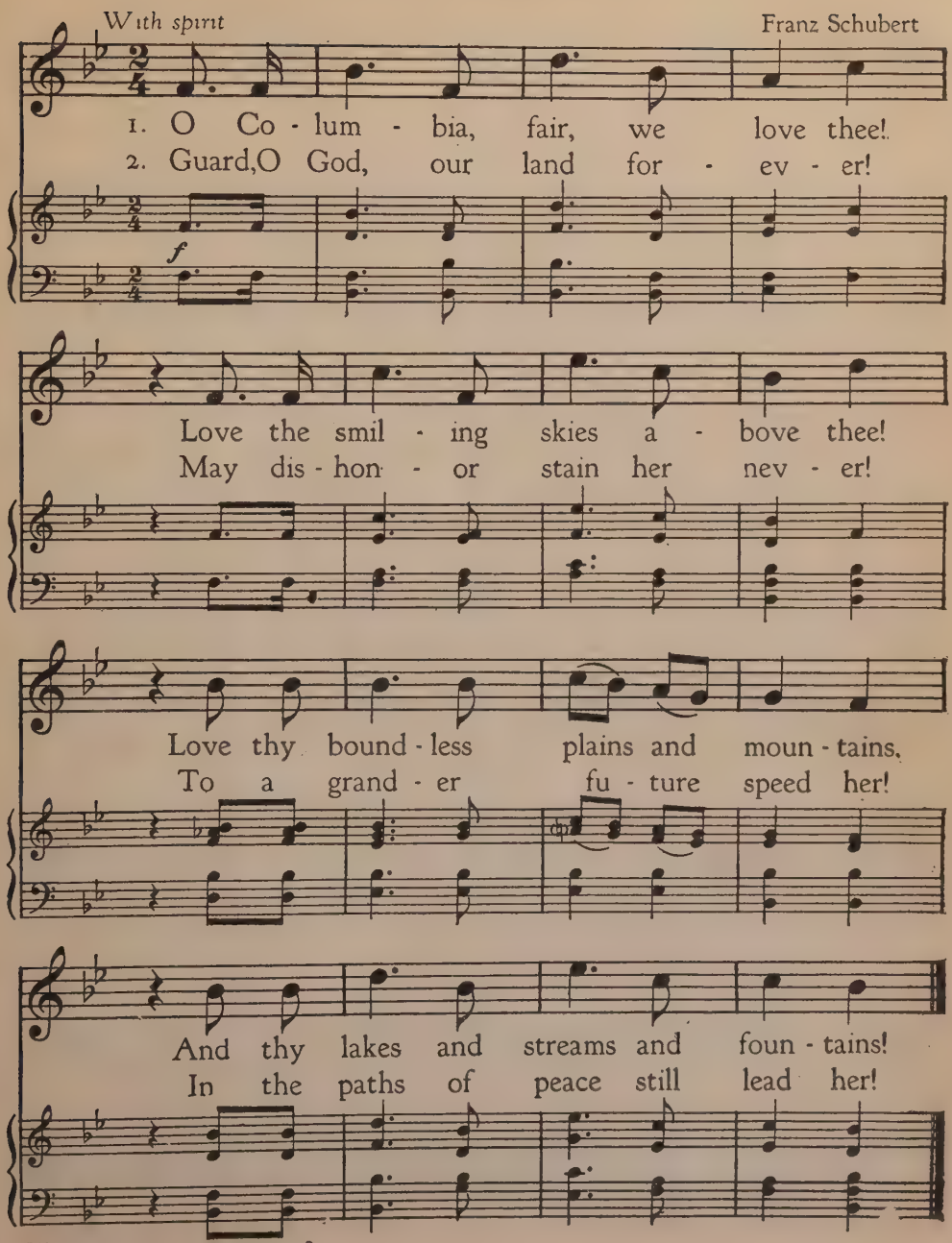


Cecil Cowdrey

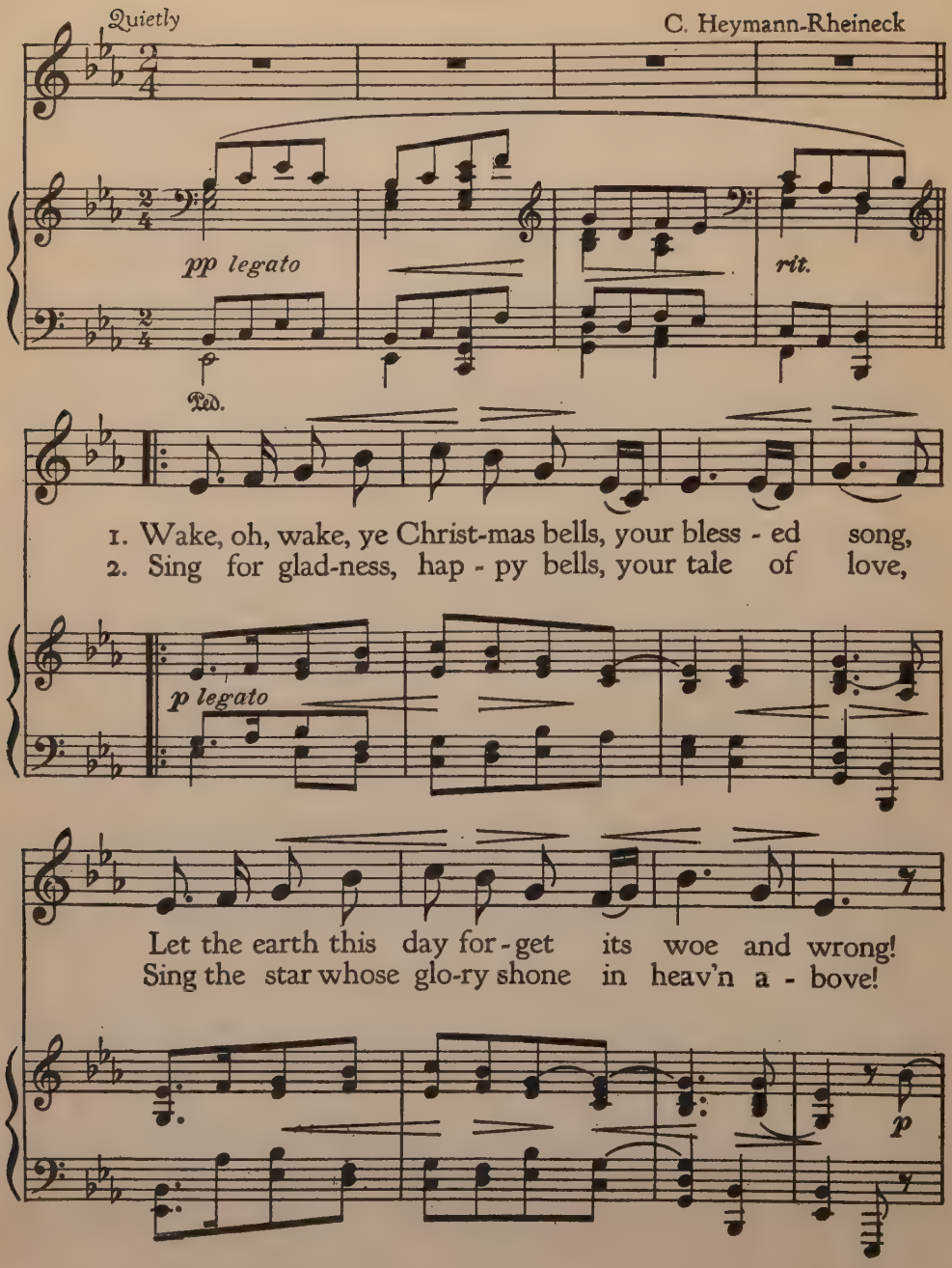
Quietly

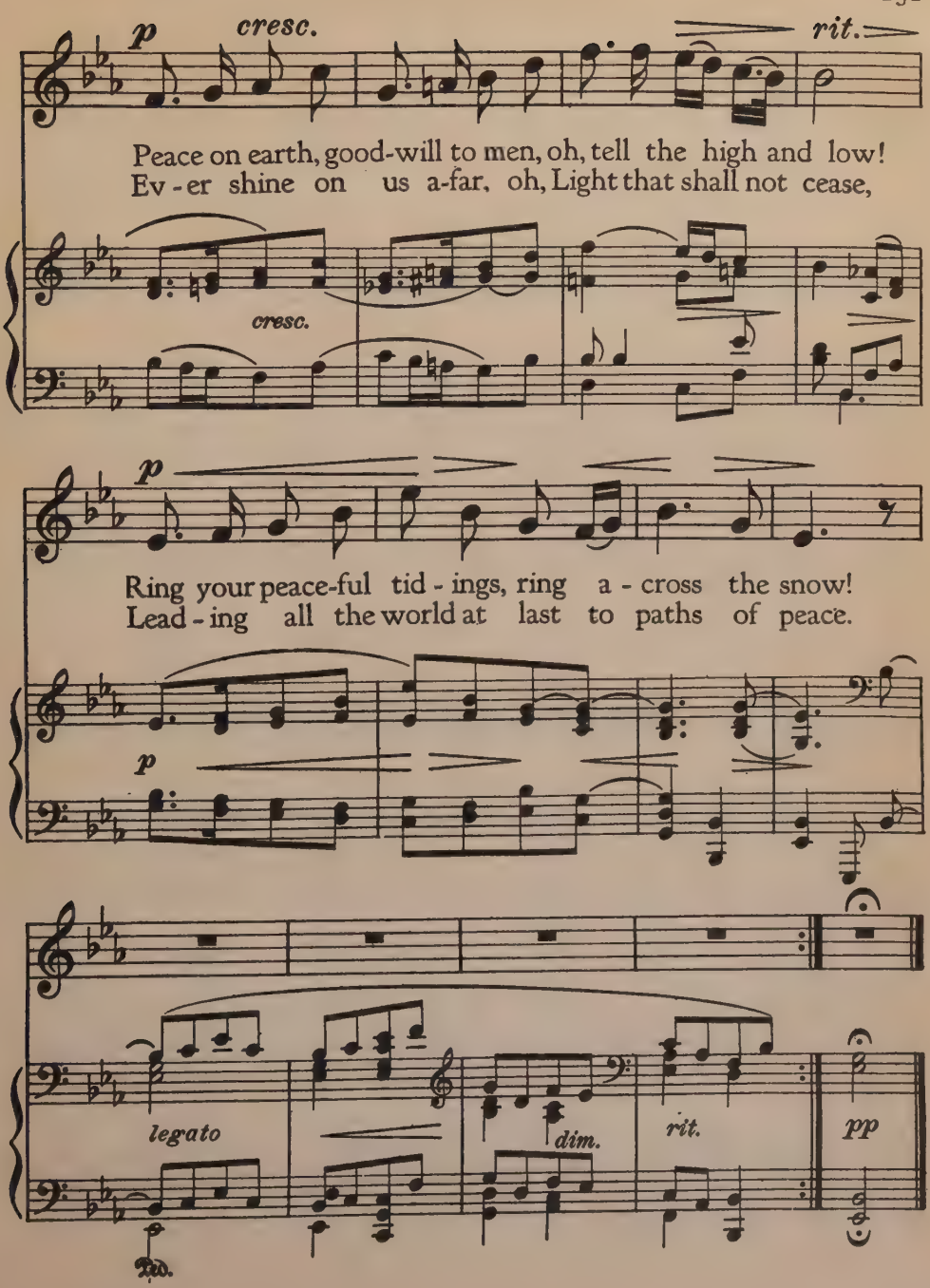
Bohemian Folk Song




With spirit
Franz Schubert
1. O Co - lum - bia, fair, we love thee!
2. Guard, O God, our land for - ev - er!
f
Love the smil - ing skies a - bove thee!
May dis - hon - or stain her nev - er!
Love thy bound - less plains and moun - tains,
To a grand - er fu - ture speed her!
And thy lakes and streams and foun - tains!
In the paths of peace still lead her!

CHRISTMAS SONG

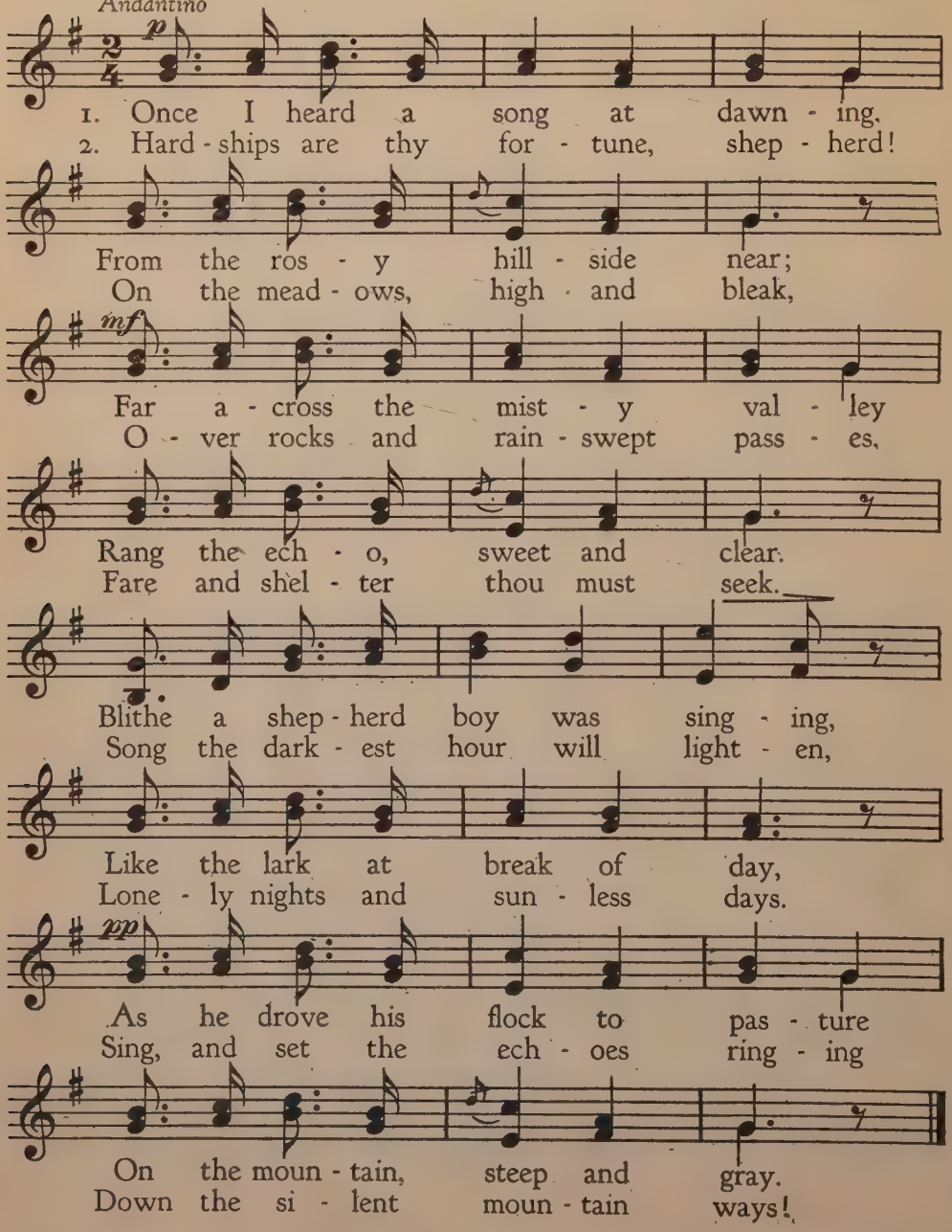


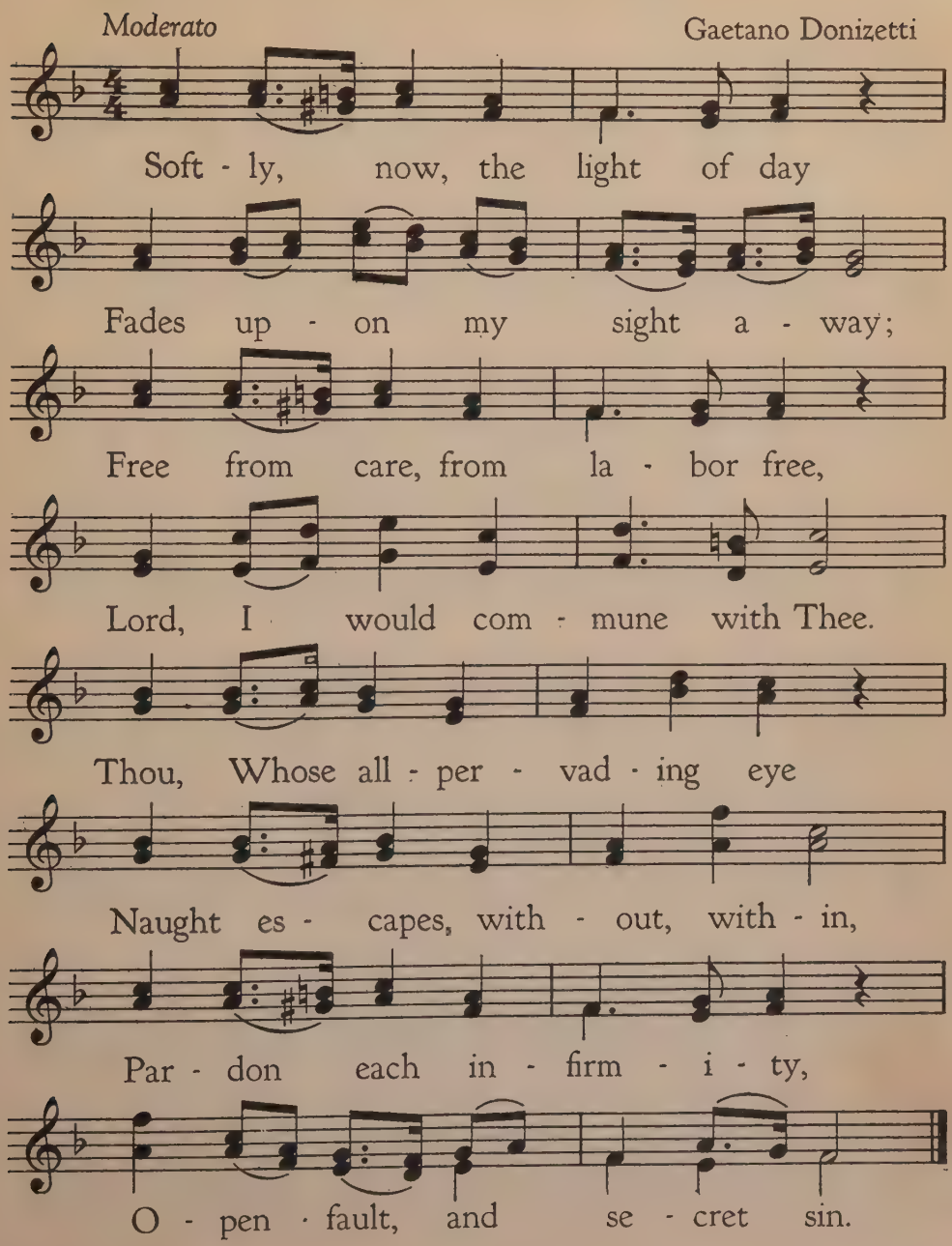

p
cresc.
rit.
Peace on earth, good-will to men, oh, tell the high and low!
Ev - er shine on us a-far, oh, Light that shall not cease,
cresc.
p
Ring your peace-ful tid - ings, ring a - cross the snow!
Lead - ing all the world at last to paths of peace.
p
legato
dim.
rit.
pp
Ped.

THE SHEPHERD'S SONG

Cecil Cowdrey — Breton Folk Song

Andantino



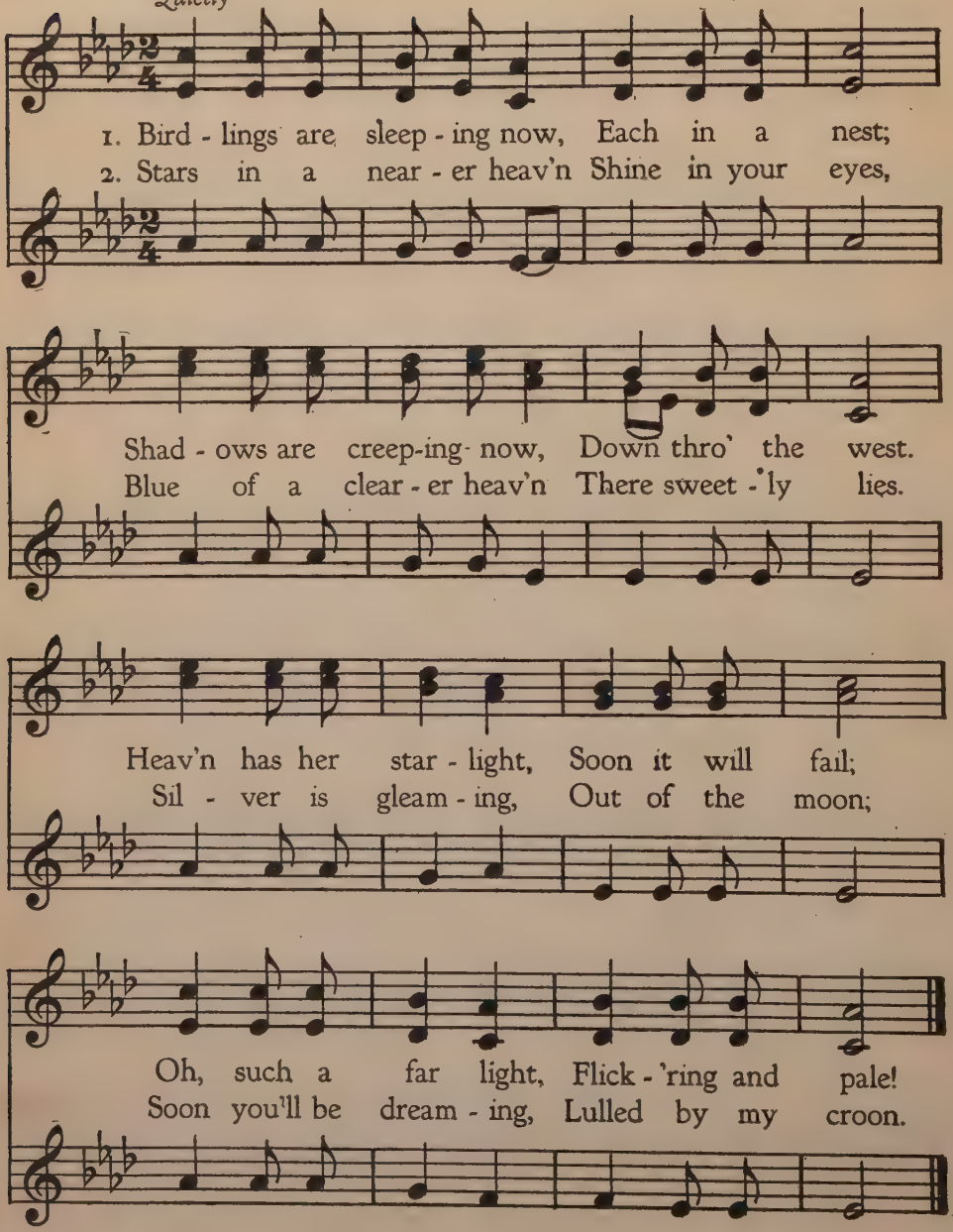

Moderato
Gaetano Donizetti
Soft - ly, now, the light of day
Fades up - on my sight a - way;
Free from care, from la - bor free,
Lord, I would com - mune with Thee.
Thou, Whose all - per - vad - ing eye
Naught es - capes, with - out, with - in,
Par - don each in - firm - i - ty,
O - pen fault, and se - cret sin.

SLUMBER SONG

Adapted from the French

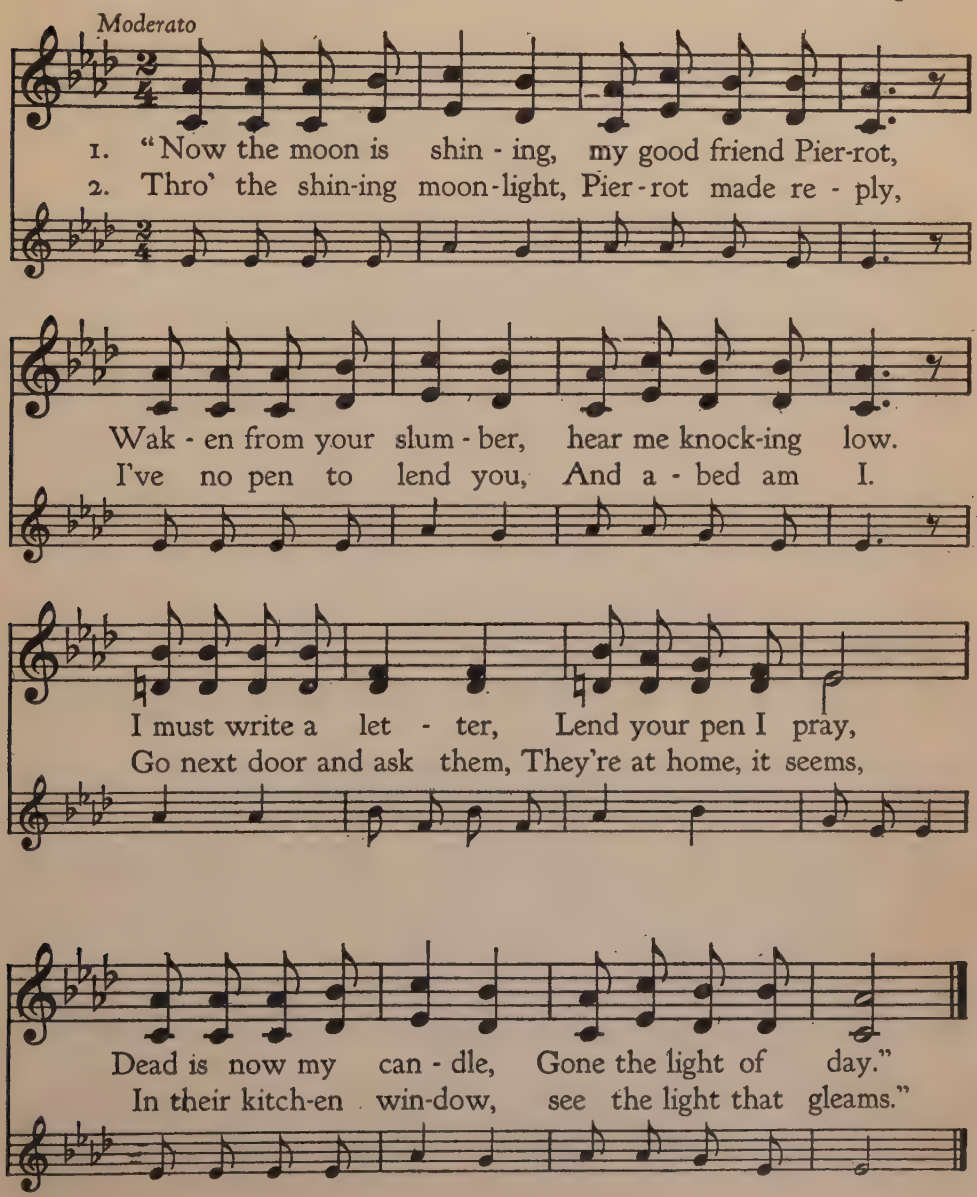
Old French Cradle Song

Quietly



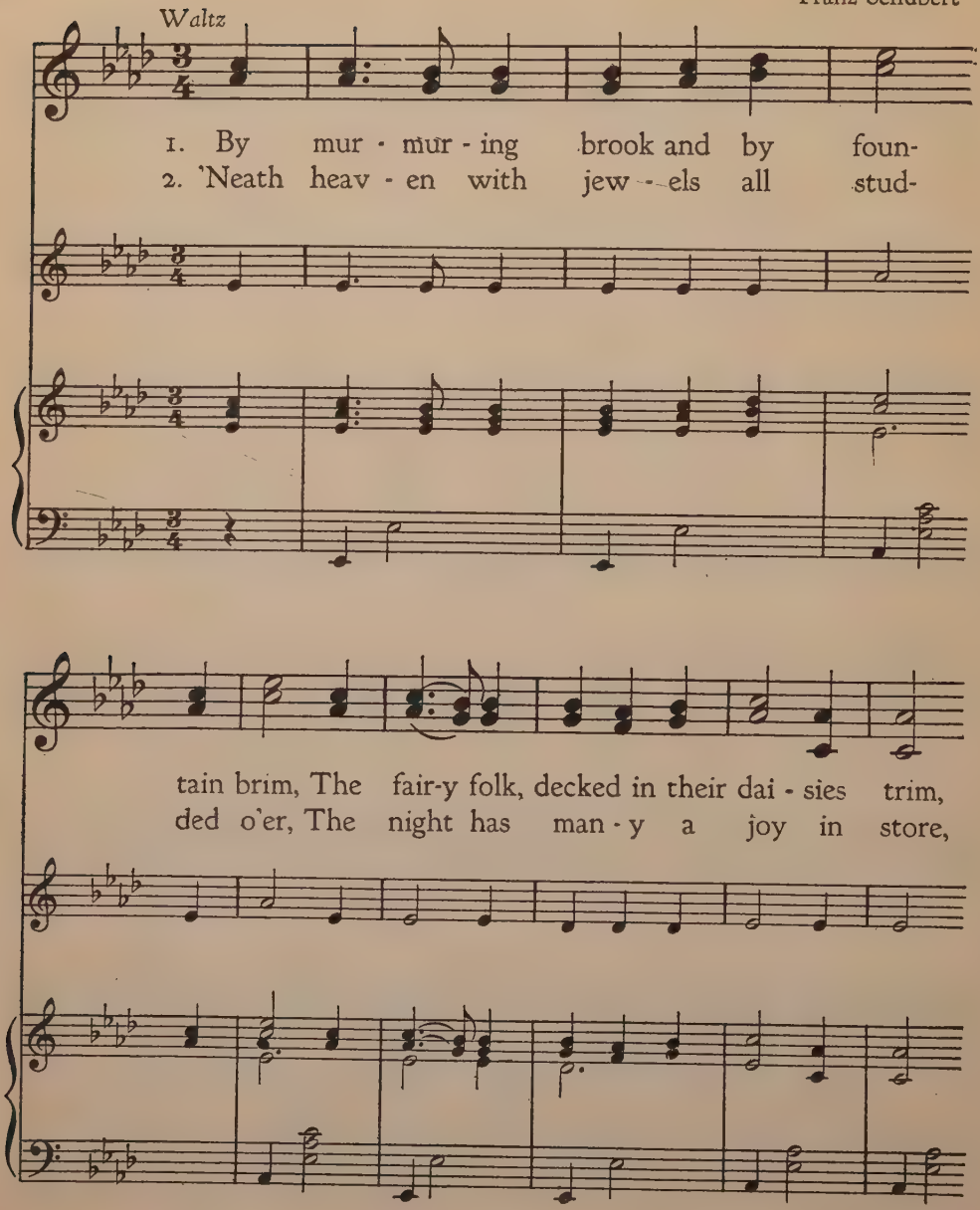
Translated from the French

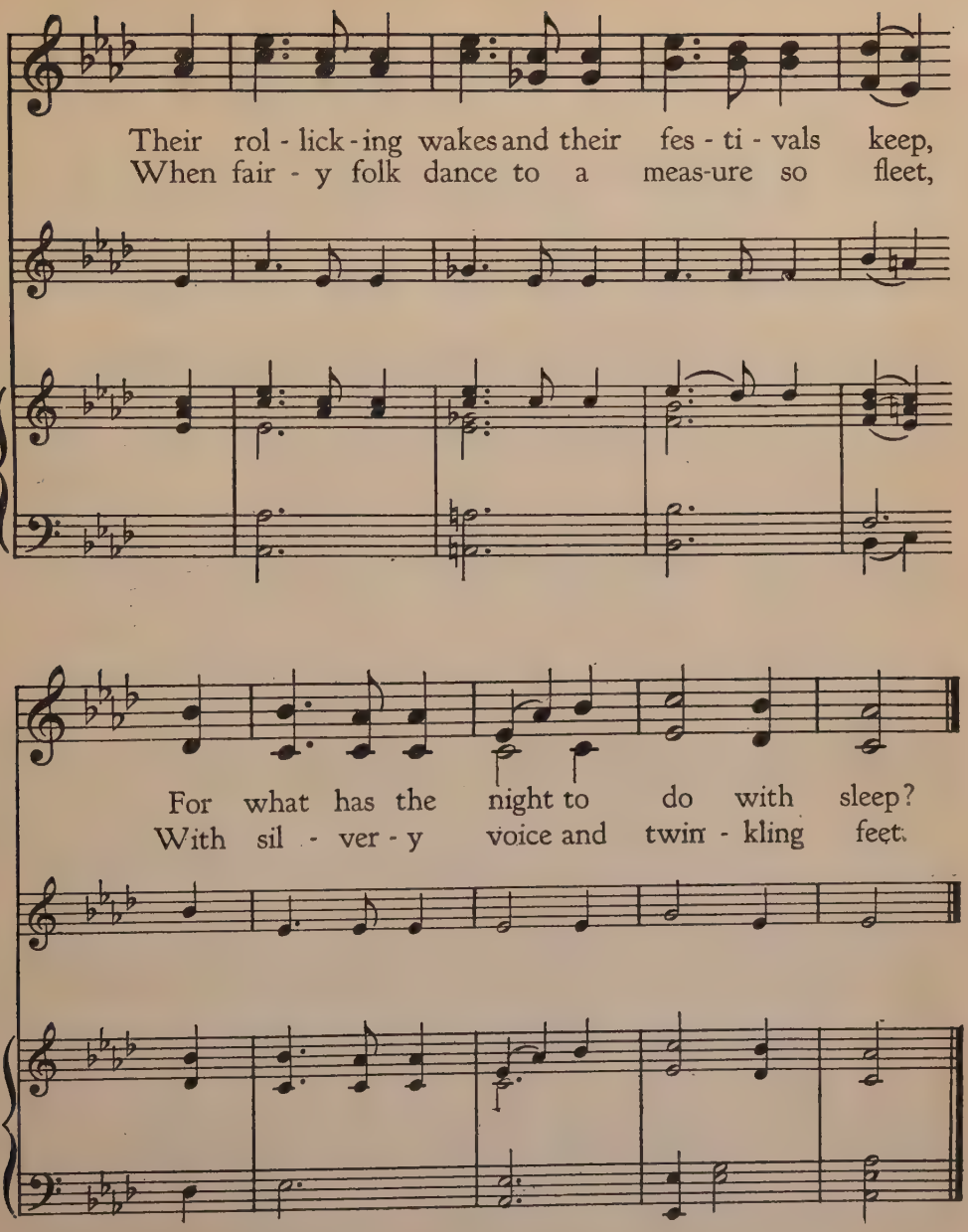
French Folk Song



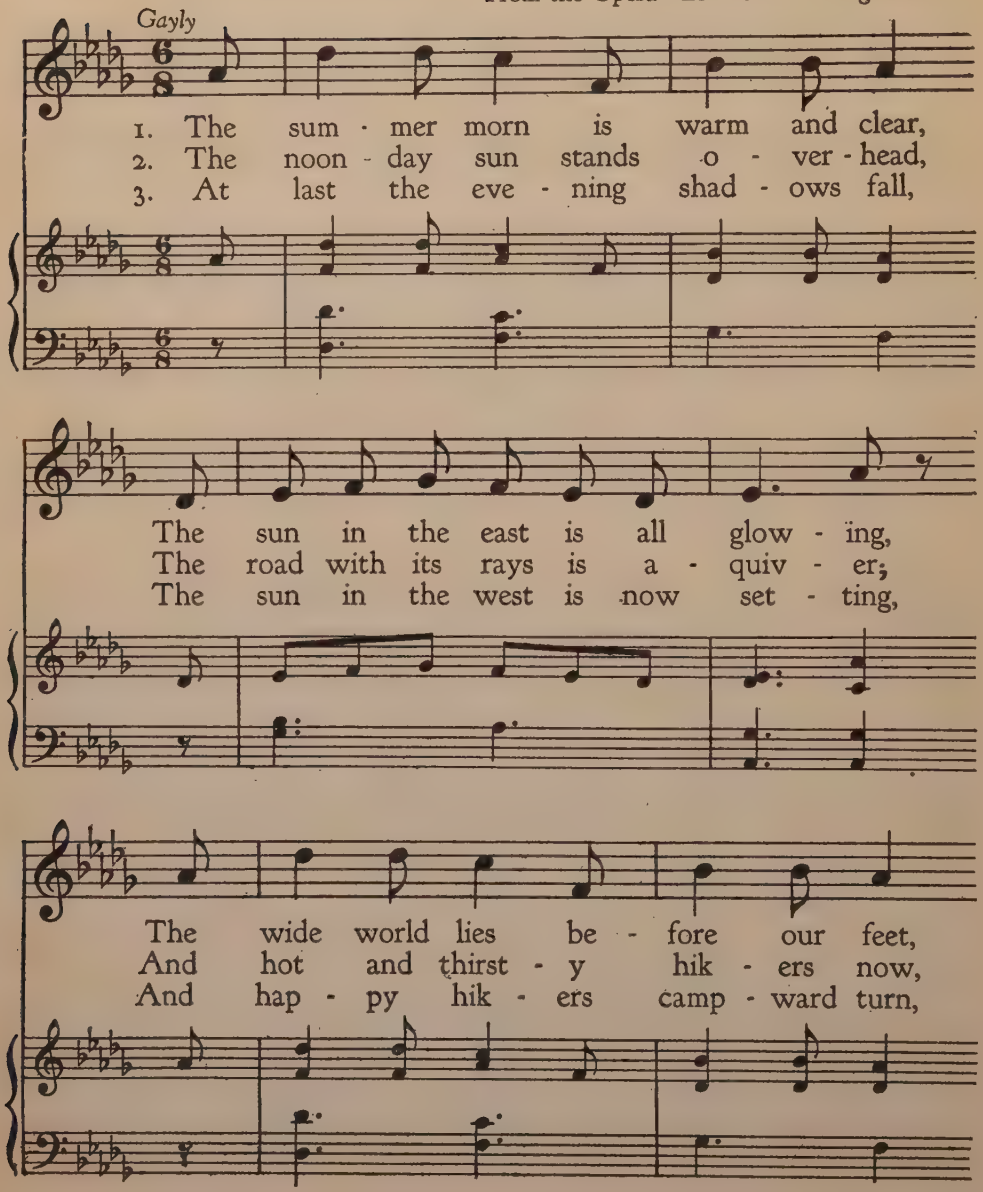
BY MURMURING BROOK

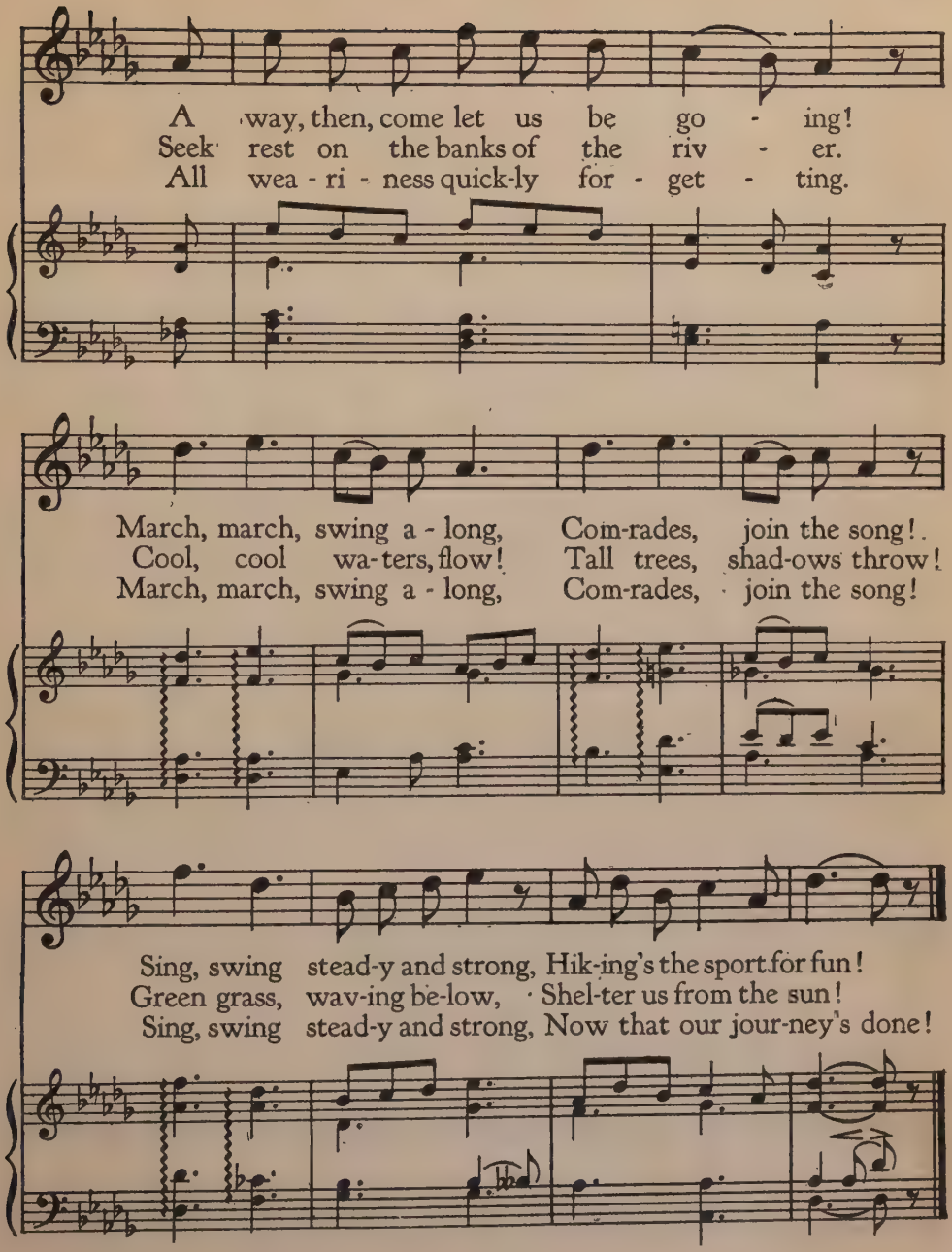
Franz Schubert




Their rol - lick - ing wakes and their fes - ti - vals keep,
When fair - y folk dance to a meas-ure so fleet,
For what has the night to do with sleep?
With sil - ver - y voice and twin - kling feet.

Charles Gounod
From the Opera "Le Médecin Malgré Lui"

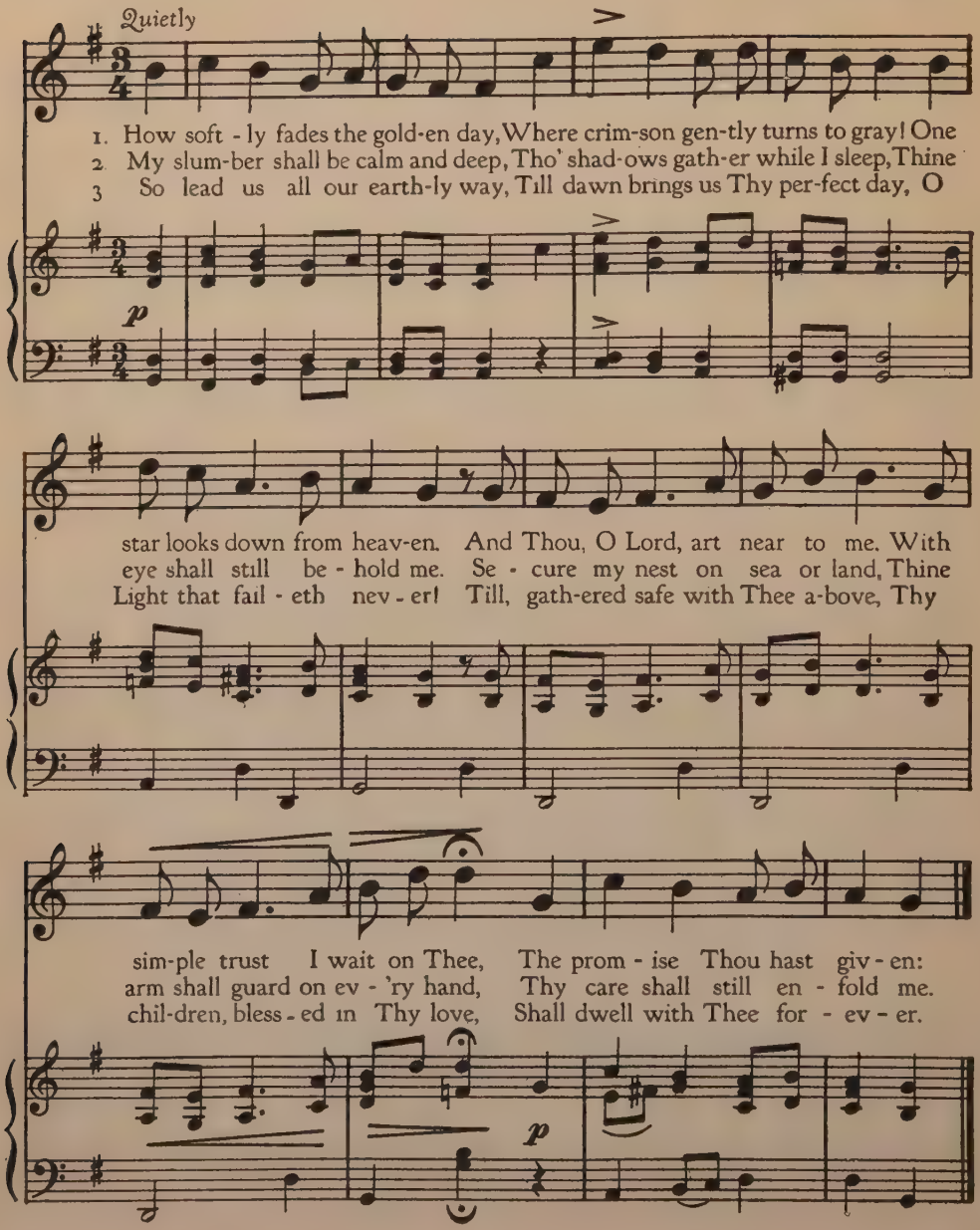



A way, then, come let us be go - ing!
Seek rest on the banks of the riv - er.
All wea - ri - ness quick-ly for - get - ting.
March, march, swing a - long, Com-rades, join the song!
Cool, cool wa-ters, flow! Tall trees, shad-ows throw!
March, march, swing a - long, Com-rades, join the song!
Sing, swing stead-y and strong, Hik-ing's the sport for fun!
Green grass, wav-ing be-low, Shel-ter us from the sun!
Sing, swing stead-y and strong, Now that our jour-ney's done!

EVENING HYMN

Cecil Cowdrey

Carl Reinecke

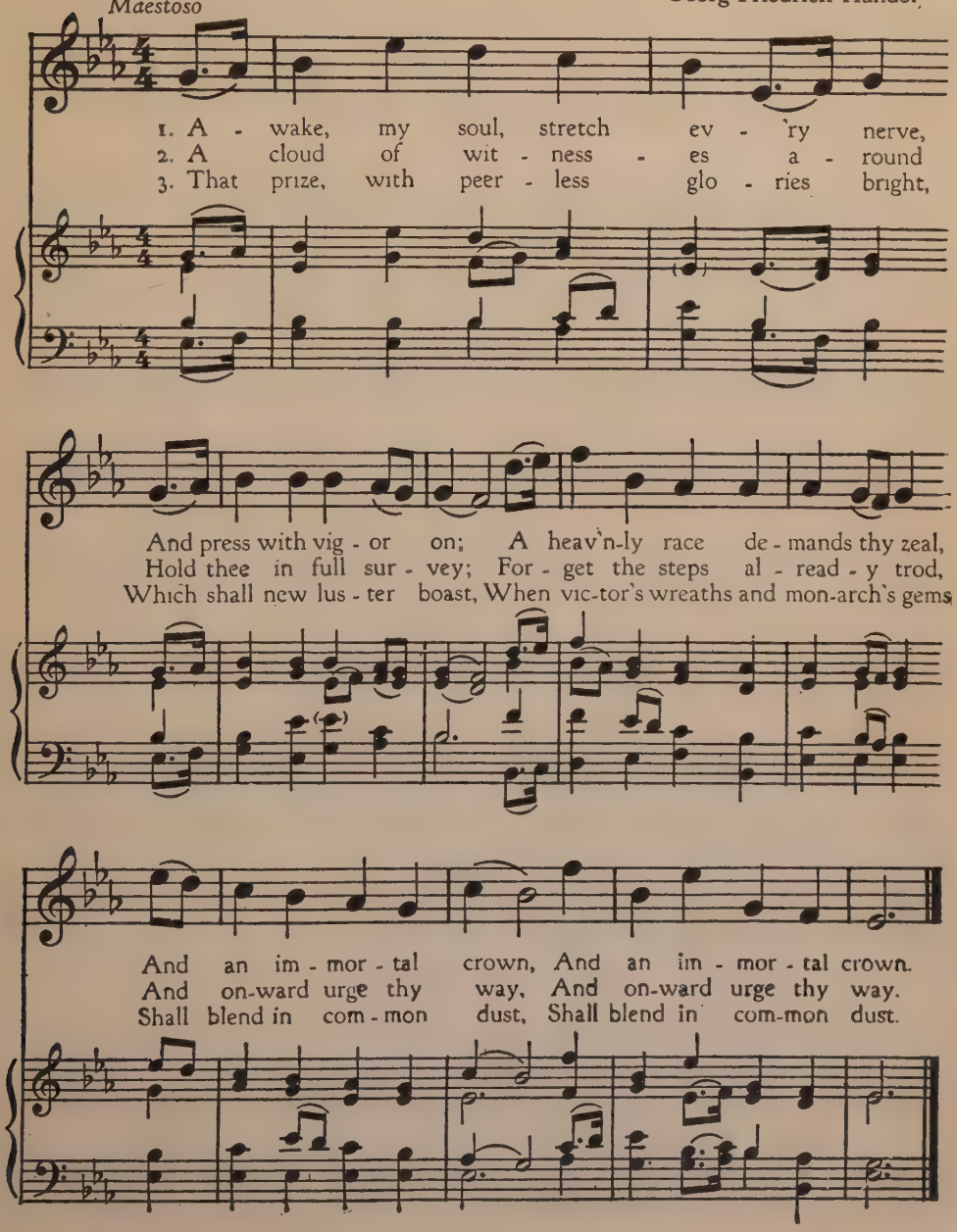


AWAKE, MY SOUL!

Philip Doddridge

Georg Friedrich Händel

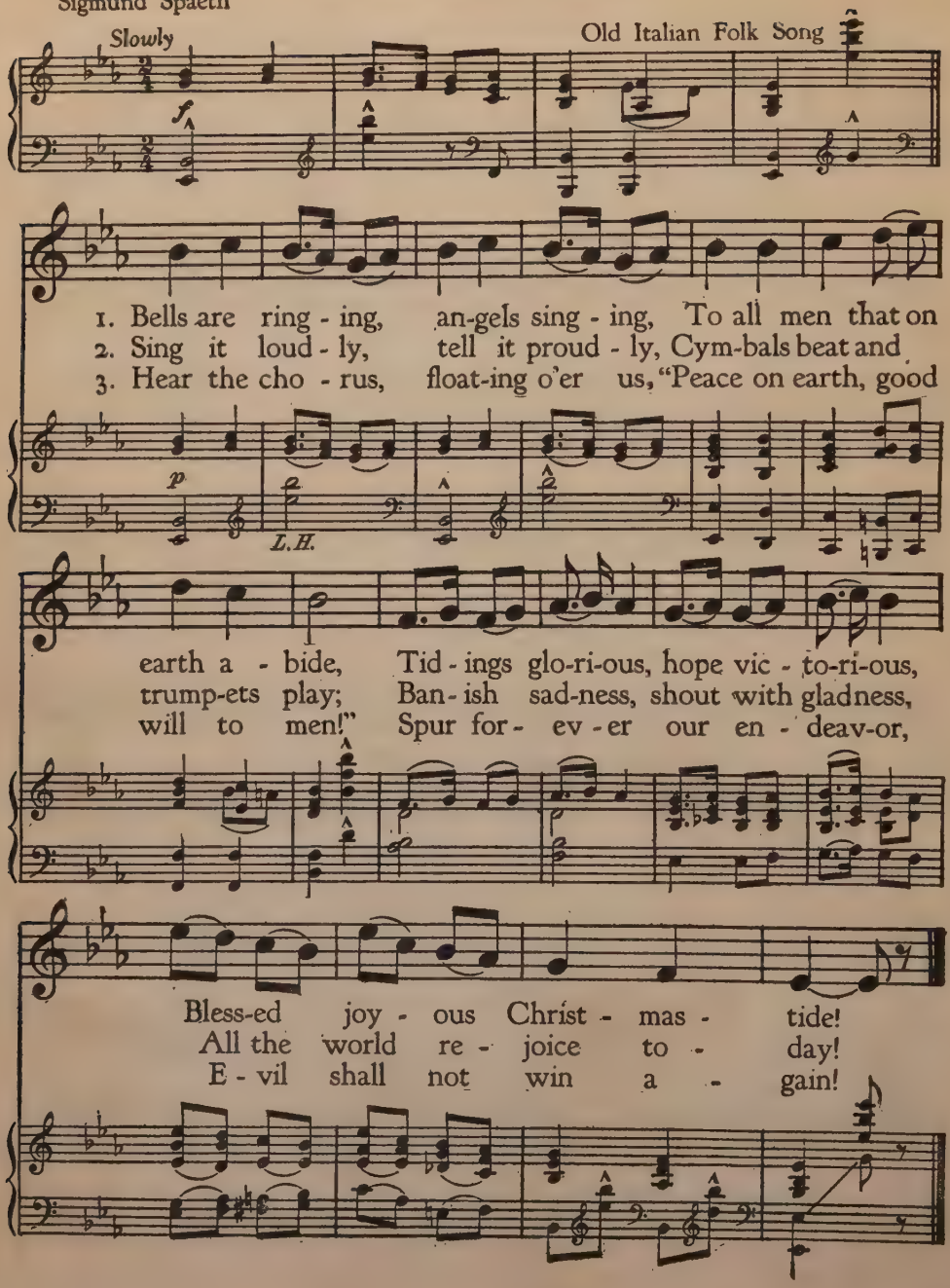
Maestoso



CHRISTMAS SONG

Sigmund Spaeth

Old Italian Folk Song

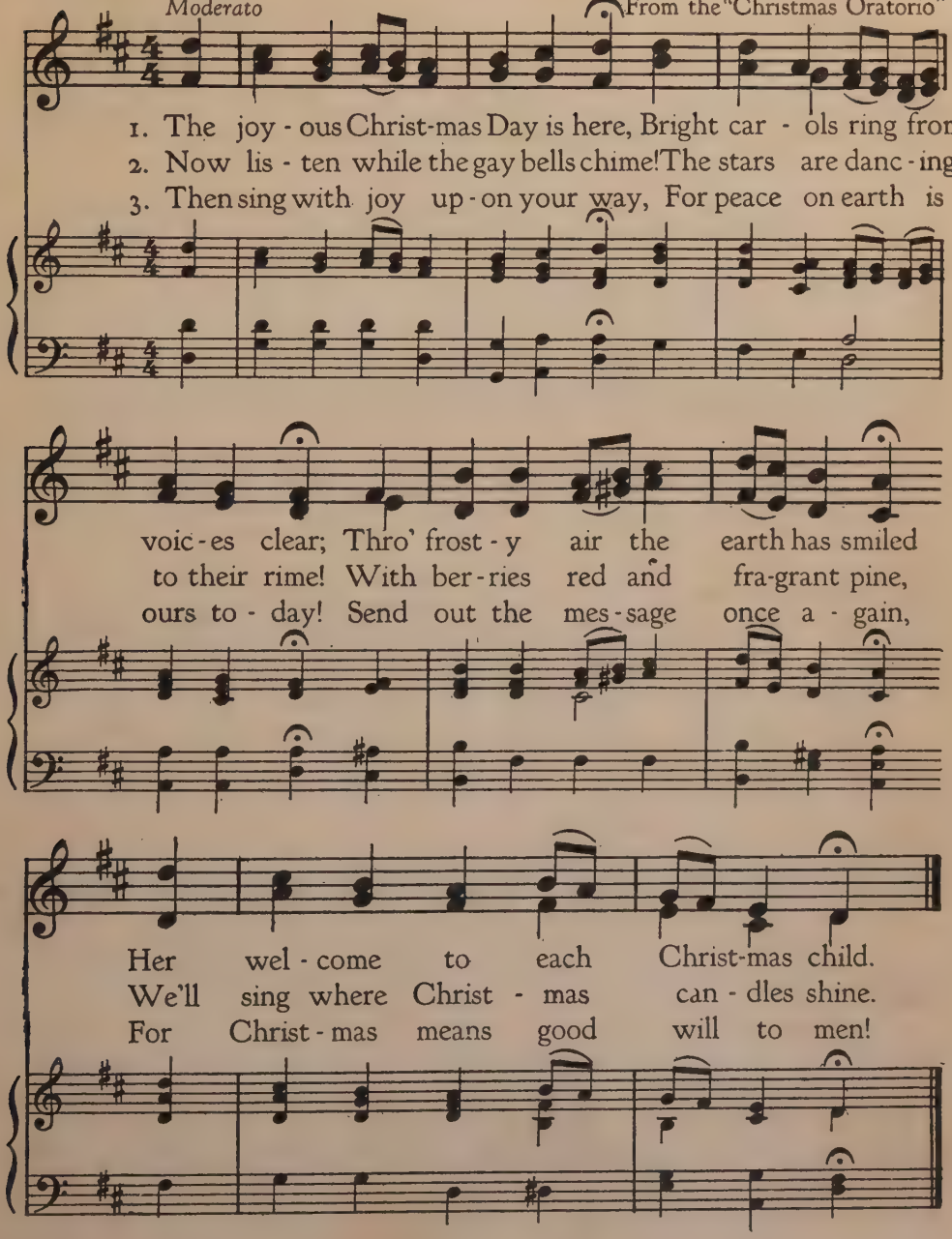


A SONG FOR CHRISTMAS

From the German

Johann Sebastian Bach
From the "Christmas Oratorio"

Moderato

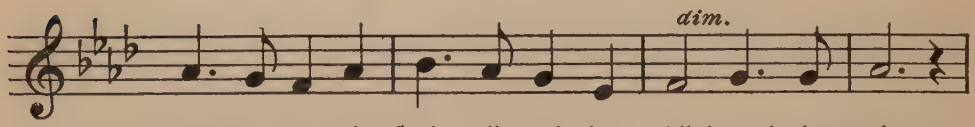


ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT

From the Welsh

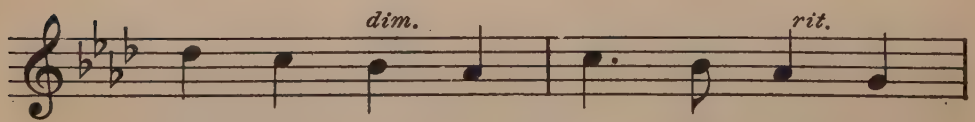
Welsh Folk Song

1. Sleep, my child, and peace at-tend thee, All through the night!
2. While the moon her watch is keep - ing, All through the night,

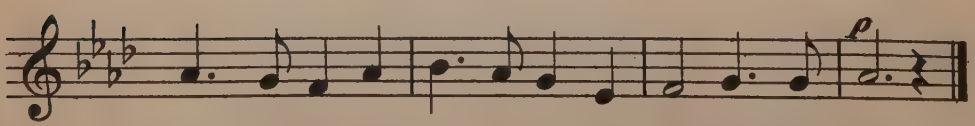


Guard-ian an - gels God will send thee, All through the night.
While the wea - ry world is sleep - ing, All through the night,

Soft the drow - sy hours are creep - ing,
O'er thy spir - it gen - tly steal - ing,



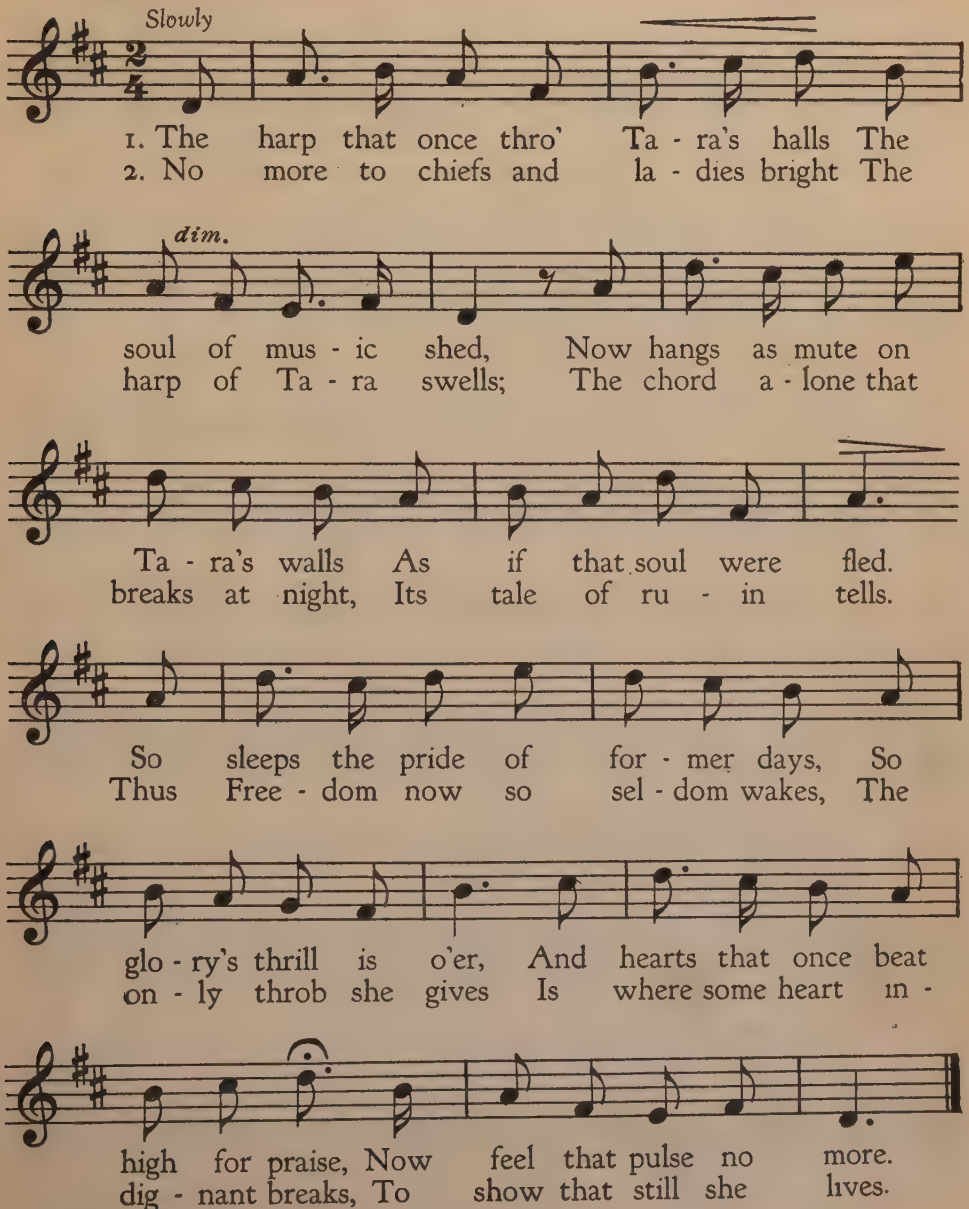
Hill and vale in slum - ber steep - ing,
Vi - sion of de - light re - veal - ing,



I my lov - ing vig - il keep-ing, All thro' the night.
Breathes a pure and ho - ly feel - ing, All thro' the night.

THE HARP THAT ONCE THRO TARA'S* HALLS

Thomas Moore — Irish Folk Song



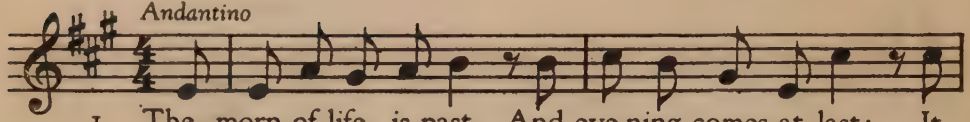
*Tara is a town in Ireland which was formerly the residence of Irish royalty.

OLD DOG TRAY

Stephen C. Foster

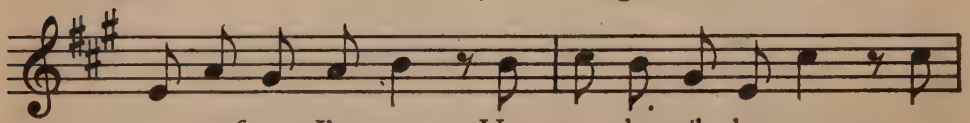
Stephen C. Foster

Andantino



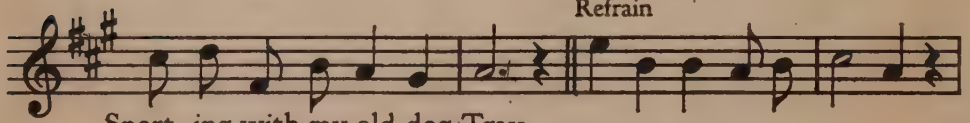
1. The morn of life is past, And eve-ning comes at last; It
2. The forms I called my own Have van-ished one by one, The
3. When tho'ts re-call the past, His eyes are on me cast; I

brings me a dream of a once hap - py day, Of
loved ones, the dear ones have all passed a - way; The
know he feels what my break - ing heart would say; Al-



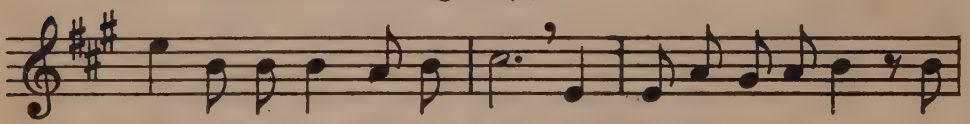
mer - ry forms I've seen Up - on the vil - lage green,
hap - py smiles have flown, Their gen-tle voic - es gone, I've
tho' he can - not speak, I'll vain - ly, vain - ly seek A

Refrain



Sport - ing with my old dog Tray.
noth - ing left but old dog Tray.
bet-ter friend than old dog Tray.

} Old dog Tray, ev-er faith-ful;



Grief can-not drive him a - way; He's gen - tle, he is kind, I'll

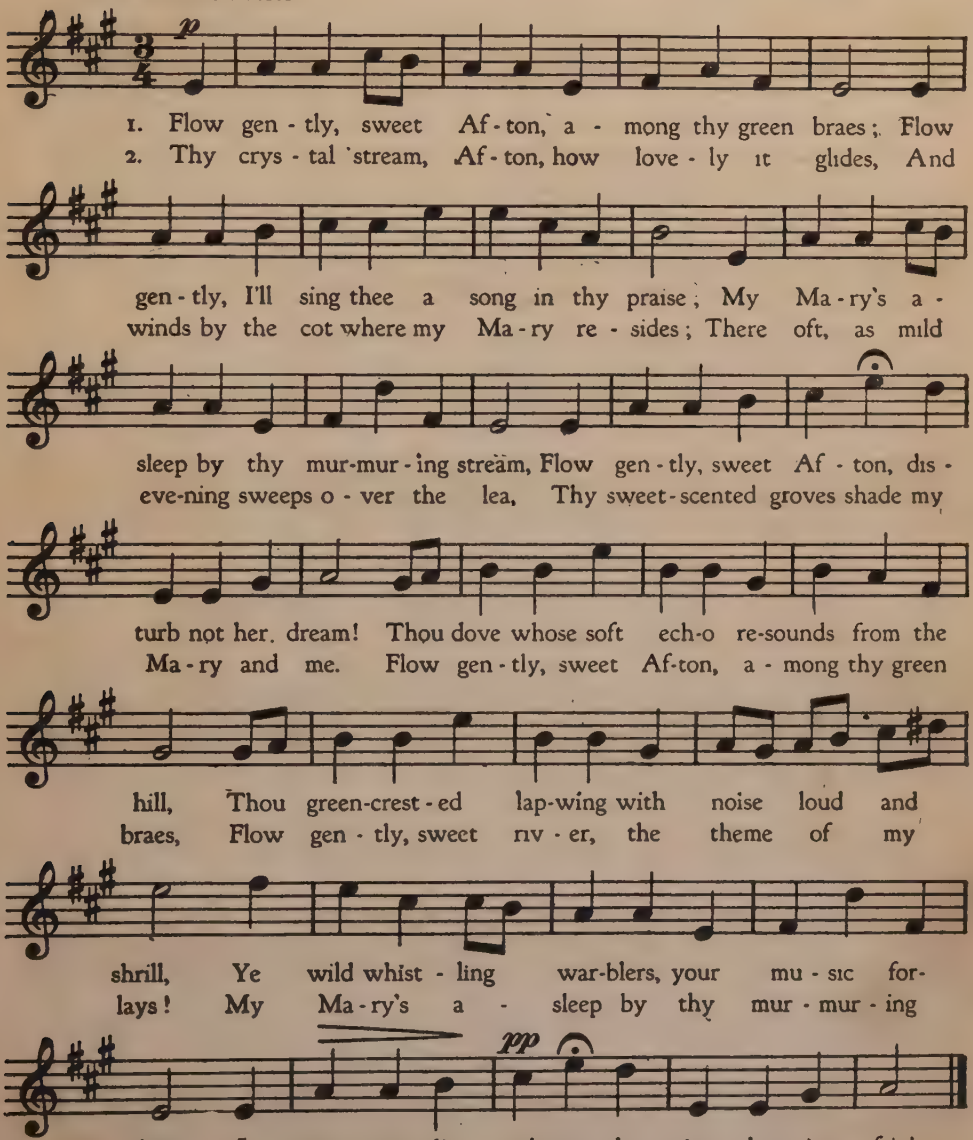
nev-er, nev - er find A bet-ter friend than old dog Tray.

FLOW GENTLY, SWEET AFTON

Robert Burns

James E. Spilman

Andante con moto

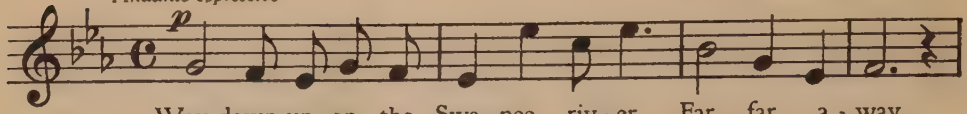


OLD FOLKS AT HOME

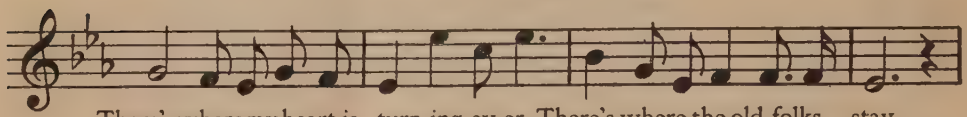
Stephen C. Foster

Andante espressivo

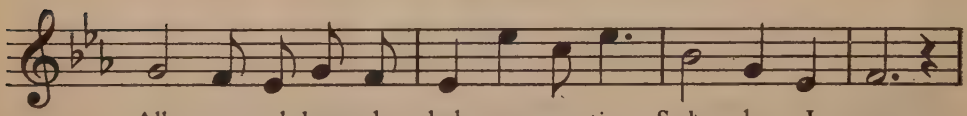
Stephen C. Foster



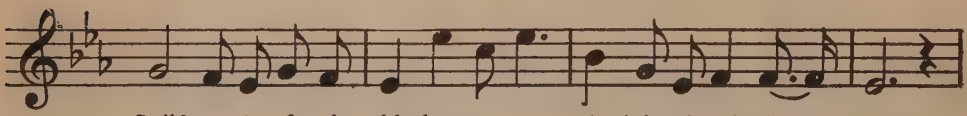
1. Way down up - on the Swa - nee riv - er, Far, far a - way,
2. All round the lit - tle farm I wan-der'd When I was young,
3. One lit - tle hut a - mong the bush-es, One that I love,



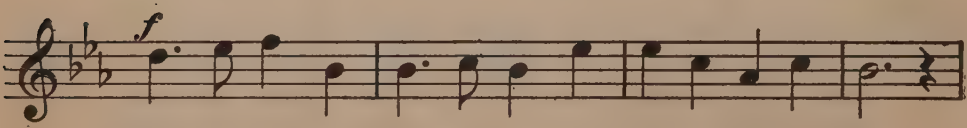
There's where my heart is turn-ing ev-er, There's where the old folks stay.
Then man - y hap - py days I squander'd, Man - y the songs I sung.
Still sad - ly to my mem-'ry rush - es, No mat-ter where I rove.



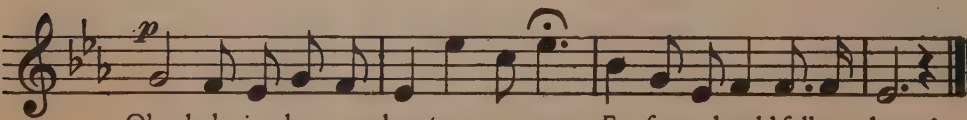
All up and down the whole cre - a - tion Sad - ly I roam,
When I was play-ing with my broth-er, Hap - py was I;
When shall I see the bees a - hum-ming All round the comb?



Still long - ing for the old plan - ta - tion, And for the old folks at home.
Oh, take me to my kind old moth-er! There let me live and die.
When shall I hear the ban - jo tumming, Down in my good old home?



All the world is sad and drear - y, Ev - 'ry - where I roam;

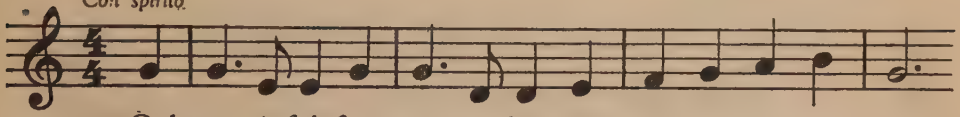


Oh, dark - ies, how my heart grows weary, Far from the old folks at home!

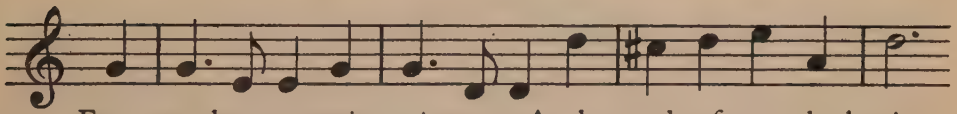
Katharine Lee Bates

Samuel A. Ward

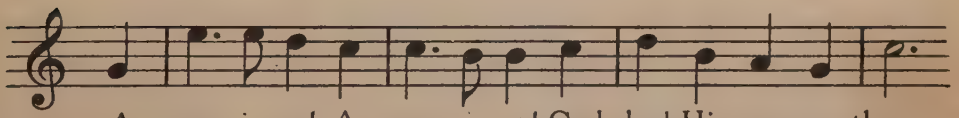
Con spirito



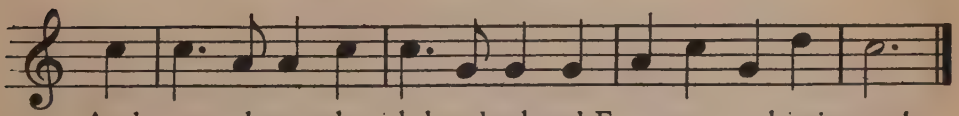
1. O beau-ti-ful for spac-ious skies, For am-ber waves of grain,
2. O beau-ti-ful for pil-grim feet Whose stern impassion'd stress
3. O beau-ti-ful for he-roes prov'd In lib-er-at-ing strife,
4. O beau-ti-ful for pa-triot dream That sees be-yond the years



For pur-ple moun-tain maj-es-ties A-bove the fruit-ed plain!
A thor-ough-fare for free-dom beat A-cross the wild-er-ness!
Who more than self their coun-try loved, And mer-cy more than life!
Thine al-a-bas-ter cit-ies gleam Un-dimm'd by hu-man tears!



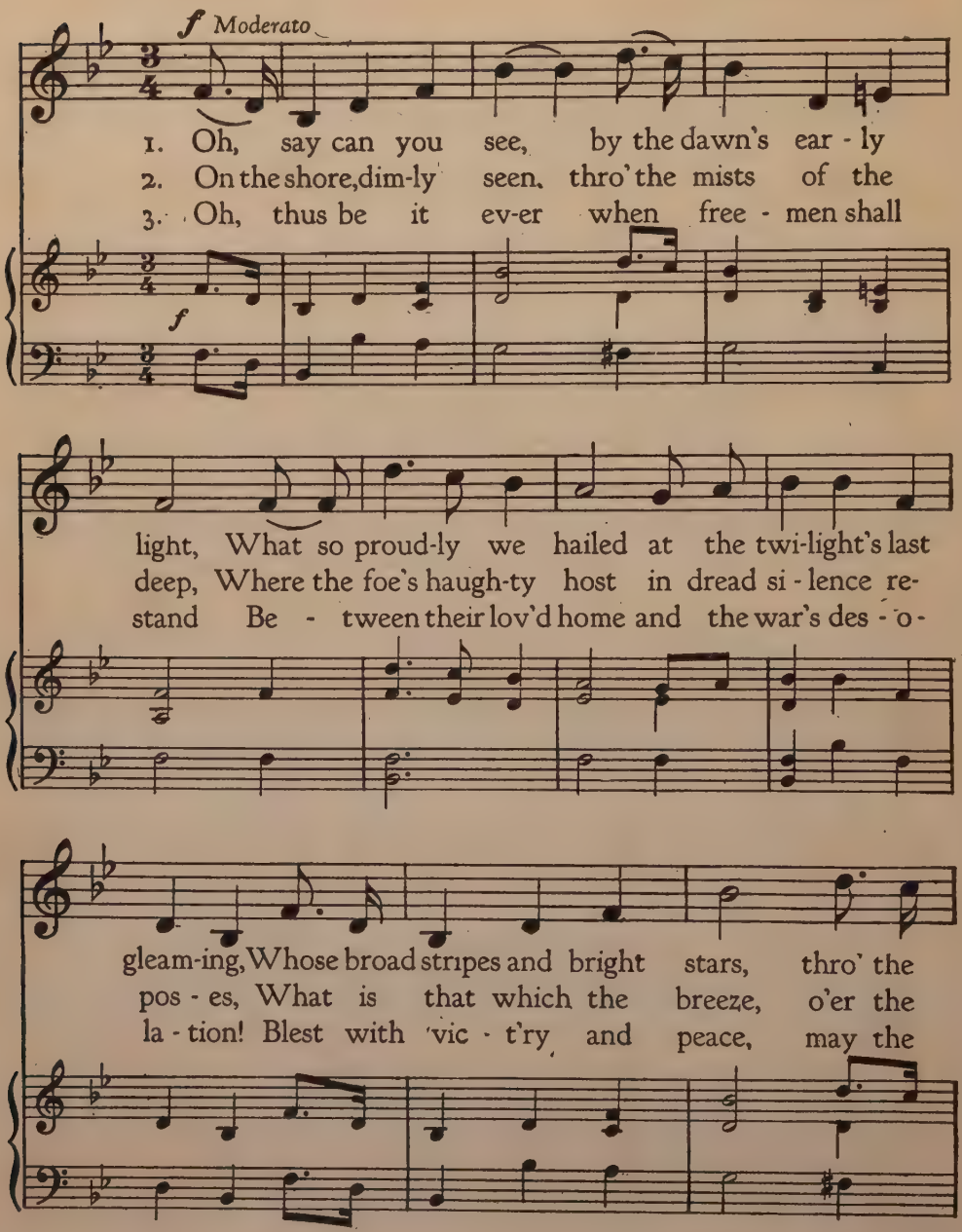
A-mer-i-ca! A-mer-i-ca! God shed His grace on thee,
A-mer-i-ca! A-mer-i-ca! God mend thine ev-'ry flaw,
A-mer-i-ca! A-mer-i-ca! May God thy gold re-fine,
A-mer-i-ca! A-mer-i-ca! God shed His grace on thee,

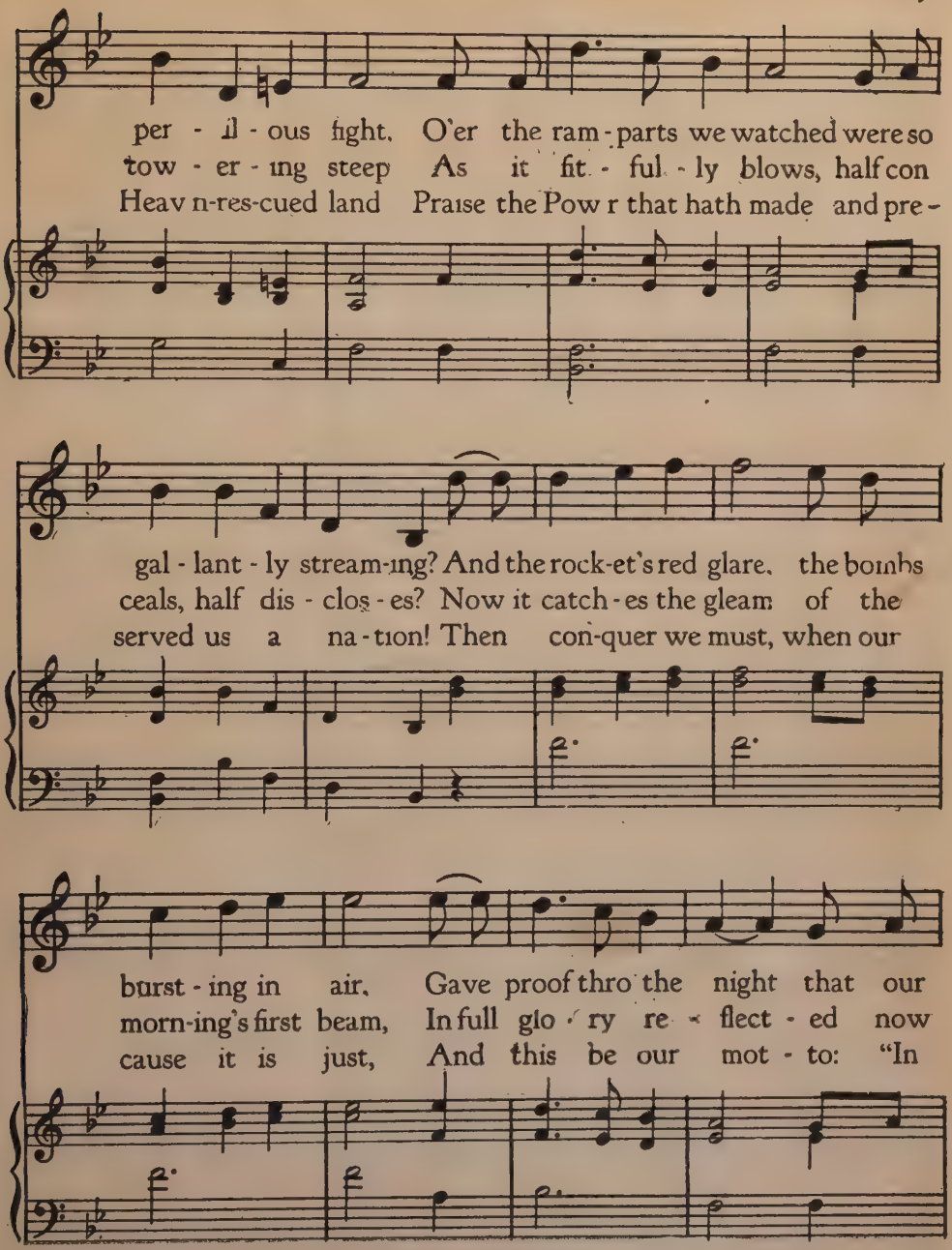


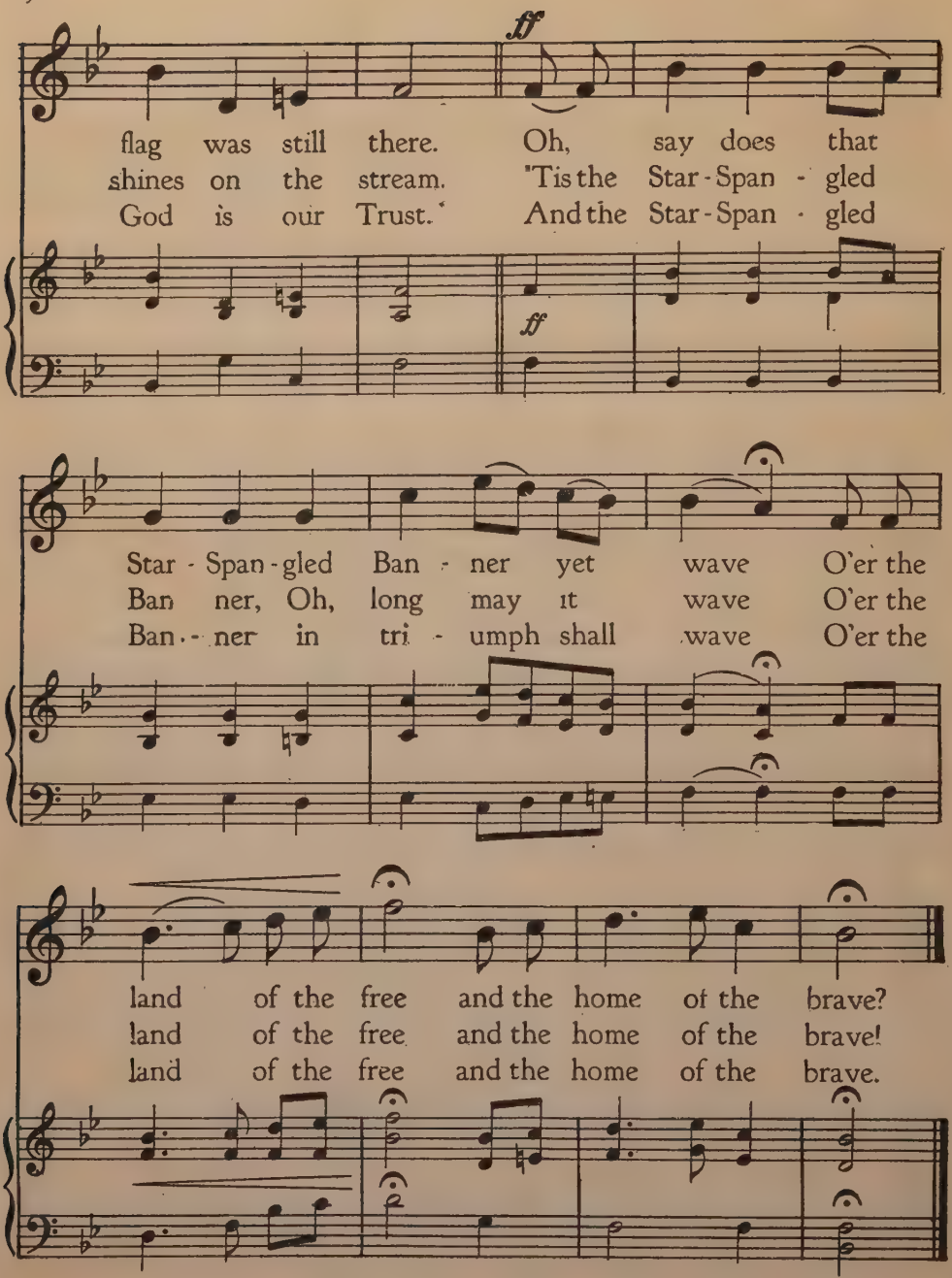
And crown thy good with brotherhood From sea to shin-ing sea!
Con-firm thy soul in self-control, Thy lib-er-ty in law!
Till all suc-cess be no-ble-ness And ev-'ry gain di-vine!
And crown thy good with brotherhood From sea to shin-ing sea!

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER

Francis Scott Key — John Stafford Smith

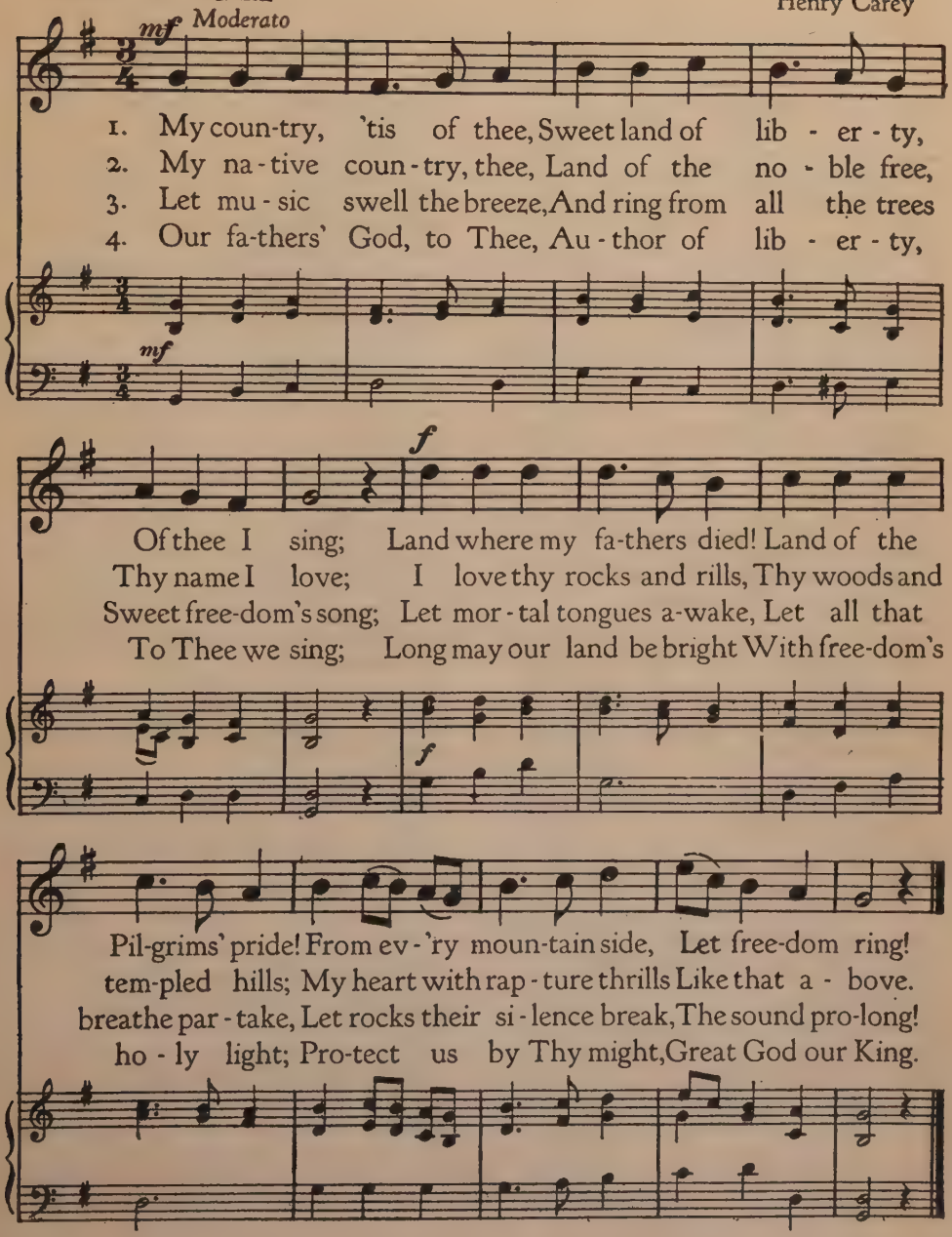



per - il - ous fight, O'er the ram - parts we watched were so
gal - lant - ly stream-ing? And the rock-et's red glare, the bombs
burst - ing in air, Gave proof thro the night that our
tow - er - ing steep As it fit - ful - ly blows, half con
ceals, half dis - clos - es? Now it catch - es the gleam of the
morn-ing's first beam, In full glo - ry re - flect - ed now
Heav n-res-cued land Praise the Pow r that hath made and pre -
served us a na - tion! Then con-quer we must, when our
cause it is just, And this be our mot - to: "In


ff
flag was still there. Oh, say does that
shines on the stream. 'Tis the Star-Span-gled
God is our Trust." And the Star-Span-gled
ff
Star-Span-gled Ban-ner yet wave O'er the
Ban-ner, Oh, long may it wave O'er the
Ban-ner in tri-umph shall wave O'er the
land of the free and the home of the brave?
land of the free and the home of the brave!
land of the free and the home of the brave.

Samuel Francis Smith

Henry Carey



GLOSSARY OF COMMON MUSICAL TERMS

a (ä) in; at; to; according to; for
accelerando (ät-chā-lā-rän′ dō) gradually quicker
adagio (*a*-dä′jō) slow
ad libitum (ăd lĭb′ĭ-tŭm) as one wishes
agitato (ä-jĕ-tä′tō) in a restless or hurried manner
al (äl) to the
alla (äl′lä)in the style of
allegretto (äl-lā-grĕt′tō) not so quick as *allegro*
allegro (äl-lā′grō) brisk; lively
andante (än-dän′tā) moderately slow
andantino (än-dän-tē′nō) rather quicker than *andante*
anima (än′ē-mä) spirit
animato (än-ē-mä′to) with spirit
assai (äs-sī) very
ben (bĕn) well
brio (brē′ō) vivacity
calando (kä-län′dō) gradually diminishing in rapidity and loudness
contabile (kän-tä′bē-lā) melodious and flowing
coda (kō′dȧ) a few closing measures
con (kŏn) with
crescendo (krĕ-shĕn′dō) < with constantly increasing volume
da capo (dä kä′pō) from the beginning (indicated by the letters D.C.)
dal segno (däl sä′nyō) a direction to go back to the sign 𝄋 and repeat from it to the close, or the point marked *fine*
decrescendo (dā-krĕ-shĕn′dō) > with constantly diminishing tone-volume
di (dē) of
diminuendo (dē-mē-nwen′dō) with constantly diminishing tone-volume
dolce (dōl′chā) sweet; with soft, smooth execution
energico (ĕn-ĕr′jē-kō) with energy
espressivo (ĕs-prĕs-sē′vō) with expression
fine (fē′nā) end
forte (*f*) (fôr′tā) loud
fortissimo (*ff*) (fôr-tĭs′ĭ-mō) very loud
forza (fôr′tsä) power
fuoco (fo͞o-ō′kō) fire; energy
grazioso (grä-tsē-ō′sō) gracefully
grave (grāv) serious; very slow
larghetto (lär-grĕt′tō) somewhat slow
largo (lär′gō) slow
legato (lā-gä′tō) smoothly connected
lento (lĕn′tō) slow
ma (mä) but
marcato (mär-kä′tō) accented
marcia (mär′chä) a march
marziale (mär-tsē-ä′lē) in a martial manner
meno mosso (mā′nō môs′sō) slower
mezzo (mĕd′zō) half; medium
moderato (mŏd-ĕ-rä′tō) in moderate time
molto (mōl′tō) much; very
morendo (mô-rĕn′dō) dying
moto (mô′tō) spirited or rapid movement
non (nōn) not
pesante (pā-sän′tā) heavily accented
pianissimo (*pp*) (pē-ȧ-nĭs′ĭ-mō) very soft
piano (*p*) (pyä′nō) soft
piu (pyo͞o) more
poco a poco (pô′kō ä pô′kō) little by little
presto (prĕs′tō) very fast
primo (prē′mō) first
quasi (kwä′sē) somewhat like
rallentando (*rall.*) (räl-lĕn-tän′dō) with a gradual decrease in tempo
risoluto (rē-zô-lo͞o′tō) resolutely
ritardando (*rit.*) (rē-tär-dän′dō) gradually slower
ritenuto (*riten.*) (rē-tā-no͞o′tō) gradually slower
secondo (sĕ-kōn′dō) second
sempre (sĕm′prā) always
sforzando (sfôr-tsän′dō) *sforzato* (sfôr-tsä′tō) (*sf*, sfz. fz. or >) strongly accented
smorzando (smôr-tsän′dō) dying away
solo (sō′lō) alone
sostenuto (sōs-tā-no͞o′tō) sustained
staccato. (stȧ-kä′tō) disconnected; opposed to *legato*
tempo (tĕm′pō) time
tenuto (tā-no͞o′tā) hold the full value
tranquillo (trän-kwĕl′ lō) in a quiet style
troppo (trôp′pō) too much
tutti (to͞ot′tē) all together
vigoroso (vē-gō-rō′sō) with energy
vivace (vē-vä′chā) brisk. Also *vivo* (vē′vō)
voce (vō′chā) voice

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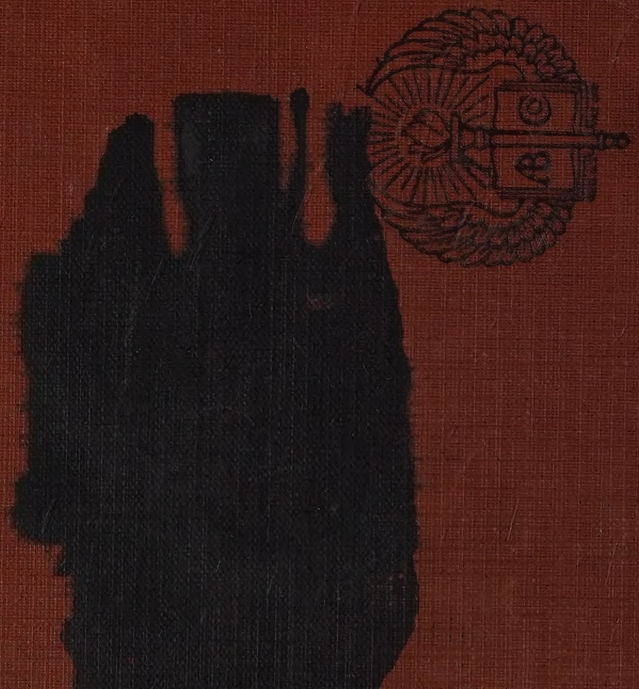
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